

MY RECOLLECTIONS
THE LAST FOUR POPES.

AND OF

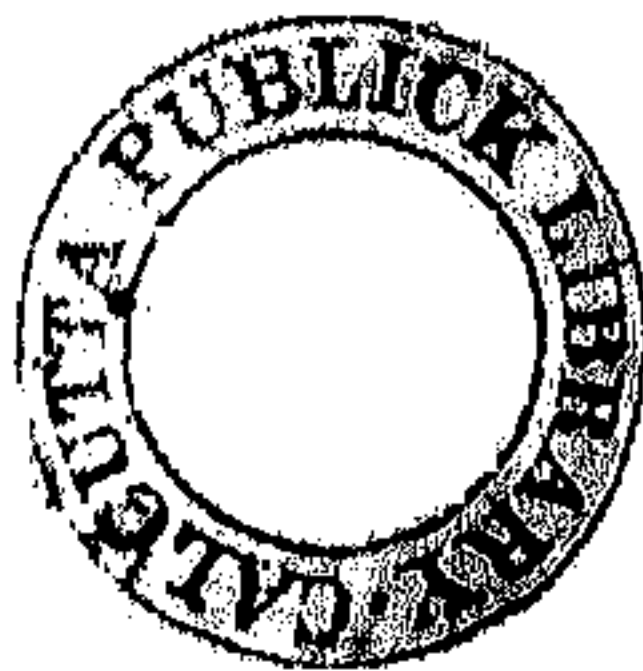
ROME IN THEIR TIMES.

AN ANSWER TO DR. WISEMAN.

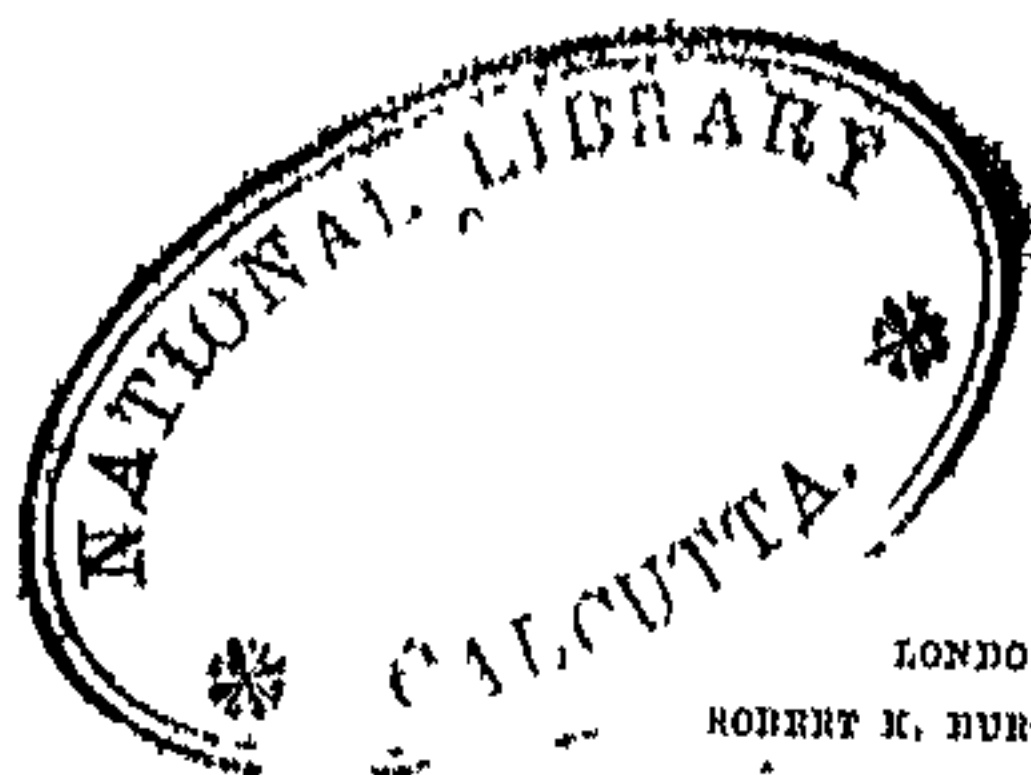
BY

ALESSANDRO GAVAZZI.

"Civis Romanus Sum."—TABLES.



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so enamoured of this daughter of his old age, that he felt disposed to give her the advantages of rich attire and the rotundity of crinoline. Rescuing her then from the rag-shop of Richardson, he confided her to the tasteful hands of Hurst and Blackott, who have transformed the despicable penny puppet into a pretentious guinea doll. But as the *dear child* is identically the same in both states, why this difference in the price set upon her? This is a little trick of trade whose mysteries can only be unravelled by Bosco, Friell, and their colleagues. The book numbers no fewer than 532 pages; but let not the reader be alarmed. The publishers have so managed that by giving twenty-eight lines in a page and seven words to a line, they have obtained the magnificent result of 104,272 words, or 15,728 words fewer than in the eight pages of the "Times." Nor do wonders cease here. The author, to spare his readers all intellectual fatigue, has, with a charity which deserves to be transmitted to posterity, taken care to say nothing. So that, at the end of the 532 pages, when the reader tries to fish some original idea out of this ocean of words, he will be constrained to exclaim with the poet—*I say not whether with delight or disappointment—*
"Rari nantes in gurgite vasto (vast seas and few fishes).

My reminiscences then will be nothing more than the practical confutation of Dr. Wiseman, in order to show the world that while an Irishman in green spectacles sees everything green at Rome, an Italian without spectacles sees things in their natural state and thus puts them in print.

Wiseman, strong in his position of eye-witness, bursts forth with this Homeric flourish, "Here is a

writer's character pledged to the sincerity of his views and to the correctness of his statements." I do not doubt "the sincerity of his views," they take the exact hue of his green spectacles; as to "the correctness of his statements," that is another matter. Notwithstanding that the "writer's character" is "pledged," I here undertake to prove that the greater part of the facts stated in his reminiscences are incorrect, and this not only from mutilation, suppression, and false inductions, but also as to causal logic and historical truth.

Not all, indeed but few, are in circumstances to measure themselves with Wiseman in a confutation. He has been sufficiently "wise in his generation" to avoid such skirmishes by casting this gauntlet in the face of his opponents: "Every reader will expect this volume to present a view of the subject treated different from what is presented by other writers. Tourists, politicians, lecturers, and newspaper writers, have given estimates of persons and events here mentioned, often contradictory to what they may appear in these pages. All that one can do in such a case is to require an impartial balance of evidence. Can these writers or speakers say that they have been present, or have witnessed what they describe, or that they have taken pains to test and verify the hearsay evidence which they have accepted?" To this I answer emphatically, *yes*. Yes, I have witnessed what I describe equally as Dr. Wiseman, and indeed more than Dr. Wiseman. I was not imported into Rome, but was by birth a Roman subject. From my infancy I was familiar with the facts, and saw and approached the persons of the four Popes in question, having spent a large portion of my life at Rome at

various times. Yes, moreover, not only because I have taken the pains "to test and verify hearsay evidence," but because in the majority of cases I adduce only what I have myself seen. We therefore fight with the same weapons as regards ocular testimony; but the result of the conflict cannot be the same for both. While Wiseman brandishes his arms to defend a windmill, I employ mine with the sole view of decapitating a fatal Hydra. I leave it then to others to decide, not who has most skilfully used his weapons, for here I leave the victory to my adversary, but which of us has employed it in the best cause.

To the reader who looks for a complete history of four pontificates, it is my duty to say that such is not the object of these reminiscences. In following Wiseman, I shall be compelled to proceed by irregular bounds, without direction and almost without object, and to present to his view only a poor panorama of places, men, and events, with the least possible historical connection. In a word, Wiseman's book having been justly characterised as a snare and a poison, the sole intent of mine is to exhibit the snare, and offer an antidote to the poison.

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THE LAST FOUR POPES.

EXTRA CHAPTER.

THE BEGINNING FROM THE END.

*"Hactenus amorum, comites, elementa meorum
Et meminisse juvat—scit orectora mater."*—STATIUS.

UNTIL now it, has been the exclusive monopoly of sonnets, melodramas, and farces to reserve for the finale the solution of that suspension of interest which ought always to accompany works of fiction. It was reserved to Dr. Wiseman to transplant this æsthetic privilege into the field of history. To the tail of his 532 pages he ties a lighted bundle of fagots, which not only illuminates but burns them to destruction. "Even the close of Gregory's pontificate, his last years and edifying end, belong not to these imperfect records. If the courteous companions of my journey through the past wish to learn about them, they must consult the common mother of all the faithful, who treasures up in her better memory the acts and the virtues of her pontiffs and their fathers." Now, as everybody sees, if this sentence, instead of coming at the end, had been placed at the beginning, it would have spared the reader the trouble of perusing the 532 pages in the certainty that they do not contain the truth; or at least, that they do not contain it entire, and that the reminiscences they present are partial and mutilated by premeditation. It is, therefore, a logical

necessity for me to make Dr. Wiseman walk head downwards, and that I should begin his reminiscences by their feet—which, after all, are the best part of them—and employ them as a head for my own.

Now, where was the necessity for the citation from Statius, "*Scit cetera mater*," to prove that "the common mother of all the faithful treasures up in her better memory the acts and virtues of her pontiffs and their fathers?" Her infallibility and her usurpations offer us a guarantee of her ever-youthful memory—a memory better not only than Wiseman's, but the best of all memories, from which not even a farthing escapes even after many ages of dispossession. Wiseman's expressions, however, display such contradiction and involve such absurdity, that I may perhaps be permitted to doubt the existence of this precious treasure in its totality. If Pythagoras and Manotes found the union of good and evil impossible in a single principle, it becomes ultra-philosophical, and certainly miraculous, that this mother can treasure up in her memory "the acts and virtues of her pontiffs." For supposing that the virtues of the pontiffs (though from the time that they have become pontiffs their virtues have been very few indeed) represent good, ninety-nine out of a hundred of the deeds of the pontiffs represent evil. How then can they be treasured up together? But let us not lose ourselves in anomalies, but take Wiseman's proposition in its historical simplicity. "*Scit cetera mater*."

The question which arises from it is most simple. Is the mother disposed to reveal what she treasures up? Wiseman very well knows that she will never make such a revelation. He therefore plays a false card, and opens a pitfall when he sends the reader to the dumb oracle of the mother, for more ample information. The oracle is mute from necessity. The revelation is a question of death; life depends on silence. Nor is the mother such a simpleton as to commit suicide by making imprudent

revolutions. The Romish Church then—since she is the mother of whom Wiseman speaks—will never make any revelation to any one; she will not do it because she cannot. She neither can nor will, so long as she has the intention of remaining mother; that is, the desire of existence. Wiseman, therefore, feels free to use rhodomontade, and invite every one to consult the mother, for he is quite sure that she will not utter a single word more than his book for fear of betraying and compromising herself in the face of the whole world. It is always the same with these paladins of Rome à la Falstaff. They throw down the gauntlet with brazen impudence, certain that it will not be taken up, or that none of their opponents will keep their appointment.

But what a practical lesson for Papists and Protestants is offered by this single sentence of Wiseman, "*Scit cætera mater.*" Wiseman then, as a writer, has not said the whole truth, but has left this office to the mother. Now what is Wiseman but a stone of the edifice, a part of the whole? The only conclusion, therefore, to be derived from this observation is, that when Papist writers are permitted to speak the truth, they are in conscience obliged to say only half of it. For if, in recounting facts, they meet with anything which may be indirectly injurious to the interests of their church, they are in conscience obliged to suppress it, leaving the responsibility of revealing it to the mother in case she should be consulted upon it. As it is with history, so it is with morality, discipline, worship, doctrine, and everything else. Only the half may or can be spoken, and that half the one which is favourable to Rome.

It will suffice to give an example from Wiseman himself. In one of his Advent lectures upon the Worship of Saints, to prove the doctrine scripturally, he adduced the fact of John, who knelt before the angel. Does he not know that an angel is not a saint? This is mere trifling. The experienced preacher quotes the Apoca-

lypse ; “and I John fell down to worship before the feet of the angel which showed me these things” (xxii. 8) ; and argues thence, if not *a fortiori* at least *a pari*, the legitimacy of the worship of saints, so much favoured by the Roman Catholic Church. The cunning orator, however, it will be seen, left in his mother’s pocket the second part of the text : “See thou do it not ; for I am thy fellow-servant and of thy brethren the prophets, and of them which keep the sayings of this book : worship God.” Secure that the majority of Papists neither read nor consult the Scriptures, he proclaims himself master of the field and chaunts his victory as a necessary consequence of his quotation. But why omit the second part ? Simply because it totally destroys the edifice of the worship of the saints which he has fabricated upon the first part of the text. Here then is a false quotation, and an example of the way in which Papist writers produce only half the truth ; or rather, how they hide the truth altogether. For if, *bonum ex integrâ causâ*, where the truth is not entire, there it is no truth at all. By such processes, however, the church always attains its end with its tribes of Molots. There are few who can or will reveal the deception, and the multitude are kept ensnared in the toils of the wily deceiver.

“*Soit cœtera mater*” is reduced then to a convenient subterfuge to save appearances, at the expense of the truth, and to win compliments and eulogiums for the mother who is only an accumulation of abuses and vices. Not long ago England was justly indignant at the dishonest *NON MI RICORDO* of Woolwich and Chelsea notoriety ; but in these reminiscences of Wiseman is something still more culpable. There is a writer who says, “I remember but will not say ; consult the mother.” If the Papists were sincere, ought not this studied reservation to suffice, if not to turn them from these reminiscences altogether ; at any rate to make them suspicious of their contents ?

"Consult the mother." It is easy to say so, but how is it to be done? Is the mother open to such consultation? Does she wish it? does she permit it? When in past ages men of a different stamp from the Wisemans, the Newmans, the Wilberforces, and the Mannings, tried to ask this mother any question, desired to be enlightened upon any of her doctrines, or insisted upon having an explanation of her pretended rights, she only answered by torture, the scaffold, and the funeral pile. If men, without the least tinge of heresy attaching to them—Papists body and soul, but at the same time conscientious writers, having consulted her in vain, ventured partially to expose any of her shame, in that case, even if they could escape the persecution of Galileo, the imprisonment of Giannone, the poignard of Paolo Sarpi, all their works, without exception or regard, were placed under the ban of the Index, and condemned to the fire; the *chefs d'œuvres* of genius and of ages being thus sealed from future investigations by the anathemas of this tender mother. These are facts, and therefore something more than impudence is wanted for a prelate of that church to say, "Consult the mother," when the effect of such consultation is a cup of poison, the executioner's rope, the knife of the assassin, or the tomb of anathema.

What wonder, then, that the Church of Rome lives a long life of errors and crimes, without control and without vengeance! How control and revenge them if they remain a mystery to the many? The mother knows but does not reveal them. This would be neither natural nor convenient. Neither does she permit them to be revealed, which is equally natural and convenient. She punishes those who reveal them, which again is both natural and convenient. Where is the work, not in the Index, which declares the truth, and from which Papists may learn the truth in its integrity? If such a work existed, it would certainly be more wonderful than the *rara avis* of antiquity. But this phoenix does not exist, because in the nature of things it could not exist. I

therefore say, without party spirit, but also without hesitation, that the Papists will never know the truth so long as in order to know it they must depend upon the revelations of their mother, "*Scit cætera mater.*"

I am, however, greatly indebted to Wiseman for the romantic anecdote of the enthusiastic American lady, who having tried to convert Leo XII. (poor thing, she had studied neither chemistry nor geology), wished to ascertain for herself whether he was club-footed. The lady was evidently in error, but only in the application of the fact. She had heard the Pope defined as "the man of sin and son of perdition," and in fancy had supplied him with all the appurtenances of the devil—horns, tail, and hoof. Nor could Wiseman reproach her with conceiving the devil to be thus fashioned, seeing it was his church which transmitted the idea to her by its writings and paintings, and adorned him with such beauties. The error of the American lady then consisted in applying to the man that which appertains to the authority, or more properly to the church of which he is head. From the statements of Wiseman himself, "*Scit cætera mater,*" the Church of Rome has a plentiful supply of talons, horns and tails, though she cleverly hides them under cover of hoops, slippers, and tiara, and thus appears what she is not, exhibiting only what turns to her own account. To this point does the "*Scit cætera mater*" of Wiseman reduce itself.

But if, instead of beguiling his readers to consult the mother, he gave them permission to deprive her of her hoop, slippers, and tiara, then—if it is true that she has amassed a treasure, as this can only be in talons, horns, and tails—in that case they would be under great obligation to him for enabling them to make full and exact acquaintance with the mother of all the faithful. But would it be filial of Wiseman to do so? I think not. He, therefore, like a dutiful son, reserves all the whole of the unpleasant truths about the four pontificates for the

mother herself. Most conveniently he can remember nothing more than a few innocent and collegiate puerilities, to amuse the solitudes of some convent lunatic. I do not blame Wiseman for this. He knows his trade, and I admire the way in which he manages it so advantageously. One thing for which I cannot praise him, however, and which seems to me a thoroughly mean trick, is that he has reserved this grand revelation to the latest period, indeed to the very last phrase of his book. After his readers have gone through the whole, with the impression that, having been written by an eye witness who has "pledged his character to the correctness of his statement," it must contain the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, they find it is nothing but a tissue of "imperfect records," and that the truth is still kept under lock and key by the common mother. God grant that this tardy discovery may illuminate Papists, and that they may be led to recognise the badness of the pasture to which they are guided by their lying shepherds.

Putting then Wiseman's conclusion at the head of my confutation, I shall have the advantage of entering the arena with my adversary's own declaration that his reminiscences are imperfect, not only as history but also as reminiscences. Is not this declaration equal to a confutation? Is it not itself the best confutation that can be given to Wiseman? What could I say more severe than this declaration? In it Wiseman candidly tells us that in his reminiscences he has purposely abstained from revealing the secret treasures of his church. This signifies, in plain language, that he has not chosen to speak the truth with regard to what he has himself seen and heard, or, at least, not all the truth. The old adage is not yet altogether lost then with those of Rome, *mentiri est mea sola voluptas*; and I thank him sincerely.

PART THE FIRST.

PIUS THE SEVENTH.

CHAPTER I.

JOURNEY TO ROME.

ALTHOUGH, as a native of Bologna, the chronicles of the contemporaneous Popes were domestic facts with me, and a necessary part of my education, so that *et meminisse juvat* would not involve the necessity, in my case, of the "middle passage from Liverpool to Leghorn, and subsequent travel;" yet my reminiscences would possess a degree less interest with regard to the inspection of the spot if I had never been to Rome, nor passed a part of my life there. Such, however, not being the case, I defy the Maguires, and Bowyers, and all their companions in falsehood, to contradict a single jot of my reminiscences, notwithstanding that they are diametrically opposed to their assertions and those of the leaders of their band. Although I did not go to Rome to be made chevalier, or train or cross bearer, yet I can describe its miserable condition with mathematical precision, from having myself not only seen and examined but experienced it too. *Quæque ego miserrima vidi.*

While still a youth of scarcely sixteen I abandoned my family and country for the cloister. I experienced the most childish delight at the prospect of a long journey, and at the idea that on reaching Naples I should cease to be a man to become a monk. Everything must be pardoned to the age of unconsciousness even to this

enthusiasm of suicide; for the cloistral vows, so contrary to the spirit of the gospel, are nothing else than a sacrilegious attack upon individual liberty, and hence in reality a moral suicide. Notwithstanding that their defenders hasten to reply, the will of the individual is presumed to be free to the very moment of professing them, it is still patent that if this will should subsequently undergo a change it is no longer free to follow its bent. This alone suffices to prove that the nature of the vows is suicidal. But supposing even that this was their best excuse, who could adduce it in the case of a youth of sixteen, who in any well-regulated society is considered as too deficient in judgment and experience to act by his own will? It must surely appear both iniquitous and strange that while all codes consider a youth under twenty-one as a minor, and treat him as incapable of bequeathing property;—while governments—even the most despotically military—exempt him until that age from service, although compulsory and temporary;—when the church itself forbids entrance into so-called holy orders under twenty-one; monasteries alone have the undesirable privilege, so much to be deprecated, of receiving their adepts by three solemn vows, and that at the incompetent age of sixteen. Grant that it may be necessary in order to convert youths glowing with life into so many corpses, *tamquam cadavera*, yet reasoning logic will equally admit that if the social obligations contracted during the age of minority are null in the eyes of the law, religious vows taken at that age must be equally so in the sight of God. This suffices to excuse the species of frenzied joy with which I quitted a country which, in more mature years, I was called upon to defend at the risk of my life, and which was to cost me the martyrdom of ostracism, the honour of exile.

It was the month of August, and our party took the route to Tuscany. The reader will not expect me here

to delay him by giving a description of this charming country and of its capital of flowers and arts. We must rather abandon it with all speed that I may begin to place the sad reality of my reminiscences in opposition to Wiseman's phantasmagoric illusions. Leaving the Tuscan frontiers, we enter within the limits of the Roman States, where the Pope commands as priest-king. We are now at Radicofani. What is the sign by which the traveller perceives that he has entered the dominions of the priests? The appearance of squalor, poverty, and wretchedness, which surrounds him on every hand. A mile before he was in a country of rich crops, beautiful verdure, and smiling aspect; its neat villages betokened ease and content; the peasants' houses were simple, it is true, but clean and comfortable. He met shepherds improvising the poetry of nature, and peasantesses plaiting hats of straw—double guarantee of a life passed in innocence and industry. How can it be that he has scarcely set foot on clerical soil when the aspect of the scene suddenly changes and becomes at once harsh, wild, and desolate? Is it the change of soil? No, it is the same. Of climate? No, it is the same. Of language? No, it is the same. What, then, produces tendencies and conditions so different? I know not if the reader has ever traversed the Apennines which divide Piedmont from the Genoese territory at the point called Giovi. If on leaving Turin in the middle of January he can accomplish the journey to the top of these mountains in spite of perpetual blasts, clouds, snow, and ice, when once he begins to descend towards San Pier d'Arena it seems to him as if a wall of mountains divided two antipodes. He finds himself as by enchantment beneath a firmament of serene and tepid light, surrounded by a fragrant spring-time of violets, anemones, ranunculuses, jonquils, and hyacinths, the dust rising in volumes beneath the wheels of his vehicle. In a word, he is in a different country. This

may easily be explained. Beyond Giovi the north wind of the Alps reigns; south, the soft wind of the Mediterranean. But the difference between the Tuscan and the Roman States is not marked by Alps or seas, but by a simple barrier called a custom-house. The difference, therefore, of life, or rather existence, of the two countries must be ascribed to its true cause; that is to the difference in their respective governments. The one, from the Medici to Leopold, exerted itself to rendering Tuscany the garden of Italy; the other, from Gregory VII. to Gregory XVI., dedicated itself to making the Roman States the desert of Italy, and more than the desert, the opprobrium of the peninsula.

The horrible inn where the most aristocratic travellers are often obliged to remain days and nights when the swollen torrents prevent them from pursuing their journey—the government of the priests considering bridges, even upon great posting roads, as a heretical luxury—this robber's den rather than hotel is quite enough to prepare the traveller for the sad reality of things and places he is about to visit. Grounded in a situation which in England, America, or upon the Rhine, would make the fortune of its possessor, it is such an accumulation of wretchedness and dirt that the traveller felicitates himself in turning his back upon it unaware that further on wretchedness still more disgusting awaits him. Now if my reader, trusting to the testimony of others, has heard or read that the Roman States possess the most paternal government in the world, to convince himself of the falsehood he has only to step out of one of the balconies in front of this inn to see before him a heap of dirty cottages ironically called the town of Radicofani. If this were a Tuscan place it would be surrounded with gardens and fields, be enlivened by olive trees, and the crest of the hill would be crowned by oypresses and pines. Now it is only an assemblage of naked stones and uncultivated glebe. If he turns in disgust to the

opposite balcony which looks upon the country, he will behold an unlimited extent of plains, hills, and mountains, on his right cultivated and dotted over with habitations as depicted by fable in the days of Saturn. This is Tuscan. In front and on his left, are wilds and deserts like Pelion and Ossa after the battle against the gods. These are the Roman States. It is with this uninviting prospect that we enter upon our journey towards Rome.

To say with the singer of Venosa that fear of the Briganti travelled with us would be a repetition of what Wiseman was unable to suppress in his reminiscences. But why was not this fear felt in Tuscan? The answer will find a place in the chapter on Brigands. The aspect of the human dens which the traveller passes, the solitudes he traverses, the rocks which overhang his path, the filthy inhabitants whom he may by chance meet, are much more likely to inspire than to dissipate this fear. Fly, then, from these frightful gorges, out of these horrible ravines—down, down from Ponto Contino, down from Acquapendente—down, down yet further to the plain and Lake of Bolsena.

This lake, which for size is unequalled in Central Italy; for beauty of scenery is, perhaps, only exceeded by the Lake of Como; from being now in the so-called patrimony of St. Peter, its wretchedness and insalubrity are only to be compared to the Averno of the poets or the Dead Sea of the prophets. Where are now the traces of its glorious past, when it was the gem and pride of the Volscians? Nothing is left of them save their memory in its corrupt name, preserved as if to insult it by the antithesis of history. Certainly the Popes have crowned the works of the Romans in the devastation of this district. Where the Romans destroyed the colonies, the Popes have destroyed even nature. And further, where the patrimony of St. Peter (?) properly begins, there the traveller also begins to inhale the poison of the

malaria which will be his companion and aliment up to the eternal city. What has produced this malaria but the government of the priests? It is the consequence, not the cause, of the abandonment of the fields. The hand of man has ceased to cultivate these smiling hills and pleasing valleys. The boatman's oar no longer disturbs the water in the more remote gulfs, and it consequently putrefies in marshes, which even cover the hills. Hay and straw, the thistle and the reed, which flourish in the greatest luxuriance, wither, rot and decay where they spring up. This is the only cause of the malaria, the name of which here and in the Agro Romano frightens and drives away the traveller. Turn your eye now upon the hordes of beggars which infest the towns and villages of the Roman States; to the great number of brigands upon the highways; to the multitudes of agricultural day labourers who over-stock the little country places, especially of Piceno, and who, having no work on the surrounding land, live by thieving as by right, and devastate the neighbouring farms; and, finally, to the thousands of robust men who swarm in dungeons without trial on mere suspicion or at the pleasure of the police:—at the same time observe this lake and the uncultivated land by which its appearance is rendered so desolate, and you will easily find a solution to the mystery of the malaria and discover its true cause.

Ability is not required here, but only will. If the government chose, Bolsena might become the most populous and commercial depot of Central Italy. The Marta flows directly from the lake to the Mediterranean. What a source of prosperity might this river be, not only for the immediate locality through which it runs, but for all the surrounding country, which, in Italy itself celebrated for fertility of soil, is reputedly one of the most fertile districts. The country is almost entirely flat, and the river being without rapids, the necessary expense for

rendering it navigable would have been a trifle to the government, while it would have made the fortune of a fifth of the States, and, at the same time, have augmented the revenues of the pontifical treasury. Instead of this, however, when Wiseman passed this way "the dense woods, which skirted the road near Bolsena were being cut down to a considerable distance on either side by order of the government." But this method of displacing the trees appeared too expensive to the government. It was shortly after ordered that they should be burnt as they stood, and they were still burning eight or ten years after Wiseman was admitted to *the privilege* of kissing the infallible slipper of the pontiff. This fact exemplifies priestly government. Even the pioneers of America, thousands of miles distant from any living being, would deem it sacrilege to consume the riches of their forests by fire. Here, in the case of woods consecrated by ages, composed of trees most valuable, and particularly for ship building, with a lake at hand and a stream flowing directly to the sea, the government, during a course of ten years, sanctioned the destruction of this double treasure which centuries could scarcely replace. It is unnecessary to state that after this vandalism the malaria increased beyond measure. The malarial miasma became fearfully intensified when the benefits derived from forest vegetation no longer existed to offer a shield and a sort of compensation.

Nor is the town of Bolsena in a much more healthy state than the surrounding country, although seated on a beautiful eminence at the entrance of the lake. What now remains of the ancient Volsinium whence Fulvius transported to Rome, as a trophy of conquest, no fewer than a thousand statues with an immense amount of booty? A labyrinth of narrow, dirty, ruinous lanes in which move and dwell scarcely eighteen hundred ragged invalids. Here life is nothing but a continual inter-mitting fever which attends the unfortunate inhabitant

from the cradle to the grave. The Pope, however, has more than compensated the town for the calamities of misgovernment by extolling the miracle of the Santissimo Corporale, which is to Bolsena what the palladium was to Troy, the labarum to Constantine, the carroccio to the Lombard League—its treasure and its salvation except from malaria and poverty. The following is its history in brief for the edification of the unfaithful.—A priest, who was somewhat incredulous, though neither the first nor the last in incredulity as to the real presence of Jesus Christ in the host, was celebrating mass before the Pope in the cathedral of Bolsena. Upon the elevation of the host a stream of blood flowed from it, and, as a matter of course, covered and wetted the corporal spread upon the altar. Miracle! miracle! miracle! and of course the Pope immediately sanctioned the miracle, and declared the blood to be the true and real blood of Jesus Christ which was to be adored with the worship of Latria, and for which further adoration he instituted an obligatory festival to be observed in perpetuity with the solemnity of the octave. The wretched town, which has hardly the means of existence in our own days, furnishes besides the people's sacrifices enough money to cover the priests' expenses during the solemnity of the MOST HOLY CORPORAL. While we compassionate such credulity, we may repeat with the atheistic Pope, Leo X., "How profitable is this Jesus Christ to our interests!" Without, however, entering into controversy it might be well to ask the Popes, who in long succession have approved this gross imposture, whose blood it was, if blood it was at all, which it would not be easy to prove. Will they tell us that it was in reality the blood of Jesus Christ? In that case it will be necessary that they should furnish the explanation how a human body could emit blood without internal or external injury. How could the impassible body of Jesus Christ ever be subject to injury? How could the

immutable body of Christ be deprived of a portion of its blood? How could the glorified body of Jesus Christ lose several ounces of blood at Bolsena and be preserved in all the other hosts without losing any? If the Popes and their theologians find any difficulty in answering these simple questions, they will perhaps permit me to suggest that, as professional conjurers can fill several hundred glasses from a single bottle, it would not appear at all improbable that a priest in league with the Pope should have this trick of the blood prepared in his sleeve. Thus it would be reduced to its true proportions—of imposition.

But in the name of charity let us not embark upon the sea of controversy, for neither compass nor helm can save where Neptune despotically wields his trident. Instead, let us pursue our journey after having strengthened ourselves with a dose of brandy in our matutinal coffee to enable us to resist the effects of the *priests' air* commonly called *maluria*. But why should we stop at Montefiascone, which possesses nothing worthy of remark except the enormous wealth of its bishopric, which affords the delights of a country seat and the luxuries of a regal table to one of the satraps of the Vatican? To guide my reader to a church or crypt in the plain that he may visit the tomb of a German prelate whose history is somewhat extraordinary. The pious prelate was journeying towards Rome with the holy intent of adoring the tomb of the apostles, and of laying his obedience at the feet of his Holiness, a ceremony which is designated by the generic name of *Ad limina apostolorum*. Not forgetting, however, that he was a German, the devout prelate was in search of good wine. Before setting out from his fatherland he had heard that he could obtain it superlatively excellent in Italy. It appears, however, that until reaching Montefiascone his hopes had not been fully realised. When he tasted, however, the Muscatel of its hills (their only celebrity,

he exclaimed in his Latin, with the emphasis of an innamorato: *Est, est, est*; intending to signify that this was the wine of which he was in search. Now it happened that in his double capacity of prelate and German he imbibed so much of it that he died. His faithful servant then, instead of escorting him to the Vatican, escorted him to the grave (which is indeed the same thing), and above the prelate's tomb caused the inscription to be engraved which is the object of our visit:—

Est. Est. Est.
Et propter nimium Est.
Dominus meus mortuus est.

Peace to his ashes! Nor upon our return to the inn could we resist the temptation of verifying the judgment of the venerable prelate, with regard to the extraordinary merits of the *Est*. We trust the teetotallers will pardon our profane weakness. They should be the more indulgent, because at the time here referred to, they had not yet generated the pledge of water for the conversion of the priesthood of Bacchus to whose number, however, none of our party belonged. The libations therefore of this tempting muscatel were temperately indulged in, notwithstanding the double attraction that it was truly delightful, and cost only a paolo (fivepence) per bottle.

Thus provided with a stock of good humour and patience, let us now proceed to Viterbo, and arrive there at the most favourable moment, when the town, instead of being as usual squalid and depopulated, presents the aspect of bacchanals, with multitudes who flock in crowds to the festival of their holy patroness, a species of Joan of Arc, or coarse facsimile of the Maid of Saragossa, called Rosa of Viterbo. Even in latter times, I have repeatedly visited the mortal remains of this woman, which are in a fair state of preservation, so much so, at least, as not to offend the eye of the observer, as is generally the case with the mummies venerated by the

Romanists. The mistake is in making this preservation an argument for the superior holiness of Rosa, and her acceptableness to God, who operated ~~so~~ an astonishing miracle upon her after death. Miracle! why preservation is altogether a natural matter without miracle of any kind. How many saints has Rome upon her altars, who are nothing but bones and ashes; and how many libertines and villains, recognised as such in history, are found intact after ages of interment in her churches. Preservation is a false argument then to prove the sanctity of the mummies of the Vatican. Besides, how do we know that this Rosa of Viterbo, like thousands of her companions in preservation, was not prepared for it with aromatics and balsams by the cunning priests? Oh! that is impossible. The clergy are so honest, so truthful in their legends, that they are not to be suspected of such a fraud. Indeed! a clergy who were clever enough to get an arm-chair, manufactured many ages after the death of St. Peter, adopted as the very chair used by him when sitting as Pope; a clergy who, from generation to generation, make a chemical composition, now known even to children, pass for the blood of St. Gennarius; a clergy who have the super-human power to exhibit three different heads of St. Anna at Rome, at the same time, when she had but one, and who declare all three to be authentic; such a clergy incapable of embalming a corpse (which being that of a saint, can only be touched by the superior clergy, and is therefore not subject to the control and inspection of the laity), incapable of embalming for the purpose of preserving it from corruption, and thus spreading among the people a miracle of incorruptibility! Truly this is giving too much credit to the clergy, after having given them too much authority. This may be called making impostors at a cheap rate.

The chief feature of the festival in honour of the Viterbian mummy, is an immense wooden pyramid

erected every year upon the *piazza* of the church. It is composed of several floors, which are adorned with hangings, decorations, and emblems, and is surmounted by the statue of the titular saint; it is called "the Machine." This machine is with great dexterity carried round the principal streets of the city, as a ponderous gymnastic exercise, and to the amusement of the spectators, both the one and the other being instituted for the moral edification of the people. The ceremonial is not, however, without danger. The machine is more than seventy feet high, and a slight deviation of equilibrium might cost the lives of many hundreds of persons, to whom flight would be impossible, in consequence of the dense throng. * These spectacles, barbarian rather than pagan, are frequent and popular in the Roman States. They form a part of the priestly government, and are indeed essential to the Papal system. At Gubbio for example, a tour is made upon the mountain, with these machines in honour of St. Ubaldo—a true race of human beasts, and about which the people doubly bet, as to which machine will first arrive, and how long time it will employ in the run. But it should never be forgotten, that a machine worship can be practised only by the aid of machinery, which must be kept in motion by other machines called Roman Catholics, these again being managed by their priests, who realise for their own profit the *Deus ex Machina* of the ancient satire.

It must, however, be confessed, that the Papist festivals are good for something, if it is only to provide you with an excellent dinner. If the traveller find himself in a town which is feasting its patron saint, he may be sure that he will be served with a superlative repast, which is to say, a repast both exquisite and abundant. Such was our lot that day at the Hotel dell' Angiolo; a lot to which, shall I blush to record it? we all submitted right willingly. The Hotel of the Angel! What reminiscences have I carried away with me into

exile ! Who would have told me then a youth in quest of the cloister, that twenty-three years after I should dine in that same room with other companions, and for a very different cause, with three carabincors, who were conducting me on the Corneto's prison, for no other crime than seeking the independence and liberty of my country ? Yet such are the changes of human affairs ! But let us be honest, and brave tyrants and their iniquitous measures. The prophecy would, however, have been incomplete, if it had not added, that the dinner should scarcely have terminated in 1848, when the chief citizens, in the name of the people, and with the full approbation of the prelate governor, should come and declare me free, and beg of me to remain in their city for a few days to address the people upon the affairs of Italy, and calm the feeling excited by the vile flight of Mastai from Rome. The reader will have perceived from this, that the reminiscences of Viterbo must be deeply graven upon my mind. My first visit left the impression of a barbaric pagan festival. The last was the source of consolation from the patriotic enthusiasm manifested. It was almost the last popular ovation which I received from Italians in the cause of Italy before my departure into exile.

On leaving Viterbo we met a group of country people mounted on horseback, armed with long spears and conducting a bull towards the rejoicing city. In reply to our questions, we were told that the animal was destined to be the protagonist in the bull chase, which formed the last act of the comedy of the festival in honour of Santa Rosa ; an additional proof of its spirituality. But more of this chase when we shall visit Rome in company with Wiseman.

And now without stopping any longer to observe either the poverty of the villages, or the desolation of the fields, prepare yourself to traverse a desert of nearly twenty-five miles extent. Such is the Campagna Ro-

mana, from Monto Rosi nearly to Ponte Milvio, and we have ample leisure to turn our eye from time to time to the grand cupola of the Vatican in the distance. Not that it presents itself to the view, fresh and smiling, like the oasis in the desert to the wandering Arab, but as the towering emblem of a fatal reality. Wiseman, has unintentionally in a few words mathematically described, Rome and its cupola. "Rome," he says, "that is the great cupola, not of the church, but of the city." Yes, Papal Rome is nothing more than the cupola of St. Peter. The cupola is not the vault of a temple, but of an entire city, and indeed of all the Roman States. States and citizens are merely the patrimony and flock of St. Peter in the estimation of the dominant clergy. The definition of Wiseman is also equally applicable to the condition of Rome and its provinces. Politically and industrially speaking, the Roman state is but a vast cometary, of which Rome or the Vatican cupola is the mausoleum, "cutting like a huge peak into the clear winter sky." With this just idea of Rome, we will now enter the eternal city with Wiseman, to recall the men and the events of four pontificates.

CHAPTER II.

CHARACTER OF PIUS VII.

THE history of this Pope belongs to the nineteenth century, both ecclesiastically and politically, and in a particular manner, not only from his being involved in the general crisis of the Sovereigns of Europe, and having shared with them in hard struggles and ignominious peace, but for having incurred the wrath of the demigod in top boots, by whom he was smitten with the triple thunderbolt of dethronement, exile, and imprisonment. The life of this Pope has been written by Cardinal Pacca and the Chevalier d'Artaud. Though they have employed the pens of party and bigotry, yet their histories are sufficiently correct for those who can discover the truth beneath the meretricious veils with which they have decked it. The eleven chapters consecrated by Wiseman to the pontificate of this Pope, have as much relation to Pius VII. as Wiseman has to the Grand Lama; that is a relationship of caste, and a family resemblance; both castes having but one mother—imposture. For the rest, take away the processions, the benedictions and the adulations, this part of the "word-painted book" would be reduced to its fair limits, and I doubt not that Wiseman's reminiscences of Pius VII. might easily be compressed into eleven lines, without depriving them of either their Irish flowers or frippery.

One thing, however, to Wiseman's credit, I will not conceal; the writer has in many places corrected the orator. In fact, whoever compares his lecture and his book upon the last four Popes, will at once perceive that the reminiscences of the pen have been obliged in many

cases to modify, or rather to remodel the reminiscences of the mind. This is wise. *Sapientis est mutare consilium*. I may be permitted to choose at hazard one or two instances from many. In the lecture, Pius VII. "was truly a great man;" but in the book he resumes his true and more modest proportions. "Though not possessed of genius nor of over-average abilities perhaps, what he had were fully cultivated and vigorously employed." The question is, what were those abilities? The astute writer does not declare. Thus with admirable mental restriction does he pen the eulogium of his hero without exposing him to the peril of examination and the calculations of the indiscreet. I think a person maliciously inclined, arguing *a posteriori*, might alter the position of the comma following, "perhaps," and place it before the word. He would thus be more sure of arriving at the true character of the pontificate of Pius VII., at least if the abilities of a man are to be measured by his deeds.

One more quotation shall suffice for the present. The lecturer bombastically declared from the platform that Pius VII. "governed the church, even while barred up in prison, with wondrous prudence and wisdom." But the writer in his study, frightened lest a man "not of over-average abilities," if described as a wonder of prudence and wisdom, should appear absurd, wisely makes a concession which modifies the whole. "If thus far the reader has followed what he may consider unalloyed praise, he may have a right to ask, where are the shadows that must give relief to the lights in our portrait? Cardinal Pacca, his minister and companion in his trying situation, has openly declared what was the flaw or imperfection that struck him through all his connection with the Holy Pontiff, and it is the one most usually allied with gentleness and meekness. Irresolution, when left to himself, strongly contrasted with courage when he saw his duty clearly under advice."

From this double authority we learn that Pius VII. only acted with courage—the passive courage of the monk used to obey his superiors—when he saw “his duty clearly under advice.” Which means, that without such advice he never saw nor ever could clearly see his duty. Certainly this is not wisdom. It appears, further, that the natural characteristic of Pius VII. was irresolution; a word which indeed embraces his whole public character. I shall leave it to Wiseman himself to tell us to what irresolution is equivalent in a monarch, especially one of the amphibious nature of the Popes. If irresolution in a minister is the dissolution of the cabinet, and irresolution in a general is the discomfiture of the army, it follows that irresolution in a prince is the calamity of his subjects and ruin of his states.

And such was the characteristic of Pius VII. But God would not this time punish the Romans for faults not their own, and so ordered events that the triple-crowned automaton was guided by good advice, and won praise for a gentle and comparatively wise pontificate by the mind and work of another man. *Sic vos non vobis.*

We congratulate Wiseman upon these honourable commendations without stopping to inquire whether they were voluntary or not. Facts must often be received for what they are worth, and for what they produce without scrutinising causes and intentions. These modifications confirm the opinion of those who wrote, that when opposition keeps watch at its post and performs its duties, sects and errors are either constrained to be silent or at least to employ cautious language.

There is one thing, however, which Papists will hardly forgive him; I think that is that he frequently injures the subject of his sketch by the erudite citations he employs in illustration. Who would ever have thought of the panegyric of Scævola being profaned for the Popes' coronation?

“*Scire piget post tale decus quid fecerit ante.*”

In the case of Scævola, the *tale decus* was a personal deed, a real individual glory, a sublime act of his own will; while in the coronation of a Pope the *tale decus* implies an accidental deed, the act of another in which if there is anything real, it is the relation to the anterior life of the elect. Does Wiseman ignore by what merits two-thirds of his Popes at least reached the *tale decus*? In that case let him open not a Protestant work, but the annals of Cardinal Baronio, and he will find Popes who gained it by impurity, adultery, incest, theft, violence, assassination, profligacy, and atheism; nor were they the less Popes on this account. Thus, not only must the investigator not regret to enter the deeds committed by a Pope before he became a Pope, but he must consider it necessary as ordinarily a man only becomes Pope in consequence of possessing one of the following merits: canonical charlatanism, clerical cunning, or automaton silliness. I am glad to be able to place Pius VII. both antecedently and subsequently in the last of these categories.

But let us understand the case. "In Wiseman's hands, as in those of Midas, the most common and trivial things are changed to pure gold." Let us then give a discerning glance at the "earlier life" of Pius VII., since we shall have little to say of the later. Blessed of Providence was the young Barnabas Chiaramonti in having a tender and loving mother; for nothing in the world can be compared with maternal affection and solicitude—nothing remains so firmly rooted in the heart of man as the soft advices received in infancy from a pious mother. From respect, then, to the memory of this affectionate mother, I shall not suppose the youth's dedication to the cloister to have been compulsory, according to the practice of the times, which was to give one son out of many to the family, a second to the church, a third to the cloister, and with the rest to supply the chivalrous ranks of Malta, Jerusalem, and Calatrava. Nor will I

suggest that his determination was taken at the instance and wish of a piously deluded mother. I shall not, however, admit with Wiseman that the youth "retired upon mature deliberation." For no one can ever persuade me that there can be mature deliberation at sixteen, particularly under the control of a mother who herself terminates her life in a cloister.

But the Hibernian imagination of the writer takes the flight of Icarus when he draws a contrast between the rich count and the poor monk. Wiseman must know the truth, and is therefore the more guilty in deceiving his readers by playing upon English notions of aristocracy. For Wiseman, the two extreme points are, count and monk. Let us analyse them.

With regard to the nobility of his birth our author thus pronounces: "Few families in Europe are more illustrious than his." And yet, previously to Pius VII, who had ever heard of the Chiaromonte beyond Cosenza, their birth-place? In Italy, there are certainly noble families who, if not in riches, at least for the antiquity and splendour of their origin, can vie with the proudest in Europe without exception, and often bear away the palm. The Roman States possess glorious remains of families of great name; the Popoli, the Bentivoglio of Bologna, the Conti, the Colonna, the Orsini of Rome, and others who can boast of nobility before William the Conqueror was heard of. But when we come to the gregarious and accidental nobility of a third-rate town, then it is simply ridiculous to say of the Chiaromonte, "few families in Europe are more illustrious." When once the soap bubble has been inflated, it must of necessity take all the colours of the rainbow and float in the regions of air. Thus it is, that in the case of our Barnabas, we hear of "patrimony, fortune, luxury, money . . . of the paintings and tapestries of the ancestral palace, the great chamber with its elastic bed (although invented about sixty years later) and damask curtains," &c. &c

I do not deny that with even moderate fortunes the inferior nobility of our little towns lead an easy and comparatively luxurious life. But when it is considered that such families spend upon the average not more than £400 a year, any one may form an idea of the extent of their Sardanaplianism. In my childhood I knew the brother of Pius VII. at Bologna, a kind-hearted old man, passionately fond of children. He much liked the society of my father, and always carried sweetmeats in his pocket, bought on purpose to bestow upon me and my numerous brothers. We loved him not only on account of his presents, but especially for his kindly disposition. * Thus there is no bargaining of the affections in Italy; but love is answered by love. But he was far from being rich, though a Chiaramonti. He received a pension as a Knight of Malta, which the government allotted him as brother of the Pope, and which, to the honour of Pius, was no large sum. This proves that the vast riches which Wiseman would make us believe young Barnabas abandoned, never existed, except in the writer's imagination. How true is the Italian proverb : *Denari e santità, metà della metà.*

We have now come to the cloister, where the contrast between reminiscences and reality is still more extraordinary. If Wiseman's description were to be understood as satirical, it could not be more biting. He speaks of "bare corridors, whitewashed cell, with its straw pallet and plank shutters" It appears either that he has never visited a monastery of Black Benedictines in Italy, or that he has chosen to forget his visits in order to invent a romance for the benefit of his hero. I would ask Wiseman whether he could point out to me, among all the aristocratic mansions of England, any edifice more vast, imposing, and luxurious than the Benedictine monasteries of Parma or Rome, where his Chiaramonti dwelt; more splendid than that of Naples, with its maiden pictures by Zingaro; more regal in magnificent galleries, rich mar-

bles, or commanding corridors and halls, than that of Monte Cassino? I will say further, that the Benedictine cells have not straw pallets, but excellent beds as used in Italy, and that not only are they more than comfortably furnished, but that many of those which I have seen might compete in luxury and elegance with the drawing-room of a lady. It is true that the monks occasionally, on stated days, conduct "the silent feeding of the body in the refectory," but it does not follow on this account that the "feeding" is not of first-rate quality and delicacy. The "silent feeding" is no other than a monastic invention for the better satisfying of the appetite. The monk not being obliged to spend any part of his time in talking or answering, can employ it all in devouring his viands, and thus enjoy a far more ample repast. I would also request Wiseman, as well as all the admirers of the "silent feeding of the refectory," to observe that it is the devil's opportunity. The passion from stimulating food not being checked by rational conversation, Satanic power converts it to tempting thoughts and ill-regulated affections. This is called in monastic parlance "*demonio meridiano*," but monachism abandons its proselytes to it bound hand and foot.

The last exaggeration of Wiseman is the description of "this high-sounding name descending to a level of rude equality with the peasant's or artizan's son." This was not his case. The Benedictines had very generally adopted the practice, which still exists in many of their monasteries in Italy, of accepting none but nobles as monks; at any rate to have some monasteries where only the nobles were admitted. This practice, while it served, on the one hand, to keep up the credit of the aristocratic monks for their elegant manners, was, on the other, the principal cause of their decline, both from the severe discipline and serious study of primitive ages.

Having thus established something like a just equi-

librium between our two versions, I hasten to recognise, that in the case of the individual disposition of young Chiaramonti, the monastic rule was such as to train his mind to patience, docility, and that species of passive enthusiasm which was the principal characteristic of his public life. Strictly speaking, the Benedictines take no other vow than that of obedience. When we, therefore, find Pius VII. like a child, obeying the will of his secretaries of state, especially Consalvi, we remember that not being "of over-average abilities," that is, having no will of his own, he had learned, from the age of sixteen, blindly to obey the will of others.

We will now pass to his studies, and follow Wiseman in the inductions to which he trusts himself for want of facts. He argues that Chiaramonti could not be "of inferior skill from the fact of his having publicly sustained a thesis in theology." No doubt Wiseman has pleasure in paying this compliment to Pius VII., having himself passed through a similar process. But for those who have been upon the stage and in the midst of the actors and spectators of these academic displays, "a thesis in theology" sounds like a farce ill-written, badly studied, and worse performed. In a word, defendant and opponents are agreed between themselves. They communicate their arguments to each other, and take care not to come in collision; so that with the slightest gift of memory and assurance, the meanest intellect may accomplish the feat with honour. After this trial the youth becomes *de jure* reader (*lector*) in philosophy, then by routine, reader in theology, and after several years of lettered dignity—and still by routine—he becomes doctor, doctored by others who have submitted to and performed the rotatory process in the same manner.

Nor does it avail anything to say, "It would have been impossible in such a body as the Benedictines of that period in Italy, for any one to have been thus promoted

and entrusted with the highest teaching, unless he had proved himself fully competent." I will recall to Wiseman's mind that the Benedictines at that period had already sunk from the honourable position with regard to study which they held for many ages, and then scarcely showed a relic of their past grandeur. Their decadence was total and complete. In fact, while during the iron ages when the Popes held Italy in barbarism, they ever preserved the palladium of learning within their cloisters, in my time—a few exceptions not affecting the rule—they had fallen into such a state of literary poverty that even at Monte Cassino the masters were all hirelings brought from a distance. One isolated example of a return to historic, classic studies was afforded by some monks of Cassino under the guidance of the learned librarian, and this was but transitory. In his new life, having manifested the elements of liberalism, he became obnoxious to the wrath of the iniquitous Bourbon of Naples, who suddenly dispersed the monks and broke up the school.

Well, who would believe it? Although the Benedictine order was no other than the shadow of its former self, the spectre of a glorious past, yet it never had any particular esteem for Chiaramonti. I speak from first-hand reminiscences when I say that, although elected Pope, his coreligionists never mentioned his name without an ironical smile. The tiara itself could not ingratiate him with his order, who, knowing him thoroughly, could never esteem him either for talent or learning. Very different is the account we hear of the great Mozart. When he returned from his long sojourn in Italy, where he had been studying, the Germans refused to recognise him as one of their *maestri*, but called him a bastard and intruder. But true genius overcame pedantry, and before long Germany was forced not only to adopt him, but to exult in having, if not educated, at least produced him. Pius VII. however, could never

make men forget the monk, and the monk was truly a poor thing. Even Wiseman himself is forced to confess that, although Pius VI. * was a great friend of the family," yet "the title of abbot was all that the Pope himself could procure for him with some difficulty in the way of honour and distinction." Now, if Don Gregorio Chiaramonti had been only above mediocrity, and held in a little esteem by his monks, would a Pope so proud and protentious as Pius VI. have met with so much trouble to procure him the miserable title of abbot?

"E questo sia suggel che ogni uomo sganni."*

I have been obliged to treat somewhat diffusely of the "earlier life" of Pius VII.; this being the key to future mysteries, and from it resulting exclusively the double character of his public life. The monk survived the pontiff. This is also the sentiment of Wiseman, although he forms a different conclusion. "The monk in his simplicity and habits of endurance had lived in Pius through episcopacy, cardinalate, and papacy. During the first two he had not even changed the colour of his robes, symbolical of a mourning and penitential life." Another of Wiseman's flights, which obliges me to make a brief digression. I leave the symbolism of black to his poetry, but I think it will need the greatest effort of his fancy to find the symbols of white, blue, red, ash colour, grey, azure, yellow, &c., &c., in which the thousand and one religious orders deck themselves. I now confine myself to telling him that if Pius did not change the Benedictine robe when bishop or cardinal, Wiseman at his age, and in his position, ought to be aware that it was not canonical to do so,—monks and friars never changing the colour of their order when they become bishops or cardinals. I think that among his other

* Dante.

rominiscences he can hardly have forgotten the grey Gazzola, the black Orioli, the brown Micara, the white Cappellari, who were cardinals masked in the respective colours of their religious orders.

But to return to Pius VII. From his monastic education he acquired that imprudent and fanatic zeal à la Becket, which incited him as bishop and cardinal to provoke the wrath of the French conqueror, no less than that passive courage which, unlike Becket, led him singly to confront that wrath in order to avert its terrible effects from the people, who had no share in evoking it. He was a sort of importunate bee, apt to sting from excess of sensibility, but equally ready to administer his own honey to remedy the wound he had made. It was on this account alone that Pius VI., his fellow-townsmen and friend, recalled him from Imola—to avoid the too frequent convulsions excited by the purple-clad monk, so easily maddened to canonical fanaticism by the bigots who surrounded him.

He became Pope alone in consequence of this passive enthusiasm. The cardinals assembled at Venice had fixed their eyes upon the great metaphysician, Giacinto Gerdil, but subsequently agreed to nominate Chiaramonti for his qualities as monk. It is true that Gerdil, too, had been educated in the cloister, but having been employed at the court of Savoy as preceptor to the heir to the throne, and further, being wholly dedicated to study, and of a gracile temperament, at the last moment they thought him less suited than the monk to resist the tempest which they saw approaching. Pius quite answered their expectations. Far be it from me to detract from his patient and even cheerful endurance. To descend from a throne to which a man was not born, is less hard than to be deprived of liberty and country. And as Pius VII. suffered those calamities unitedly, and, as far as he could, with noble firmness, I will unite with the contemporaneous generations

which have paid him the tribute of their praises and admiration.

But whether in captivity or upon the throne, Pius never belied the monk. I have always touched upon his monastic obedience to the orders of Consalvi, Secretary of State, and I have only to add here that this was the best and most glorious part of his pontificate. When once he had, by the advice of crowned counselors, got rid of the mediocre and ambitious Pacca, and taken Consalvi as his minister in his place, the best thing that Pius VII. could do was to do nothing, to leave everything to his minister, and obey him, not simply as a child, but as an automaton monk. The little then that can be said of the pontificate of Pius VII. the reader will find in its proper place; that is, under its true proprietor, Consalvi.

The personal and, we may say, the exclusive occupations of Pius VII., are of a totally distinct nature from politics or learning. When he found himself thrown upon his own resources in his dungeons at Savona and Fontainebleau, he committed the double error of initiating and signing the Concordat, which afterwards occasioned him the childish tears, humble retraction, and extreme remorse which accompanied him to the tomb. All this may be very well for a monk, but certainly shows neither the wisdom nor prudence of a prince.

Upon his return to Rome, before meeting with the two strange accidents which confined him first to his room and afterwards to his bed, his principal and favourite occupations were still those of a monk. Wiseman has graphically recorded that "the Pope invariably took his walk out of the Porta Pia, which was frequented by many who desired thus to obtain his blessing. This was given with the same bland smile to poor as to rich, to the peasant who happened to be driving his donkey loaded with sticks, as to the nobleman who descended from his carriage (N.B., all are forced to do

so) to kneel on the korb-stone. Those, however, who wished really to see the Pontiff in his happiest aspect, would follow him to the churches which he might chance to visit, or attend his ecclesiastical functions." Very innocent occupations, and well adapted to ensure the felicity of his subjects, if his subjects could but have lived upon ceremonies and benedictions, which unfortunately was not the case. But let us not forget that the less Pius VII. occupied himself with his subjects, the more happy they must be. Miracle of wisdom!

However, in his mind were things of greater importance, conceived in exile and matured in solitude, the birth of which would have more excited the wonder of the Catholic world than the birth of the armed Minerva, from the brain of Jupiter, did the Pagan. The first and chief of all was the preparation of a golden diadem to crown the image of the Madonna of Savona, in fulfilment of a vow made during his captivity. The pious Pontiff, faithful to the dictates of his conscience, having been obliged to make a second excursion to Savona to avoid the visit of Murat and his army, placed the diadem upon the brow of the mute image with his own hands, neither of the two, however, becoming either wiser or less deceptive by the means. I narrate this fact to show to what a pitch the worship of images is carried in Romanism. Whatever pains charlatan writers may take to deny the dogma of the veneration of images, we have here the example of the Pope to belie their assertions. It was not to the Madonna in general, but to one idol of her in particular that this gold diadem was consecrated. The fact that he himself crowned the idol did not render more celebrated the Madonna, but this image of her in particular; after such coronation the credulous crowd having increased more than threefold. It will also serve to show the reader how Popes spend the money of which they rob their subjects by means of priestly extortions.

Another of the boasted deeds of his pontificate was

the creation of the annual festival in honour of Mary, under the sacrilegious title, of *Auxilium Christianorum* (the Christian's help). Mary again! How can it be otherwise when Jesus Christ is held at Zero? On this point we must be prepared for a double exhibition of the piety and wisdom of Pius VII. This was less a private affair of his own heart than a public event interesting to all Catholicism, both present and future. Pius VII., according to Wiseman, "was reputed for his assiduity and ability in public affairs." This project was to give a new solemnity to the Papist world, with a mass and special office, to be celebrated in honour of Mary every year on the 24th of May, the anniversary of the Pope's return to Rome from imprisonment and exile. We learn from Wiseman, that when "many questions relating to great Britain and her colonies had to be discussed step by step, the Holy Father himself was referred to and took a personal interest in them, and indeed entered fully into them." Now, that he would show equal interest in this religious novelty we cannot doubt. We are assured, by public monuments, that he approved of all, even to the special office for the day—*approbato etiam officio proprio*. Let us see then of what one of Wiseman's Popes was capable "after having publicly sustained a thesis in theology, after he was public professor, and was promoted to be Lector and Doctor of Theology." I shall cite from the Roman Breviary a few passages of the office approved by Pius VII., that the reader may be able dispassionately to estimate the amount of blasphemy, sacrilege, and paganism, accumulated by a Pope upon the Madonna of Romanism.

"Often, when the people of Christ were pressed by the bloody arms of cruel enemies, the merciful Virgin came helping from the serene heaven. Let us speak gratitude to Mary with new songs for her new gifts amidst the plaudits of Rome and of the world. O Virgin of virgins, blessed mother of Jesus, increase these gifts; and grant, we

beseech thee, that the pious shepherd may guide his flock to the pastures of salvation." *Hymnus ad Vesperas.*

"Behold Mary was our hope, to whom we went for assistance and to deliver us, and she came in our help."—*Antiphona ad Magnificat.*

"We call thee beautiful Virgin—mother to the Redeemer and to our Lord—the jewel and the help of the Christians under hard circumstances. No infernal fury can wrong the chaste minds which the propitious Virgin favours and confirms with divine strength. When such a patroness assists the noise of wicked war ceases, a thousand legions are slaughtered, and a thousand more fly."—*Hymnus ad Laudes.*

"To thee, holy mother of God, we claimed, and through thee came to us the help of the Lord."—*Antiphona ad Benedictus.*

"PRAYER.—Almighty and merciful God, who wonderfully appointed Virgin Mary as a perpetual help for the defence of the Christian people, propitiously grant that, strengthened by such a succour, fighting through our lives we may be able to obtain victory over the malignant enemy in the hour of our death. Amen."

Now if this is not the offspring of prudence and wisdom of the highest order, I would ask in what wisdom and prudence consist; at least the wisdom and prudence of a Pope!

The most memorable deed, however, of the pontificate of Pius VII., the deed which will hand his name down to posterity as a prodigy of imprudence and imbecility, and cause his memory, if not to be cursed, at least to be execrated, was the restoration of the Jesuits. I do not deny that the Jesuits are the principal support of the Papacy, with its corruptions, its pretensions, and its infamy; but what I do deny is that their restoration should be held forth as a proof of the piety, and of the zeal of Pius VII. for the purity of religion. Be sincere at least in your charlatanism. Tell us plainly that you desired to confide again to those dishonest and shameless janissaries the guardianship of the chair of St. Peter, that *chef d'œuvre* of the father of lies, which was threatened with entire ruin by the light and civilisation of the age, and then we shall believe you. But to hope to persuade us that you are preparing a cup of honey and ambrosia from the poison of vipers and asps is more than you can possibly pretend to do, masters of decep-

tion though you be ! It was the Papacy, and not Jesus Christ, which Pius VII. had in view when he restored that baleful order, which, by a bull of Clement XIV., *Urbis et orbis*, was suppressed solemnly and in perpetuity amidst the universal acclamations of the peoples and monarchs of the whole world. An order which had succeeded by fraud and imposition in amassing an immense amount of riches, chiefly at the bedside of the dying, to make use of it subsequently in the most iniquitous manner. An order which had contrived to obtain a fearful degree of influence by its aristocratic alliances ; having opened its cloisters to all the refuse of the highest ranks, and became the receptacle of the superfluous of noble families, to their great relief and its own advantage. An order which had dexterously introduced into the sanctuary, the palace, the forum, and even within the secrecy of the domestic lares, an iniquitous system of universal espionage, whose wires were worked in the recesses of the confessional, to compromise, subjugate and dominate society in general. An order which, refusing to render obedience to legitimate authority, had embodied in its authors the principle taught by canonical law of the legality of regicide ; reducing it to a scholastic system, and introducing it as a portion of its teaching to the consideration of youth. An order which, faithful to its principles, had furnished the scaffolds of Paris, Lisbon, and London, with Garnets, Malagridas, and their emulators in attempts upon sovereigns, and for the actual assassination of the father of France. An order which had contaminated its theology with every sort of turpitude, from mental reservation to mammillary contact ; and from the *double entendre* to "the end justifying the means;" thus poisoning the pure fount of evangelical morality. An order which had chained the multitude to its triumphal car, captivated by the luxuriant paganism of its festivals, and fascinated by the agreeable relaxation of its confessional. An order which had treasured the examples of ancient

phariseism a hundred-fold; deceiving the people with the semblance of 'virtue,' but hiding beneath the holiest appearances of austerity, the pleasures, delights, and even the vices of a parasitic life. An order which, with eyes bent down, feigned humility, while in reality it sought only worldly riches, forgetful of heaven; and with hands crossed on its breast it simulated the piety of the saint while in truth it thus concealed the assassin's poignard, ready to plunge it in the heart of society on the first propitious opportunity. Such is the order which Pius VII. in a moment of bigotry recalls to life, and which, in order to give the lie to the *bullish* infallibility of another Pope, he restores to the exercise of its villainy amidst the execrations of the inhabitants of both the old and new worlds, excepting only the order itself, and hypocrites and scoundrels who alone were interested in its resuscitation. When we reflect upon what this fatal order has been, is, and must ever be—when we think of its own confession, which I have many times heard boldly repeated by Jesuits, that its sole aim is to push back our age to feudalism, to ignorance, and the state of Catholic servility anterior to the French Revolution, I say without hesitation that none but a confirmed villain can be found to praise an order full of so perverse a wickedness, and commend the Pope who restored it.

CHAPTER III.

CONSALVI.—PONTIFICATE OF PIUS VII.

It would argue amiss who should attempt to measure the political sentiments of the Romans by the return of Pius VII. from exile. If it was not altogether an exception, it was at least equally extraordinary at the time, as the circumstances by which it was occasioned. Rome has a mission in the order of Divine providence, and this mission is a great one. The Romans are conscious of this mission, and therefore cannot tolerate that their eternal city should be placed in a secondary position. In the total absence of the ancient republican and imperial splendour, they exchanged the ephemeral masquerade of the priest-king for the true grandeur to which Rome is destined; and, having lost, thanks to the intrusion of the Popes, the temporal domination of the world, they were contented to receive the chimerical substitute of its spiritual domination, but which was immediately contested on almost every hand. As it occurs in all artificial orders, the time was to arrive when the Romans must recognise that the grandeur of their city depended neither upon the presence of the Popes nor upon the centralisation of an usurped supremacy. This time, however, had not come when Pius VII. re-entered Rome in May, 1815. The exultation of the Romans, therefore, at that epoch, was the natural result of a false belief inherited from past ages. It was the echo, and fortunately the last, of the acclamations of a generation of men educated in the illusions of their forefathers, proclaiming the power which had enervated, abased, and degraded them from the post of the conquerors of the world to the office of sacristans, and the

servants to the priest, proud of their gold-embroidered livery emblazoned with the keys and triple crown of imposture. Hence the return of Pius VII. must be the occasion of feasting and triumph; and such it was. The French despot had not only done nothing to favour Rome, but had done everything to rob her of her riches, deprive her of her monuments, detach from her her best men, and reduce her literally to a mere third-class city. This return, therefore, to the primitive state of things naturally filled the Romans with joy, and excited them to give an enthusiastic reception to the restored Pontiff. Besides, everything spoke to the people in favour of Pius VII.;—his short pontificate anterior to his exile which had offended against no interests; the injustice with which he had been deprived of his crown; the violence of his abduction, and the insolence with which he was treated during his journey and part of his captivity; the captivity itself to which he had been so long subjected—all were so many reasons calling upon the people to rejoice at his return. Nothing renders a man so popular as unjust treatment, particularly if it be borne with resignation and firmness. The people then exulted at the return of Pius VII. in 1815, though they scarcely shed a tear when he died in 1823, which affords a striking proof of the difference between an almost unknown Pope who returns from exile, and a well-known Pope who returns to the dust.

Wiseman has therefore most wisely chronicled the event in these extremely measured terms: "There can be no difficulty, therefore, in imagining that the restoration of the Pontifical Government had been hailed and continued, at the time of which we write, to be considered a return to happiness and prosperity, as a passage from gloom and sullenness, to brightest cheerfulness. And so at that time everybody spoke." What prudence to circumscribe the exultation of the Romans to "the time of which we write!" What accuracy to limit it to that period! "and so at that time everybody spoke!" It

proves that Wiseman himself is conscious of the changed condition of things at Rome which no longer belongs to him or his caste. At the present day no one would thus speak of the return of the Pope. The history of Papal Rome shows us that no Pope was ever applauded or fêted who was brought to Rome by means of foreign arms and against the will of the Romans. History is ready, too, with contemporaneous facts to prove this truth, although it has been sought to give to the Pontiff the appearance of a victim and the mask of a martyr. Let us be explicit in this matter.

Did not Pius IX. return, in 1850, from exile, or from something counted as such in his estimation and that of his bigots? Yet who considered his restoration "as a return to happiness and prosperity?" No one, certainly, with the exception of friars, nuns, and thieves, both lay and clerical. On his return from the den of Gaeta, who did the honours of his reception except the French assassins and Swiss hirelings assembled along his route and posted at the doors of his palace? Who paid to him the tribute of feasting and applause when he returned to the chair of St. Peter, preceded by the woman who had facilitated his flight, except the salaried spies of government, when he passed under triumphal arches erected by the Antonellis and Nardonis at the expense of the State? Who will deny that Pius IX. re-entered Rome as in a solitude universally execrated? How came this change about? The hand of Revolution has snatched the bandage from the eyes of the Romans, who have at length learned that Italian Rome can and ought to be greater, and certainly more glorious, than Papal Rome, and that the Romans can command the admiration, the respect, and even the envy of the whole world, even without priest-kings and the intrusion of St. Peter's chair and its occupant. So much the better for Italy and Rome. Wiseman who knows this has most sagely abstained from making the remotest allusion to it, and has confined the

exultation of the Romans at the time of the return of Pius VII.

This exultation, however, as I have shown above, was altogether an exceptional fact, which has nothing to do with the acts of his pontificate. For when he might have been judged by his acts he descended almost unhonoured to the tomb in the midst of the people who had so loudly applauded him. And this either because the people attributed the acts of his pontificate to their true author, Consalvi, or because, notwithstanding the ability of the minister, the acts themselves were in reality of small value, not above the usual average of abnormal Papal administration; and hence incapable of transmitting his name with honour to posterity, and much less distinguished by the title of *great*, as Wiseman was pleased to qualify him in his original abortion at Myddleton Hall. Indeed, Consalvi himself, measured by this standard, will appear less great than it is commonly admitted. In fact, if ever there was a circumstance favourable for entirely reconstructing the machinery of the bad Papal government, and reducing it to a shape more in conformity with the times and the wants of the people, it was certainly the return of Pius VII. from exile at the period of the restoration of the thrones of Europe. Now if we examine what was actually effected by Consalvi, we are forced to conclude, either that he was unable to take advantage of the opportunity, which is contrary to the general opinion, as to his governmental talent, or that the machinery of the Papal government is such a wreck and incongruity that to reform it is beyond human capacity. The only means of rendering it useful would be to destroy it altogether, as a positive anomaly, an insult to common sense.

True, Wiseman seeks to assure his readers that "the people, in the widest sense of the word, rejoiced at the restoration of a native, though an ecclesiastical government; indeed, this peculiarity was to them a chief recom-

mendation." But here, as usual, he shows himself ignorant of cause and effect. I have already sufficiently explained the true reason of the rejoicing. If Wiseman had given himself the trouble to consult the annals of the seven revolutions which occurred between 1817 and 1848, and had ascertained the common feelings in the Roman States, he would have spared himself the utterance of this gross untruth :—that the peculiarity of the cassock recommends the government of the priests to the Roman people. But it must not be forgotten that Wiseman himself is one of the clerical cassocks, a scarlet crinoline of the most ample dimensions ; his eulogium, therefore, is one of the tools of his factory, *tractant fabrilis fabri*.

Where Wiseman, however, from love of his subject, exceeds himself in false reasoning—which false reasoning confirms my proposition of the impossibility of reforming the Papal government—is, in claiming for Pius VII. the right of doing as he likes with his subjects, for the magnificent reason that "he was restored, as Pope, to the temporal government of the portion of Italy held by his predecessors He was restored on the principle which formed the basis of all restorations at the time, that Europe should return to the normal state from which she had been wrenched. Empires were restored as empires, kingdoms resettled as kingdoms, grand-duchies as grand-duchies, republics as republics. And so the Pope was given back to Rome, to rule as Popes had done, by a system exceptional, and in a form the loss of which experience had proved to be hurtful." In these few words we have the double confession that the Papal system is exceptional, or without precedent, and without parallel in history, consequently anomalous; further, that it is necessary to continue it in its present form, that any alteration would be met by party prejudice, and, above all, by the destruction of the system itself: *sit ut est, aut non sit*. Wiseman, however, forgets that the empires, kingdoms, and grand-duchies of the restoration were subsequently obliged to

modify their form, or were engulfed by the revolution of 1830-31. He forgets, too, that when Pius IX. assumed the lying device of a reformer, not only was the modified form of his government not thought to be "hurtful," but was saluted by princes, governments, and the peoples of both hemispheres, as the dawn of universal peace, and, as such, received benedictions from every tongue. And Wiseman, moreover, forgets that when Rome was so fortunate as to be without a Pope in 1848-49, Italians—who are neither Frenchmen nor Spaniards, nor Irish prelates in national sentiment—felt the loss of the Pope and his government to be no calamity. On the contrary, from this period dates the presentiment and hope felt in Rome and throughout the whole of Italy that Rome will be truly great and Italy independent and free, when this accursed form of priestly government shall have disappeared for ever, to give place to the constitutional government of the King of Italy, who shall again make the nation respected and glorious from the ancient metropolis of the world.

The most curious fact which I have to record is, that the little which Consalvi did gives the lie to Wiseman. His care was not to return to the normal state anterior to the French occupation, except as far as it favoured the absolute dominion of his caste. In all the rest he adopted the French innovations. For this reason Consalvi will not pass to posterity among original ministers. In a priestly government he could not lay aside his character of priest. One example of this will suffice. Up to the time of the first French invasion, Bologna had always been a republic, governed by its own laws and senate, the Pope having only the patronage over it, according to covenants mutually agreed to. This was precisely the reason that Bologna was justly called the Athens of Italy. It was second to no city of the Peninsula for the riches of its aristocracy, and was proverbial for the opulence and cordiality of its citizens. But when Pius VII. "was restored as Pope," he

was a thousand miles from ruling Bologna as Popes had done. What says Wiseman to this? Is it not true that the facts as they stand prove his propositions, when not simply ridiculous, to be impositions invented in his reminiscences for the benefit of the blind and idiotic? The spring and rule of Consalvi's government was to make no account of any ancient municipal privileges whatever, the Roman States having been given up by the Treaty of Vienna in the condition in which they were left by French domination. Thus the astute minister, with truly priestly wisdom, killed two birds with one stone. He returned to ancient usages when they favoured Papal absolutism, this being the condition of the restoration, and retained the modern, when equally favourable, according to the Treaty of Vienna, which was, however, no obligatory treaty at all, but dependent on the will and wiliness of those who governed.

While I am upon this subject, I must remind Wiseman that this political foxiness is one of the prerogatives of ecclesiastical education, one of the privileges of his Papal system. There are always two sides to every question; in every difficulty there is always a loophole of escape. For example, in the time of Gregory XVI. the privileged altar (the Protestant reader is not obliged to comprehend this absurdity) was only accorded to the suppliant priest three times a week. What did my superiors do? On the 20th September, 1834, they obtained for me the privileged altar three times a week, with a rescript signed by Cardinal Brignole. On the 10th February, 1838, they obtained the altar for me three times a week, with a rescript signed by Cardinal Castracane, and thus, in spite of the Pontiff, I in fact obtained the privileged altar six days in the week, my superiors having waited to send the memorial when the prefect of the congregation of indulgences was changed. Thus it was with the license to read prohibited books. Prior to Gregory, among forbidden books were those of Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot, Beausobre,

Bolingbroke, &c., &c. My master had this license. Gregory changed the authors to be excluded; they were Dupuis, Volney, Pigault-le-Brun, Potter, Bentham, J. A. Delacroix, &c., &c. My master also obtained this license from his superiors. And for what object? Legally to frustrate the intention of the Popes who had prohibited them. As one license did not destroy or invalidate the other, so by the license anterior to Gregory, Dupuis, Volney, &c., might be read; by Gregory's license, Voltaire, Rousseau, and the rest. Thus, with both licenses in your pocket you might read all prohibited books of every kind. Is not this a convenient system? Another case, which shall be the last, will still better illustrate the subject. Let us imagine a confessor. He may follow the two extreme opinions in theology, and according to convenience adopt either *Tutiorism* or *Probabilism*, and have in his library the two authors wide as the poles asunder, Patuzzi and Liguori. A poor man goes to him to confess a thing considered mortal sin by Patuzzi; he has nothing to give the confessor, who sends him away without absolution. A lady goes to him to confess the same thing, which Liguori scarcely considers a venial sin. The confessor absolves her, for the lady has a full purse, a liberal hand, extensive influence, and exquisite cookery. Is not this a profitable system? What wonder that the swells and snobs of Oxford, and the Magdalens of Belgravia, should prefer it to the austere simplicity of the Reformation!

Consalvi, then, acted conformably to the rules of his caste in adopting the normal and abnormal in his form of government, according as he found either favourable to its progress. He had, moreover, seen the working of the imperial system at Paris, and experienced its effects in the States restored to his Pontiff. He retained all that was possible of the French domination; part of it useful, part of it hurtful to the Pope's subjects, but, as a whole, most advantageous to the re-established government of the priests.

Wiseman narrates great miracles of the financial administration under Consalvi. But, leaving miracles to those who invent or believe them, I will admit that Consalvi's was a less thievish administration than those which preceded or followed it. That Consalvi could diminish the taxes and repair some wrongs—not all—is not hard to explain. The Pope, who returned to his dominions amply compensated with money, however contrary may be the opinion of Wiseman, found the State free from fresh debts, which in itself was equivalent to a diminution of taxation. Further, he found property taxed very high by the late French government, and having no expenditure for war, he could alleviate the burdens of his subjects without inconvenience, and he thought it well to do so, that the restored government might gain the sympathy of the people.

With respect to the money being reduced to uniformity, about which Wiseman makes so much ado, it must be remarked that this was one of the necessary consequences of the restoration. Two kinds of money were current in the Roman States; the old Papal and the modern French. It was therefore essential that the last should disappear, not only for the convenience of traffic and commerce, but also to destroy the traces of the past domination. This was done by all the sovereigns of Europe without exception, though without any pretension to the eulogiums of Wiseman. But the worst is, his ignorance of the condition of the Papal money prior to the French invasion, circulating even in spite of it, and all appearing again upon the French evacuation. Although the decimal coin of the Popes, like that of Spain and France during the old régime, was precious from its intrinsic value, yet so heterogeneous and various were the coins which were issued either by special privilege, or by Papal concessions to the different mints of the State, that their circulation was a Babel of confusion and a robbery, for they did not realise the value they represented. The equalisation, therefore, was advanta-

geous alike to government and subjects, and was naturally effected by Consalvi, who thus corrected the errors of former pontificats. I willingly render him his meed of praise for having thus put a stop to the inconvenience always attendant upon a multiplicity of coins—an inconvenience which is one of the calamities now experienced in Lombardy under the covetous and iniquitous Austrian government.

Those who enjoy comedy will find a source of abundant merriment in the after thought of Wiseman, who assigns the origin of free trade to the year 1800, attributing it to the pontificate of Pius VII. Thus by a stroke of the pen are the Venetians and Genoese deprived of the merit of being the first to teach the world the fundamental principles of free trade. Truly, before that time the governments of Italy seldom or never had recourse to the prohibition of the export of grain (which appears to me somewhat incongruous with the canons of free trade), nor to the removal of the duties upon its introduction, for the simple reason, of which Wiseman is perhaps ignorant, that each city had its *Monte Frumentario*, or stock of corn sufficient for the maintenance of the population. To this stock every proprietor was obliged to contribute his quota annually, to provide against scarcity. The first effect of its destruction, by the Cisalpine Republic, was the alarming dearth of 1800; to provide for which there was no other remedy than to prohibit exportation and remove the duty upon imports. The government saw it to be a question of life and death, and thus resolved the difficulty, but not in the sense of free trade. It is, in fact, very painful for a Roman subject to see the temporary suspension of a government duty, and of some municipal taxes transformed into the universal and permanent provision of free trade, and handed down to posterity by means of a lying medal inscribed *COMMERCIORUM PRIVILEGIA ABOLITA*.

But if Pius VII. really abolished them how is it that those taxes still existed under the subsequent pontificate

of Leo XII.? how is it that they exist at the present day under Pius IX.? The fact explains itself. The duty was only abolished during the period of scarcity. When it had passed, the Roman States returned to their normal condition. No one is ignorant, not even Wiseman himself, that succeeding pontiffs, and more particularly Gregory XVI. and Pius IX., were obliged to have recourse to the same expedient, although under both these Popes the expedient resolved itself into the robbery of a few without real advantage to the subjects. Take the example of Cardinal Antonelli, Secretary of State to Pius IX. He himself suggested to the Pope, at least on two occasions, the opening of the ports to ships laden with foreign grain. When it was granted it proved entirely for his own benefit. He and his brigand family having obtained supplies from foreign markets in time, and shipped them without delay, the minister opened the ports for two months only, a space of time insufficient for other merchants to order, load, and receive the grain from without. It was thus prevented from arriving at its place of destination, and those only who had provided themselves in time were the family of the dishonest cardinal, who afterwards sold the stock in the Roman markets at exorbitant famine prices. And this is impudently called free trade, and lauded as a specimen of beneficent government. Ah! thieves agree among themselves!

Consalvi, however, did little to serve the cause of industry, and promote the commerce of the Roman States, though I maintain that he had a duty to do so, availing himself both of the *prestige* of the restoration, and of the very elements of French domination in order to cancel it from the remembrance of the pontifical subjects. But the fact was quite the reverse. Either the Papal government is the antithesis of industry, of commerce, of activity, and prosperity, and even of honour, or priests consider such things quite secondary and subordinate to the main aim of their government,

which is the spiritual supremacy and the interest of the church: the consequence of all this was a retrograde movement in the national industry, which in a few years filled the Roman States with misery and despondency.

The case of my native city will serve to explain that of all the others. The commerce of Bologna had always been prosperous and celebrated, precisely because it never was absolutely a Papal city. Among her other manufactures was that of crape veils, in which she not only stood second to none, but was absolutely without a rival, the trade belonging to her exclusively by tradition and the secrets of the art. For ages, therefore, while steam-engines were unknown, she had not less than twenty thousand looms employed in the manufacture of veils, exported everywhere, but especially to the East, by means of the Venetian shipping. Napoleon *the Depredator* robbed Bologna of this profitable trade, among other artistic beauties and riches, and transplanted it to Lyons. True, notwithstanding all the French boasting, the Lyons veils have never equalled the Bolognese, nor ever can, their beauty and solidity being imparted by the water of the Little Rhine, which cannot be replaced by that of the Rhone. Nor, in spite of continued efforts, has Lyons ever been able to compete with Naples in satins, nor in velvets with Genoa. Providence and equilibrium of creation! But though Bologna was thus ravished of her trade by the French robber, she still retained enough of it to secure a good profit by availing herself of the extended limits of the new empire to increase the trade, which she still retained. Bologna was also compensated by the increase of her hemp, which became more generally known as time went on, and was in much greater requisition; so that during the French domination its price rose from twenty-eight lire to forty per hundred pounds weight. It was, therefore, the duty of the re-established Papal government to cultivate this tendency, and thus compensate Bologna for the serious loss of her original trade. But so far from this, two or three

years after Pius VII. began to govern by means of Consalvi, the last-named source of Bolognese prosperity descended to the low rate of twenty lire per cwt. Wiseman may well then come and tell us that, "as far as one can judge at this distance of time, it would appear that the internal policy directed by Cardinal Consalvi from the very outset, was enlightened perhaps beyond that of many greater states." Bologna, which had formerly been called *the Abundant* (la Grassa), and may now be called *the Miserable*, will answer for her sisters—impoverished like herself by the ignorance and perversity of the priestly government—to this puff of a priest, whose only excuse is that, "at this distance of time," his aged eyes can no longer distinguish the reality of objects, and he is constrained to describe them as they dance before his vision through distant and chaotic nebulae.

It is, then, an historical fact that the Papal government, after its restoration, either neglected or was unable to promote the true interests of its subjects, who were from that time constrained to prefer foreign to clerical domination. The evil government of the priests went to such lengths, that it became a proverb in the Roman States, "Better be under the Turks than under the priests." Can Wiseman deny these facts? Can he deny that at this very day, when he and I are writing, the influence of the two revolutions of 1831-48 has converted this preference into national hatred equally against the foreigner and the Papacy? Now, having in his hand the proof of the total incapacity of his caste to govern, none but a Wiseman or his like would write this paragraph: "There were, however, more serious matters to occupy the thoughts of the sovereign and his ministry; and they were fully considered. Many religious houses and other establishments had been sold by the French government, and had even passed through several hands. On the 14th of August, 1816, all such properties as had not been materially altered, and which could thus again be restored

to their original purposes, were demanded back; but the actual holders were all to be indemnified for their losses, and a commission *ad referendum* was appointed to examine individual claims, that they might be fully satisfied." Laying aside the artful way in which Wiseman expresses himself, "that they might be satisfied"—the satisfaction really obtained being quite another thing from the satisfaction promised;—leaving out of the question that the "individual claims" were never all satisfied, and none of them "fully," which is matter of history in the Roman States; taking no account of the fact that the only persons compensated *in toto* at the charge of the public debt were monks and the members of ecclesiastical establishments, I would ask Wiseman in what course of political economy he has learned that the most serious consideration of a sovereign and his ministry is the restitution of monks to their well-feathered nests? But have priests any other code than that of their caste? Could they ever prefer the rights of society and the interests of the subjects to their own luxuries and usurpation? My reader is surely too wise not to perceive, that if, according to Wiseman, the most serious occupations of Pius VII. and his minister Consalvi were the restitution of the monks and their property, their lay administration must be of small account and most superficial, as equally stupendous in the eyes of the priests as contemptible in those of the people.

The character of Pius VII.'s government may be summed up in a few words. It was the government of a Pope, or, according to Wiseman, "a system exceptional;" that is, a system exclusive of wise provisions, altogether foreign to the true prosperity of the subjects. Such is the only possible meaning of "system exceptional." It was superlatively a Papal government intent, in the first place, upon promoting the interests of the church and monachism, to which all social interests were bound to submit. The sentence, *Sunt bona mixta malis*, may be perfectly applied to the government of Pius VII. The principal element was

evil ; the little good was that which Consalvi did, or tried to inoculate into that *system exceptional*, either as his own speculation, or as the bequest of French domination.

It then excites contempt to hear Wiseman solemnly asserting that in 1821 the Roman States took no part in the revolutionary movement, and not only for the reason that the government being ecclesiastic "was to them a chief recommendation," but also because Consalvi "reminded the people of their past experience, and the people showed how the appeal to experience came home to their convictions." Nothing can be more incorrect. The true causes which prevented the rising of the Roman States were anything but love for the Papal government or the proclamations of Consalvi. The following were the principal, according to more honest reminiscences. The movements at Naples and Turin were premature. The Carbonarism which had prepared them, in consequence of the distance of one place from the other, and the want of expeditious correspondence, failed to conduct the plot to the concerted point. It being discovered by merest accident by the Bourbon agents on the Neapolitan confines, the Carbonari were obliged to precipitate the revolution, which, thus exploding before its time, could meet with but a feeble response in Piedmont, and none at all in Central Italy. The chief calamity hitherto attending all Italian revolutions has been that they were all conceived in the lodges of secret societies—with the exception of the revolutionary crusade of 1848, and the people were not duly prepared to rise at once. Italy moreover presents another difficulty to agitators in the variety of its governments and police force, it being necessary to elude no fewer than seven. In 1821, the two extremities of Italy rose because they had gone too far to recede, and because many were already compromised, especially among the superior officers of both armies. The revolution spent itself in a few months : the centre not being prepared, and having no army, properly speaking, to sustain the movement, by

necessity remained inert, leaving the two extremities isolated, to be easily overcome by the Austrians, as two separate enemies who were weak from being divided, and therefore quickly beaten.

Another cause of the non-rising of Central Italy was the Congress of Verona. The perjured Ferdinand I. of Naples had betaken himself thither ostensibly to defend the constitution given to his subjects (miserable credulity of the Neapolitan people!), but in reality to solicit Austrian intervention to aid him in destroying its very name. The intervention was immediately and willingly granted by Austria, who thus regained her lost prestige and authority in Southern Italy. She was also thus enabled, at the expense of Naples, to reclothe from head to foot her Italian army, which was at that time the filthiest and shabbiest in Europe. The news of this intervention spread like lightning throughout Italy. Piedmont and Naples refused to believe it: and when forced by events to believe the news, they despised it, for they had two armies, and these resolved to fight. Not so with the centre. Having no army, and not yet having risen, it took counsel of its neighbour, Lombardo-Venetia, and did not rise. My own town of Bologna—to which all Central Italy looked to give the signal—being but one day's march from an Austrian garrison, saw the folly of an insurrection under such circumstances, and prudently abstained, reserving its intended rising for a more opportune occasion. It was not therefore Consalvi's proclamation which induced the Roman States to remain quiet, but the intervention decreed by the Congress of Verona, which had more weight in counselling neutrality to the people who had suffered from the robbery of foreign arms for a quarter of a century, than all the deceptive scholasticism of the priestly curia.

Since Wiseman reminds us that Consalvi "reminded the people of their past experience," I shall, on my part, remind Wiseman what was the past experience which prevented the revolution of the Roman States in 1821.

Let the reader understand then, that in 1817, the best aristocracy of the above States, disgusted with the misgovernment of the priests, and irritated by broken promises, conspired against the Papal throne and dominion. This is a fact which I desire to impress upon the minds of the spiteful enemies of my country, Italy;—both this revolution of the Roman States, headed by Count Ferri, and the subsequent one of Lombardo-Venetia, commanded by Count Confalonieri, were urged upon the Italian aristocracy by the unfulfilled promises of brutal governments. It was therefore equally a conspiracy of dignity and right, a duel of honour, though fought with unequal arms; the Italian nobility did not hesitate to cast the gauntlet at those who had falsified their word, though almost certain to perish in the unequal conflict. And thus it happened with the attempted revolution of 1817, and its leaders. Discovered by the police, while still in the stage of a plot, the government easily possessed itself of its secret and the names of those connected with it. Seizing them one by one, and unexpectedly (an act worthy to be the progenitor of the 2nd of December, 1852), it imprisoned, tried and condemned them, either to death, chains or exile; thus throwing the principal families into mourning, and the people into consternation. It was this experience, so recent, and following upon the French domination appealed to by Consalvi, which, in truth, induced the aristocracy of the Roman States to refrain from rising. The fact that they had been abandoned to their clerical executioners without a voice of remonstrance, made them cautious in 1821 not to expose themselves and Italy a second time without having a preconcerted plan and fixed time. The plan indeed was not wanting, but the period of rising being displaced, the Roman States thought it imprudent to sacrifice themselves without an object. Thus “the storm passed by harmless, and no rising took place,” although thanks to other causes than the proclamation of Consalvi, or the “system exceptional” of the Papal government.

In following Wiseman, we have jumped all at once into the field of politics. - I may therefore perhaps be permitted, before coming to the conclusion of the chapter, to felicitate the NEPHEW of the UNCLE upon having at length found a mitred and bepurpled Pliny willing to fabricate a panegyric on the UNCLE of the NEPHEW. The reader may perhaps be surprised that Wiseman could dedicate not fewer than eighteen pages to the eulogium of Napoleon I., to whom he assigns a place beside Alexander, Charlemagne, and Christopher Columbus, and to whom he lends the sovereign attributes of the eagle, his imperial symbol. The eagle! Why can Wiseman be ignorant that this symbol was stolen by his iron idol from my classic Italy? The symbol of Italy is the eagle; that of France, under every form of government, and especially the imperial, was, is, and always will be, the cock. Of course Wiseman cannot approve "of a single act" of his Christopher—Charles—Alexander;—the imprisonment of Pius VII.; but he hastens to suggest that "no doubt his violent removal from Rome was not commanded by the Emperor, and still less could he have intended the rudeness, irreverence, and sacrilegiousness of the mode in which it was done." Thus is history written! Now is not all this pleasing, satisfying, wondrous! What more could his uncle's nephew hope for, even from his own herd of Vetuses, Bonifaces, Cassegnacs, De Calornes, &c., &c? Throughout the whole career of this French Alexander—Charlemagne—Columbus, "a single act against justice, religion, or truth!" Let us then pardon this single act, the rather that all the rest of his life was justice, religion, and truth. Who would not excuse a slight spot in the sun? Who, for a single grain of earth, would reject the mass of pure gold, which Providence, in this Napoleonides, gave to the world at a blessed moment for the felicity of the human race?

Yet when I reflect upon the uninterrupted series of ecclesiastical writers who have hitherto, without exception, altogether condemned the first Napoleon, and the long litanies of vituperation with which they have anathematised

even his memory ; when I recollect that for having once in my life uttered from the pulpit a word of pity for him (although moved to it by my subject), I was forbidden by the Pope and his secretary of state to preach for some months : while reading this bombastic panegyric penned by Wiseman, my hands involuntarily rise to my head, as if to assure myself that it is still in its place, that I am not in the land of dreams, but simply in the Elysian fields of the reminiscences of a priest.

Nor could Wiseman while in the vein for eulogy forget "the present illustrious successor," the august nephew of the august uncle. Behold the ancient bard, guitar in hand, caracolling in red slippers before the long-nosed Beauharnaisides, chanting this eucharistic carol : "That yet, after all this, almost a generation later, the ostracised, branded, and proscribed name should be found in the same place, bearing after it the same imperial title, annulled, abolished by a congress of Europe, with every human probability and many earnest desires that both may be continued in a lasting dynasty—is surely strange and unexpected enough to establish a providential dispensation in the history of the first Emperor." In the name of common sense, how are these phenomena to be explained ? Why, instead of common sense, my reader did not invoke the gastronomic sense, in order to obtain the solution of the enigma ? Let it not be lost sight of, that whenever Wiseman pays a visit to Gaul he is invited to dine at the Tuileries. Now who does not know the wonders of an imperial kitchen, especially if the cookery is French, and the imperialism that of a parvenu ? I am neither mischievous, nor am I the spirit of evil ; I only unite the two extremes, the genius of Napoleon I., and the stomach of Wiseman ; the nephew shall form the connecting link between the two capacities, thanks to his imperial kitchen ! Behold the aspect of the Sphinx. The uncle of the nephew may, on these conditions, be content with this eulogy and eulogist, as well as the cause which has produced them.

With regard to the talents and acts of Consalvi, he may be said to have been an able minister, but not a great one in the sense of the term as applied to his fellows, Richelieu, Mazzarini, Ximenes, Alberoni, Wolsey, unless the greatness of ministers is to be measured by the size of the states governed by them. I shall not stop here to examine his virtues, theological, cardinal, or canonical, as Wiseman was pleased to do; for with the sum of them all we might perhaps make a good priest, but not a great minister. Much less shall I subscribe to his feminine citation, "True humility, in a most extraordinary and heroic degree, is the characteristic of this cardinal, and therefore he must have been the first politician at the Congress of Vienna." By means of this feminine-cardinalistic logic the most stupid Trappist would become the greatest minister in the world. If feminine diplomacy had written this sentence as a satire, I could reconcile myself to the sapient petticoat; but if it meant to express a fact, I should counsel the writer to embroider slippers rather than to pen opinions.

Let the lady, however, be not offended, since with regard to abundance of logical deficiency she may be proud of having her name coupled with that of Wiseman. Dr. Nicholas, to prove the immense diplomatic ability of Consalvi, makes use of a remark of Lord Castlereagh, "that he was the master of them all in diplomatic skill." Very well; this redounds in part to the honour of the English diplomatist. Diplomacy being in itself the art of imposture and the science of cavilling, it is natural that the priest-diplomatist should enjoy superiority *de jure* over his lay companions. Who is more apt at imposture and quibbling than he? The chief part of his education at school consisted of mental restifications, of evasions, and subterfuges. Wiseman, however, forgets one of Lord Castlereagh's antecedents, which might have spared him the trouble of quoting him as an authority. The British plenipotentiary having been asked why he took his little boy

to Vienna during the Congress, he gave a reply worthy of Aristotle or Plato, that the child might see by what sorry wisdom the world was governed; *quam parva sapientia regitur mundus*—which unfortunately admits of no doubt. Whether the people have lost so large a portion of God's gift as to consider themselves beasts of burden and market, at the disposal of those who govern them, or whether it is the nature of the mass to be more manageable than individuals, as containing within itself the elements and instincts of obedience by compactness, the conclusion is always the same—that there is nothing more easy than to govern. I do not say, to govern well. Good government is a luxury, a superfluity, an extra, neither asked nor given except by chance: the case is only one of government. This, I maintain, is easy enough. In absolute governments the thing explains itself. The people have no will; therefore whatever the will of the governing power is, this must be done, and it is done, even if it be that of a Heliogabalus or a Sejanus. Nor is the axiom less true in modern governments, whether republican or constitutional. With few exceptions, the executive power does what it pleases with the constitution and the people, and laughs at those it governs. If this must be said of governing policy in general, much more may it be averred of diplomacy in particular. For diplomacy, when not under the control of genius, but exercised by art and routine, is the most despicable of charlatanism. Indeed, limiting our view to contemporaneous events, if we scrutinise the diplomatic mysteries from the Congress of Vienna to that of Paris, we come to the conclusion, that if four law students, or even four conveyancing clerks, were to meet together, they might give to Europe a treaty much better conceived and expressed, and far more honest, than that of Metternich and Walewski. After that, it seems to me to redound but little to Consalvi's credit that "he was master of them all in diplomatic skill." But admitting that the assertion is true, it does not prove the greatness

of Consalvi, but only that, having one eye while his companions had none, they made him their king—*beati monoculi in terrâ cæcorum*.

Although I do not ascribe it to the humility of Consalvi that he chose to remain deacon, and declined the offices of the presbytery, this being usual with cardinals who choose to devote themselves more exclusively to the occupations and pleasures of the world; yet I will not deny him the merit of a life comparatively modest, and of leaving the bulk of his fortune at his death to PROPAGANDA, then not yet in the hands of the thievish Jesuits, and for the erection or completion of the façades of three churches in Rome. Yet it is but proper that I should enlighten the reader as to the nature of these bequests. The cardinals were for ages obliged by bull to bequeath their property to churches or charitable establishments. This will reduce to natural dimensions what to foreigners seems a prodigy of piety, when they admire at Rome so many ecclesiastic monuments erected by the bequests of cardinals; it was forced, not voluntary liberality. The bull was understood to be a compensation. Having derived their immense riches from the church, the Popes thought it prudent to order that at their death all that remained should return to her. Consalvi, however, is deserving of praise for not having imitated the modern cardinalate who, considering that the bull has fallen into desuetude, leave their accumulated riches to their families, who are thus invested with the spoils of robbery. It is of no use trying to conceal the matter; nine-tenths of the riches possessed by cardinals, being ecclesiastical, are the fruits of robbery. Wiseman himself could not hide the fact "that he accumulated, through the income of his office and benefices, a considerable fortune." Now, the offices compatible with the secretaryship of state furnished Consalvi with little more than sufficient for its maintenance. This I know personally, through the domestic fact of Cardinal Lambruschini. But Consalvi "accumulated a

considerable fortune." He therefore enriched himself by ecclesiastical benefices, and, above all, by their plurality. This is what I call the most iniquitous of all robbery, because it is sacrilegious robbery.

A plurality of benefices implies that many ecclesiastics, and possibly far more deserving, have been despoiled to invest with several a single priest, whose only claim is impudence or favouritism—who has no other virtue than that of shaping his back to an arch before the idols of Moab. It implies, moreover, that entire populations are deprived of the spiritual succour dependent on these benefices. For, when they are accumulated upon a single man, even if he had the will—which would be an anomaly—he could not personally perform the duties annexed to them, and must either neglect them altogether, or commit them to the hands of ill-paid mercenary subalterns, who have seldom any conscience, and can never be expected to feel personal interest in their work. Is not this a two-fold robbery and sacrilege? I cannot, then, commend Consalvi for having shared during his life in such ecclesiastical depredations, but I will not refuse to commend him in death, when, instead of choosing to be buried in the perdition of Simon Magus by bequeathing his ecclesiastical fortune to his family, he preferred to leave it to the church, and thus restore that of which he had robbed her.

CHAPTER IV.

BRIGANDS.

Who has not heard of brigands from his childhood? Who has not met with them in novels? Who has not seen them at the theatre? Nothing was wanted but that they should be exhibited to children in the magic lantern, and this has now been done by Wiseman, notwithstanding the gravity of his age and of the purple. But the magic lantern is an illusion, and consequently a falsehood, and such too is Wiseman's chapter upon "Brigandage." It completes the triad of the grand falsifiers of 1857-58. The first is Mr. Maguire, M.P., who asserts that there are no longer any poor in Rome; the second, Monsignor Parisi, Bishop of Arras, who proves to us that the poor in Rome are the best eulogy of the Papal government; the third is our friend Wiseman, who would make us believe that in the Roman States, especially in the south, there are no true brigands to be found, and that brigandage ought not to be attributed in the slightest degree to the government of the priest, but, to men and circumstances totally different.

Wiseman, however, is still ignorant of many things, even at his more than mature age. For example, of the analogy between cause and effect, of the difference between the abstract and the concrete, of the axiom that by proving too much you prove nothing, &c.; of all this, and more, the single chapter on brigandage affords abundant evidence. It is an admirable array of paradoxes, its chief object being to admit that the brigands are a "blot" in the Papal government, but that they are not to be attributed to the Papal government.

The first misrepresentation is in assigning brigandage to the French domination, and asserting that "it is the fruit of a disturbance of public order by war." Nothing can be more false. Does the Wiseman who utters this dogmatic sentence pretend to confute the Wiseman who *in toto* admits the "code perfectly Draconian and ruthlessly carried out" of the French domination? Then the French government found brigandage existing in the Roman States. But if brigandage existed prior to the French occupation, it is a matter belonging exclusively to the priestly government. And if its origin may truly be ascribed to the Papal government before the foreign invasion, how can Wiseman wonder that on the cessation of this invasion, and the return of the Papal government, brigandage should also return to life in full force? Now Wiseman is constrained to confess that "at no time indeed were the rovers from the desert more daring or their authority more dreadful than after the restoration of the pontifical government." This is what is logically called effect from cause. It needs, then, the logic of a Wiseman to conclude from such premises, "and yet it would be most unjust to throw the blame on it."

From the severity of the French administration in suppressing brigandage, and from the large measure of success attending it, it may be inferred, not only that the conquerors were not accountable for the brigands, but that the latter never found the least favour with them, and their existence must be traced to quite another cause. How then can Wiseman attribute it to the French invasion, when we find it in the Roman States ages before the descent of the French on Italy? History with its facts corroborates the inductions of logic. While the French, in the Roman States, "ruthlessly carried out their code perfectly Draconian" against these legitimate sons of the ecclesiastical government, who encouraged brigandage, and thus created fresh victims to satisfy the justice of the Draconian code? The priests. At the extremity of Italy

we see the protector of the Jesuits, the drunken Ferdinand of Naples, honouring a Fra. Diavolo with commands and favours, hiring his guerilla of brigands *pur sang*, the priests swelling their ranks not only by means of their preaching, but also with their persons. History has transmitted to us, among the names of the followers of Fra Diavolo, the father of the present Cardinal Antonelli, a brigand of the first stamp; who, upon escaping from prison, when on the eve of being hung in the double quality of brigand and as the receiver of the stolen spoils by the other brigands, went to join the ranks of the friends of order and of the priests. On the return of Pius VII. to Rome he was rewarded with a pension for himself, and appointments for his worthy sons.

But the priests did more for their dear brigands. They actually created them in the Northern States, where they did not exist at all before. Thus the mountainous districts of my native Bologna, and even its smiling valleys, then noted for their tranquil hospitable demeanour, were suddenly transformed into the theatre of armaments and depredations, under the pretence of raising these impromptu satellites to the honour of patriotic guerillas. But such they were not. Their country was not their object, they fought only for the priests. They certainly were not esteemed as guerillas by the French rulers, who, instead of judging them according to the rules of war, ruthlessly applied to them their Draconian code. Numbers of them were condemned to death, and among them many priests who, not content with having impressed several of the inhabitants of the country into the ranks of brigandage, and importing brigands from the south, themselves united with them in order to maintain their fanaticism, and to sanctify assassination. In but a single case, which I remember, two of those priests were found innocent. They were parish priests of a mountain district, and were accused of having sheltered, fed, and encouraged a band of brigands then under trial. All were condemned

alike to death. My father defended the two priests, in whose behalf he in vain expended all the forensic eloquence of which he was master. It was only after the sentence of condemnation had been passed that one of the witnesses for the accusation burst into tears, the effect of pity and remorse. My father at once guessed the cause of this excitement, and addressing him with severity, obtained from him the retraction of his testimony and his confession of the innocence of the priests, who, at the instance of their defender, were absolved and liberated. I can even now see those two simple mountaineers, true types of the old Bolognese character, coming every year, on the anniversary of their release, with presents from their mountains, to thank my father, and pronounce heartfelt benedictions upon the numerous children of their liberator. It is with pleasure that I register this fact here, not only as one of the pure glories of my family, but also that it may be seen that I am not the enemy of the priests on system, and consequently not the enemy of all indiscriminately—that I only wish to blame where blame really exists.

Own sister to this mis-statement of Wiseman, though still more malicious and wicked, is the next assertion, that the brigandage now existing ought to be attributed to the popular revolution of 1848, and not to the Papal government. "Within these few years a system somewhat similar to that already detailed has revived; but more in the northern provinces. Again, it is the fruit of a disturbance of public order by revolution instead of by war. And again, this consequence of an abnormal condition is imputed to the normal." Now this is a perversion at once of history, logic, and truth. When brigandage under Gregory XVI. had reached such a pass that subjects begged permission to wear arms to defend themselves from its attacks, was this the "consequence of an abnormal" or "normal" condition? And when the impudence of the brigands, previously to 1846, had

risen to such an excess that no one dared to leave the towns for their summer country residences, for fear of being carried off by these hordes, and forced to pay enormous sums as the price of ransom, was this "the fruit of a disturbance of public order by revolution?" Was it not rather the natural fruit of the Papal government? Let Wiseman write as many novels as he likes, and favour his flock with as many *Fabiolas* as he pleases; such productions admit not only of the improbable, but also of the absurd, for which he seems to have a special aptitude by nature. But let him not write history, which demands judgment and exactitude; but, above all, let him never philosophise, if when raising his hand to his cranium in the spot assigned to discernment, instead of a protuberance he should find a hollow. In proof of this he tells us that a system somewhat similar to that already detailed has revived, but more in the northern provinces. I would just ask him for the explanation of one or two facts out of a hundred. When a band of masked brigands, in October last, between Civita Vecchia and Rome, attacked the vettura which was laden with a most Catholic burden of bishops, priests, paladins, perverts or proselytes, both from America and England, robbed them of their valuables and beat some most undevoutly, were these the likenesses of brigands or brigands in reality? Was their attack made in the "northern provinces" or in the southern? Let Wiseman answer. When, for the first time in the annals of railroad travelling, but a few months ago, brigands attacked the train between Rome and Frascati, on a Sunday, only four miles distant from the Papal metropolis, and in a twinkling relieved several hundred aristocratic excursionists of their jewellery and money, were these the shades of brigands, or brigands in flesh and blood exercising their honest calling under the meridional nose of his Holiness? Let Wiseman say. When on last Good Friday, the brigand "Vendetta" stole the Madonna of Velletri from her sanctuary in the

cathedral, carried her off to his cave (a Madonna compelled to associate with brigands!) and demanded, as the conditions of her return, impunity for himself, several thousand scudi, and the life of his brother, condemned to death for similar traffic, was this the ghost of a brigand which made its appearance to frighten the "northern provinces," or a palpable brigand who descended to enliven the southern Roman States with his agreeable performances under the sweet and grateful name of "Vendetta?" Let Wiseman reply.

Now; can all this be the effect of the revolution, and not rather that of the normal priestly government? Master Wiseman, have more compassion upon your caste; hide its defects, for the sake of charity: To admit that there are brigands in the Roman States, and to attribute their presence to the revolution of 1848, is in itself such bad logic that it is unnecessary to add insult. And it certainly is insult to the government of your caste when you are constrained to confess that brigands still exist in the Roman States ten years after the revolution. How! Ten years of Austrians, of French, of Priests, and of the Inquisition, not able to extirpate a system arising from a revolution of a few months! Truly this does little honour to the Austrian bastinado, to French espionage, to priestly proscriptions, to inquisitorial proceedings. The world, then, has a right "to hold the legitimate sovereign responsible for the evils" of brigandage; 1st, because it is by no means true that these evils have resulted "from rebellion against him," their origin and traces being found in the government of his predecessors. 2ndly, because even if the revolution had increased their number, the government would still be responsible for the continuance of the evils, seeing that it has at its disposal all the means requisite for suppressing them.

But to proceed with Wiseman's false statements. He assures his readers—who, reading only his book, believe his words as those of an oracle—that "it was not in fact

till both police and soldiery had been thoroughly reorganised that the evil was, through them, completely put down. This was only in the following pontificate." Thus the reader, on such authority, is led to believe that during the pontificate of Leo XII., brigands disappeared entirely from the Papal soil. And yet they had their abodes, their spoils, and their festivities just as before; and even more than before were their undertakings characterised by fearlessness and invested with the romance of chivalry. Among others I recollect that they bore off to their mountains a burly Tyrolese colonel for whom they demanded a large sum. It seems, however, that the Austrian generalissimo, Frimont, saw things in a different light than the Pope and his government. Instead of money he sent a regiment of riflemen to give chase to the sons of the forest, who thought it better to restore the corpulent Teutonic Mars without money. All, however, were not so fortunate, and many were the victims during the pontificate of Leo XII., who were obliged to enrich the mountain caves with the best treasures of their palaces to escape certain death. If my reminiscences do not deceive me, I twice traversed the country between Rome and Naples in 1825 and 1826. On both occasions our vettura was escorted from Velletri to Fondi, either by mounted dragoons or Tyrolese infantry, for protection against brigands, which even then infested the road. The period of which I speak was about the decline of the pontificate of Leo XII.; then during that pontificate there actually were brigands upon the public highways. Now, the pontificate of Leo XII. immediately succeeded that of Pius VII., hence the reader may judge of Wiseman's honesty when he oracularises:—"The evil was put down; this was in the following pontificate." One word more. Brigandage, which never ceased even when the roads were watched under Leo, by sentinels and posts at every five hundred metres, increased and gathered strength under the subsequent pontificates until our own times;

and such is the confirmation of Wiseman's announcement that "the evil was put down."

Since I am about rectifying the misstatements of our author, I may as well say at once that in spite of martial law being proclaimed, in spite of a high price being set upon the heads of the chief banditti, it is a historic truth that the government could never get them into their hands. It is sufficient to allude to the famous Gasparone, the worthy cousin of Cardinal Antonelli, the most worthy minister of Pius IX. Notwithstanding martial laws and the enormous sums offered for his capture, this man defied government, and compelled it to come to the ignominious capitulation of which I am about to speak. It was under such circumstances that the case, almost unique in history, occurred of a government coming to terms with banditti. This is the true "blot" in the government of Pius VII. and his minister, Consalvi. A compact with banditti! Perhaps this it is which Wiseman characterises as "the immense energy displayed by the government to efface them." Should we not rather include this shameful fact in this expression of Wiseman, though it really applied to something else, "great sacrifices were made?" Yes; it is certainly a great sacrifice for a government who aspires to the restoration of ancient Papal normality to have to come to an agreement with brigands. Of necessity it involves the sacrifice of self-respect and dignity. A government which treats with brigands places itself on a level with them, and ceases, in fact, to be looked upon as a government. But priests can do no better. Wiseman may say what he pleases; the government which treats with banditti because it is unable to curb their insolence, is for ever dishonoured in the eyes of strangers, and despicable to its own subjects; and with just reason.

In the chapter on brigandage Wiseman is truly at home; so that it seems excusable if, when treating on a family affair, he makes use of such reticences and inaccuracies as are employed among affectionate brothers to

screen each other. I will quote the following paragraph in proof:—"Impunity was offered to such as delivered themselves up on conditions somewhat analogous to our tickets of leave; and men used to be pointed out in Rome who had once been bandits, but were then leading a peaceful and industrious life." Where, in the name of common sense, is the analogy between the impunity of the one and the pardon of the other? The surrender of the brigand has nothing in common with the liberation of the ticket-of-leave man, the conditions being totally opposite. The one is in actual confinement; by means of a good dose of hypocrisy, through false charity, he obtains his ticket of leave to infest society once more with his recompensed ribaldry. The other is actually free, and yields himself up to government, on the understanding that he will respect society in future. Let not Wiseman, then, think of excusing, or rather of lauding, the ignominy of the Papal government in according impunity to brigands by the parallel of the imprudence of the English government in presenting its felons with tickets of leave. Nor is the assertion respecting their peaceful life much more accurate. Spread over all the cities of the Roman States, with a monthly pension of nine scudi—equal to the pay of a sub-lieutenant of the line—few of them died in their beds. Nine of them out of ten perished, either by the knife of their companions, or by the executioner's hand. A practical lesson to governments who are so liberal in granting impunity and pardon to such gentry. So, I remember, finished the last two we had in Bologna, and who sold nuts for even a better living. One killed the other in a quarrel, and the murderer perished under the guillotine.

And here, if we ascend from facts to their causes, we shall find them all mistaken by our author. According to Wiseman the principal, if not the only, cause of brigandage is the mountainous nature of the Roman States. "A mountainous country will encourage a character of crime

different from what will flourish in one like ours. A ridge of high mountains, almost inaccessible in parts, traversed only through deep and narrow ravines, commanded by overhanging cliffs, with one state at its feet on one side, and another on the other, forms a sort of 'no man's land,' the chosen abode of the outlaw." At the conclusion of the chapter, in felicitating England upon having no brigands, he again assigns as a reason for having them in Italy, "the mountainous nature of the country." "This great curse of Italy is impossible with us: we have no chains of Apennines, no rocky fortresses, no mountain forests." Here I would say to Wiseman, with all the emphasis of which an Italian heart is capable, Son of papist Ireland! insult not my noble country with your foolish assertions. Brigandage is not "the curse of Italy," but exclusively of the Roman States, which, for their misfortune and that of Italy, are governed by priests like you—priests in no degree better than the brigands whom you call a "curse." If the mountains are the cause of brigands, why are there none in Germany or France, at least in those parts of their territories which abound in mountains? Why are they not found in Switzerland, the country, *par excellence*, of mountains and forests? Why, taking Italy itself, are there no brigands by profession in Piedmont, which not only has the chain of the Apennines in her bosom, but has the Alps at her back? If you would not renounce common sense, you must assign brigandage far more to moral than to physical causes; the former being, in truth, the main spring and the impulse of this machinery of infamy.

Wiseman himself is constrained to admit that these causes "will be both physical and moral." But when we afterwards come to ask him the nature of the moral causes, he has not a word to say; and I commend his silence. The true and only moral cause of brigandage is the government of the priests, to whom he for one belongs. My reader will see that it is only natural it should be more

easy to a priest to accuse the mountains as the origin of brigandage, than his brother priests. I neither invent nor exaggerate when I attribute brigandage in the Roman States principally to the evil government of the priests. A very slight knowledge of geography and history will suffice to prove mathematically that brigands are the effect of clerical domination, and that where the priests have most influence there brigands flourish most. Marvellous association ! How vigorous do we find them in Mexico, the paradise of priests ; they are ubiquitous in Spain, the Canaan of priests ; and insufferably bold in the Roman States, the kingdom of priests. It is, therefore, useless for him to favour us with the following passage of brigand-like erudition :—“ But there was evidently a moral obstacle to the eradication of this dreadful system of outlaw life. It becomes habitual to families and to tracts of country.” Everybody knows this ; even children know it, and they know it just because it is a fact. We do not, therefore, want the fact from Wiseman, but its explanation. We ask him what is the cause of the fact—what the nature of this “moral obstacle.” And while we are upon the fact, I wish to observe to my reader that among the number of those families in which brigandage becomes habitual is that of Cardinal Antonelli, Secretary of State to Pius IX. I give his genealogy, scrupulously and exactly as transmitted by history. His paternal grandmother was one of those Amazon ‘lack lands,’ who was always foremost with musket and knife in defending her mountain right by the attacks of the plain. His father, as I before stated, was not only a brigand by lineage and profession, but a receiver in behalf of the other brigands of his neighbourhood. His uncles and cousins all belonged to the glorious aristocracy of the banditti of Sonino, and added to its lustre by their personal exploits. The present generation, far from dishonouring the blood of its ancestors, worthily represents the family. Notwithstanding the cardinalate and title of count, the Antonellis of the present day at Rome have in no degree

degenerated from the Antonellis of the mountains, of sandal and musket notoriety, as far as cunning and theft are concerned.

It is time, then, to examine the fact in its logical view, and to insist upon knowing the reason why "this dreadful system of outlaw becomes habitual to families and to tracts of country." Discussion will ever produce this one solitary answer—the government of the priests. This is the efficient, the necessary cause of the "dreadful system;" this is the true "moral obstacle" to its eradication.

Under this fatal principle various incidental causes have produced brigandage. The first of all is the absolute want of education; and the southern States of the Church being the most wholly uneducated, they are the most favoured with brigandage. The highway robberies of the Romagna, which province is far from offering a model of education, are exceptional consequences following upon the bad policy of the government. But they are mere miniature affairs, a shadow, when compared with the brigandage of the Campagna Romana, and of the Frosinonense. The more educated provinces of the Roman States, those which for a long time have had a separate government, as the Bolognese and Picena, for instance, have never had brigands. If one appears by chance, he meets with neither sympathy nor followers because the people from traditional education abhor both the depredations and their authors. But when you enter upon the so-called Patrimony of St. Peter, down to the Neapolitan borders, the want of education is such as not to be envied by Cabayla or Caffraria. Who has ever heard of primary schools there, and more especially of schools for the people and peasantry? What wonder is it that freebooters should be the indigenous fruit of a country where the average of those who know how to read and write even imperfectly, is *one in a thousand*? Is Wiseman ignorant of this total absence of the educational element? If he is aware of it, how can he attribute brigandage to any other

cause? But if he knows it, why does he conceal it? Because the government of his priests, is the only cause to which this condition of things is to be imputed.

The want of education involves the want of industry, and the latter enormously swells the number of depredators by inclination. Though one of the richest and most charming districts of Italy, the soil is not considered sufficiently productive, and hence it is abandoned. The inhabitants of large tracts of country, who are savages for want of education, being indifferent to life, prefer to make sufficient booty in a single day on the highway to keep them for a year, rather than gain a living by the honest labour of their hands. Nor does it seem strange on their part, while the government on its side aids in producing the same result. Agriculture not only is not encouraged by the award of prizes, but is not even facilitated by the means of transport, and the establishment of markets, and therefore remains in a state of barbarism. Some soil is cultivated barely to the point sufficient to supply the prime necessities of life, and this not always by the inhabitants themselves, the Marche providing a large proportion of nomade agriculturists. To speak of manufacturing trades which might receive even the first supplies from local agriculture, is quite out of the question. They do not exist because they cannot, and they cannot because the government of the priests will not allow them. I shall give the reason in its proper place why the government discourages agriculture and industry. But when there is an annual surplus of population, notwithstanding malaria and fevers, when the population is not engaged, either in agriculture or manufactures, seeing they must eat, of necessity they steal. And thus it is, that brigandage must ever be the necessary effect of the government of the priests.

Finally, as it is beyond doubt that ecclesiastical assistance, however false a religious system may be, maintains, promotes, and encourages the morality of the people by

its teaching and example, it is not difficult to understand how it is, that the southern Roman States should be overrun with banditti. Give the country zealous, active and exemplary priests, and its aspect will soon be changed. If brigandage has become a system, habitual to families, and if children drink it in with their mother's milk, send learned and pious priests among the population, and they will cease from robbery, and become honest and industrious, not owing to the civil government of the priests, but from the moral influence of their spiritual directors. But there is nothing of this kind. It is true that Wiseman in his usual way fills several pages with the description of the Hermitage of the Camaldolesi in Tusculum. But I do not ask for monks and retreats, I want teachers. The luxury of monastic idleness will do very well for Rome, who can by its means parade the strength of her legions before the eyes of foreigners; but it is totally useless to her rural districts, which require active assistance, not from the bell of the convent, but from the working priests. It is an incontestible fact, that throughout all the towns and hamlets within fifty miles of Rome, and in the entire space between Rome and the Neapolitan boundaries, the clergy are the most scarce, the most ignorant, the most despicable and the most immoral of all Catholicism: The thing is quite natural too. If any young priest finds himself possessed of talent or pecuniary means, he immediately repairs to Rome, to win his way to preferment, honours, riches, and the beatific delights of prelate life. The obscure and ignorant alone are left behind; and they are but few, for the country has been reduced to so low a state by priestly government, that it offers few resources of pleasure or pay to tempt their caste. Being few and ignorant, they neglect their spiritual duties, partly from despair, and partly from necessity, and in general lead a scandalous life of drinking, gambling, and immorality. The consequence is, that they have no influence over the people, but are cordially despised. And hence arises the fact which seems

so paradoxical in England, that while the people, who from climate, ignorance, and tradition, are superlatively superstitious, have recourse to the priest in his official character for masses, sacraments, and benedictions, yet in common life they treat him with disrespect and contempt. No benefit, therefore, can accrue to the population from the presence of a few ignorant priests, who only contaminate the country.

I will say further, that not only are the priests few in number, but that there are frequently no priests at all. If, on the one hand, this may be considered an advantage on account of their immorality, yet adhering to the principle that the presence of the zealous ecclesiastic is beneficial to the morals of society, it must really be considered as a calamity. For many miles around Rome the rural chapels are without priests, and on Sundays only mass is celebrated by one of the priests called *Vetturini*, sent thither expressly from Rome. Our curate of S. Carlo a Cattinari received for this duty every Sunday, one scudo, his breakfast, and travelling expenses. He left Rome at 9 A.M., arrived at 11; celebrated mass, and left again at 12, and at 2 o'clock sat down to dinner in the convent where he and I lived. The reader will therefore imagine in what state the people must be, who see no more of religion than one mass on Sundays, hurried over by a strange Bedouin priest, and who are abandoned the rest of their time to their instincts, which are by nature and tradition those of savages.

And after all this Wiseman amuses us by assigning the cause of brigandage to the mountainous nature of the country! Its true cause are the priests who, when on the spot, do nothing to merit the confidence of the people, but rather make use of them to extend the "dreadful system" of brigandage—who are often themselves at the head of the "dreadful system," and always participate in the booty by celebrating the mass of compensation, which is paid for with the money stolen from travellers

“by the dreadful system”—who, as if purposely, neglect the means of improving these tracts of country, by encouraging brigandage after having given it their assistance. Away, then, with the Pope and his government, and banditti will disappear from the southern Roman States.

I will not blame Wiseman for having, from the beginning to the end of his chapter, tried to defend the government of the priests from this “blot.” To tell the truth, however, it did not need so much sophistry. Is not Wiseman’s church the church which produced in France the Catholic Society, in Italy the sect of the Sanfedists, in Ireland the party of the Ribbonmen? What difficulty, therefore, should it present to the mind of Wiseman to admit frankly that his church created the banditti in the southern States of Rome?

I speak emphatically of the southern portion of the Roman States, because the quasi brigandage recently manifested in the northern district is not traditional, and much less normal in that tract of country. On the contrary, it is clearly the effect of the misgovernment of the priests. Let us reason logically. If the diplomatic notes published since the attempt of January 14th prove to evidence that the system of Papal government creates revolutionists, conspirators, and regicides *of necessity*, they also prove, at the same time, that it has *of necessity* created the neo-brigands of the north.

Let me then say to you, Wiseman—to you, a stone in that edifice of infamy—to you, a rightful member of that government of iniquity—to you, Wiseman, I say, that when priestcraft in power places citizens beyond the pale of the law, for no other crime than their love of Italy, when it constrains them to choose between exile and imprisonment, for the sole crime of desiring the independence and liberty of their country, then you and your government of priests necessarily create brigands or “outlaws;” all not having the courage to support the

calamities of banishment or chains, or the patience to see their country trodden under foot by French, Croats, and priests!

Malediction, then, not upon the victims of your government, but upon that government itself! May it be cursed as effectually as your church has taught us to curse in its formulary of excommunication. May God be pleased to destroy the anomaly of clerical government, and the purple in which it has clothed itself—destroy it, and that speedily, as it has destroyed the peace of our families and the liberties of our dear Italy!

COROLLARY.

Pius VII. died wholly unregretted, public opinion accusing him of having outlived his reputation—a poor recommendation to a society who appreciates only the new, the great, and the wonderful.

PART THE SECOND.

LEO XII.

CHAPTER I.

THE ELECTION.

I SHALL not here repeat the history of the conclave, having already sufficiently described it in my lecture on the Last Four Popes in answer to Wiseman. Suffice it to say, that the conclave, being neither scriptural, apostolic, nor Christian, is in its nature anomalous and injurious both to the Church and the State, and is the representative of clerical usurpation, the hot-bed of the lowest intrigues. But some may be disposed to say, with Wiseman, that the conclave is a necessity, seeing that a sovereign has to be given to an elective government. The answer is simple enough. The elective government, for which the sovereign is elected, is not in itself a necessity, and, therefore, conclave cannot be considered a necessity. Wiseman himself admits that the elective government of the Popes is the last remaining of the many which formerly flourished. Well, if the others have disappeared, let this disappear too; for if the others were absurd, this of the Popes is doubly so. I will go further and say, as an Italian, that we in Italy live, not in the hope, but the certainty, of seeing the monstrosity of an elective Papal government disappear from our land soon and for ever.

Of course, if the priests please to elect their head, and if laymen are so simple as blindly to accept a *Grand Lama* from them, they are at liberty to do as they please. But

when the nomination of the prince of the Roman States is involved, surely we Roman subjects have a right to say to the cardinals shut up in conclave, Who has granted you a mandate to create and impose upon us a sovereign? In whose name do you sit in conclave to elect a king against the will, and often contrary to the interests, of the people? Obtrusive thieves! Not content with devouring the best substance of the church, you must rob the Roman population of their very last possession—the right of nominating their own sovereign. Conclave then is nothing better than civil murder, committed, it is true, with the consent of the whole Papist world, and with the concurrence and aid of European diplomacy, but not without the protest and opposition of its victims, who are constrained by brute force alone to submit to assassination.

Like Wiseman, and indeed more than he, I have been at Rome during the life and at the death of Popes, and have had so full a view of the labours of conclave as to be convinced to my soul that it is a mere immoral comedy got up by the cardinals under the pretended management of the Holy Spirit. Fortunately, the fact is known at Rome, and it is there that conclave enjoys less consideration than in any part of the Catholic world. The Roman people prepare themselves for the comedy during the *Novena* which precede it.

- I must pause here to fulfil an act of charity, if permitted to do so by Wiseman's Cerberus, Mr. Bowyer. I would fain place a branch of young hellebore upon the literary table of our author to fortify his languid memory. According to him, the Pope dies, is embalmed and exposed in a chapel of St. Peter, (N.B. in that called the Chapel del Sacramento), and "these preliminaries occupy three days," after which "for nine days funeral rites are performed, closed by a funeral oration." That such details should be given with the customary inaccuracy of Wiseman would be little in itself, since if a living Pope is worth little, a dead one is certainly worth nothing at all.

But when it refers to positive facts which can be read in any book, to see them thus inaccurately given is a proof that great caution is required in receiving these reminiscences of Wiseman. What are the *Novenali*, and what do they signify? They are nothing more than the nine days which elapse between the death of the Pope and that of the entrance of the cardinals into conclave. Now, if the preliminaries occupied three days, and these were followed by nine more for the funeral obsequies, we should have, not a *Novenali*, but a *Duodenali*, which is logically absurd and historically false,—absurd to have twelve days in nine; false to have twelve instead of nine. The case, as I have seen it myself, is in reality as follows:—Three days are given for the Pope actually to die, to be embalmed, and his body exhibited in the private chapel of the palace. Thence it is transported to the Chapel of St. Peter, where it remains three days longer exposed to public view, and in such a position that the people can kiss the sole of the shoe. This I did once in the case of Leo XII., but never would again, for though I was a fanatic Papist at the time, it seemed to me a most disgusting act. The last three days the Pope disappears under the immense catafalque erected in the centre of the great Vatican nave—a catafalque which is one of the wonders of artistic Italy, having been ordered, invented, designed, executed, and erected in less than six days—and about which these funeral obsequies are continued and concluded which had been carried on by the cardinals during the six days preceding in the chapel of the choir of St. Peter. A few hours after the termination of the ceremonial, in the evening of the following day, the cardinals set out from the church of the Noviciate of the Theatines, called St. Gaetano, surrounded by pomp, which, if not totally pagan, is certainly wholly worldly, and in procession enter the Quirinal palace, which is prepared for the use of conclave.

It is during these *Novenali* that the Romans abandon themselves to their pasquinades, a species of popular satire

in which they are unrivalled. These effusions prove the estimation in which conclave is held by the citizens of Rome. It would be impossible to convey any idea of the variety of these popular productions, so numerous are they, all of which, more or less, bear the impress of wit and originality. To confine myself to a few of them which circulated at the death of Leo, I remember one which compared conclave to presepio. The reader should know that presepio, among the Papists, especially of the South, is a species of panorama of little statuettes which represent the stable of Bethlehem at the moment that the shepherds adore the new-born Messiah. The cardinalistic presepio was composed of the following personages:—Cardinal Micara represented St. Joseph, Odescalchi the Madonna, Barberini the babe, Bernetti the ox, Vidoni the ass. Each of the other cardinals represented the shepherds, goats, fowls, and cabbages, which Popish tradition pretends were offered to the cradle of the divine infant. A second pasquinade likened the conclave to Noah's ark, into which popular opinion has erroneously imagined that all the beasts entered two and two. What a miraculous coincidence that the cardinals should enter conclave two and two! The pasquinade assigned to each cardinal the name of some beast with whose instincts his own most prominently and visibly accorded. The collection was rich in tigers, hyenas, hippopotami, crocodiles, wolves, foxes, cats, buffaloes, and donkeys, of which the Zoological Gardens might be envious, though with regard to variety they are certainly richer than the Noatic ark. A third pasquinade, and it shall be the last, applied to each cardinal a verse of the litany which in the Roman Church is called the Major Litany (*litania majores*), and in the Anglican Church, which has copied it in part, is simply called "Litany or General Supplication." Nothing more true or appropriate can be conceived. Thus it ran:—"From the crafts and assaults of the devil, *i.e.* Cardinal Albani, good Lord deliver us. From plague, famine, and from

battle; *i.e.* Cardinal Vidoni, good Lord, deliver us. From lightning and tempest. *i.e.* Cardinal Pacca, good Lord, deliver us. From murder and sudden death, *i.e.* Cardinal Bernetti, good Lord, deliver us," and so on. The longest lists being under the titles, from pride, vain-glory, and hypocrisy, from envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness, from fornication, and all other deadly sins. Such is the estimation in which the Romans hold conclave, and such their respect for the electors and election of a Pope.

But conclave will descend yet a grade lower in the estimation of sensible men when the use of which it is made in the Roman States is considered. Properly speaking, it is the Epsom, or rather the true Derby, of our population. Almost all bet upon the winning Pope, and bets are made and accepted as regularly as upon an English race-course, and perhaps with more honesty. Although conclave is nothing better than a farce, and the intrigues of a cardinal will often impede a nomination deemed certain by the populace, yet the number of the electors being very restricted, and the eligible among these being few, owing to the understood ineligibility of the majority, public attention is concentrated upon four or six cardinals at most. These are always the favourites for betting upon, and when the contest is confined to a few of distinguished pedigree, it is a mere affair of opinion, and the chance of one is worth as much as another. But what equity can there be in accepting a bet between "Beadsman" and a starving donkey? Under these circumstances, to avoid cheating and quarrelling, societies are formed consisting each of as many members as there are living cardinals. Each person pays a fixed sum on becoming member, and the whole amount becomes the prize of the winner. In Bologna some of these societies oblige each member to contribute the silver plate required for one cover, and these offerings united form a magnificent table service for the one who wins. The name

of each cardinal is written on a separate card, and each subscriber draws alphabetically and receives his cardinal at hazard, while it is left to another trial of chance to decide which card shall be the winner. This is the reverence, I say again, in which conclave is held by the Roman subjects. I remember that, at the death of Pius VII., nine-tenths of the population were for Cardinal Severoli, a man of kindly disposition, through whom they hoped to see healed some of the wounds of the preceding imbecile pontificate. My father, who had drawn his name, felt certain of having gained at least sixty silver table sets. But the Holy Spirit of the Quirinal willed that he should lose even his own deposit. So true it is, as Wiseman asserts, that no one thought of Cardinal della Genga. In fact, he was not worthy of a thought.

As my readers have seen, the Roman subjects do not regard conclave with too spiritual an eye; nor, indeed, do they consider it as a spiritual affair at all, but treat it by satire, just as much as conclave itself is a satire upon them. If any one in England should ask me how it is that this, the most important of the Papist institutions, is treated with such vituperative contempt, I shall answer him by an Italian proverb, to the effect that the nearer you get to Rome the less you believe in the system of Rome; the more you know of it the more you despise it. In the times of ignorance, even in parts of Italy, conclave was held in the same respect in which it is now held in distant countries, but in Rome itself never, and always very little in the States subject to it. It is true that in every age the priests have sought to impress upon the minds of the people that conclave is the work of the Holy Spirit; that the cardinals are there convoked to invoke and obey the Holy Spirit; that the elected Pope is always the visible fruit of the descent of the Holy Spirit, and that the new pontiff ought to be received as specially given by the Holy Spirit. But if such old wives' fables are believed in Spain, France, Mexico, or Ireland, certainly they are not

at Rome, where it has been known for ages that conclave is nothing but a battle-field of intrigue, cabal, simony, and bribery; a field of action for the cardinals most expert in the art of chicanery and corruption. Wiseman, in obedience to the catechism of his church, pretends to see the work of the Holy Spirit in the choice of Leo XII., when he says, "whom a higher election than that of man's will had destined to fill the pontifical throne;" but his candour is to me perfectly astonishing when he adds, "from such a condition of things it may happen that a Papal election will appear like a compromise." Such is precisely the case, for when the Pope is not elected by the arrogance or intrigue of a compact party, his election is always the fusion of the two belligerent factions into a third, which we will call the neutral party, which offends less than the other, and which is got up by some skilful negotiator. This is what Wiseman accurately designates a compromise. If it is once admitted that conclave is a compromise, I hope that Roman Catholics will cease, for decorum sake, to persist in making believe that it is the work of the Holy Spirit. Compromise and Holy Spirit! Why, who could ever unite day and night, heaven and hell? If the Pope's election is the fruit of compromise, it cannot be the work of the Holy Spirit, and there is an end of all controversy upon the subject. Indeed, if Christ in his gospel obliges all his followers to let their yea be yea, and their nay nay, it is impossible to maintain that a compromise which is not yea yea, nay nay, can be the work of the Holy Spirit. From this single concession made by Wiseman, we necessarily arrive at the conclusion that not only is the election of a Pope not the work of the Holy Spirit, but that it is a work anathematised with perfect abomination by the Holy Spirit. It may be proved to mathematical demonstration that a compromise is a medium between the two extremes of cold and heat; that it is a little of the one and a little of the other, and constitutes the tepid state, and is therefore hateful to God and re-

jected of him. "Because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of my mouth," Rev. iii. 16. It is thus² logically true that the Pope elected by compromise not only is an intruder in the church, but perfectly abominable in the eyes and to the mind of the Holy Spirit. And here we leave the institution.

It would be well if the case were one of compromise only. We should then see a work simply human and political in conclave; but such and so numerous are the cabals there prevailing, as to give the election the appearance of an affair truly diabolical. That the conclave is the arena of cabal I am in a position to assert, not only from facts or from what I have read and seen, but still more from what was related to me before his death by Cardinal Cadolini, formerly bishop of Ancona, my companion when a Barnabite, and afterwards my host when a cardinal. I was told by him, shortly after his return home from a conclave, that all that any one reads or thinks he knows of the artifices and intrigue connected with conclave is as nothing compared with the reality of the case. He himself had seen the leaders of party go from cell to cell in the dead of night to visit the cardinals, and without shoes, that they might not be heard. The object of their visits was to buy over the hostile, win the doubtful, encourage the timid, and announce to their own party their additions and the progress of the faction. The old man was truly shocked, and concluded by affirming that he could never have imagined that such a state of corruption could have existed in connection with the nomination of the vicar of Jesus Christ. He here laboured under a mistake, however. The nomination is that of a Pope; the vicariate of Jesus Christ is an after addition, to throw the iniquity from the Papacy. Christ cannot delegate his indivisible authority to any, and can, therefore, have no vicar. He needs no vicar, and has no vicar. But taking the case hypothetically, if Christ did require a vicar the means taken could not be worse—no human institution being

worse than conclave—unless we admit the doctrine of the Jesuits, that the end justifies the means. If brambles cannot produce figs, I do not see how compromise and intrigue can produce a vicar of Jesus Christ. Conclave, then, in itself eliminates the idea that the elected Pope is the vicar of Christ. Further, if the Roman Catholic Church, of which the elected Pope calls himself visible head, is no better than his election—and it cannot be better, having itself established and confirmed by bull the form of the election—conclave alone gives a clear idea of the purity and integrity of the entire Papal system.

We hold, then, that even when conclave is conducted with more innocence and simplicity, it is still nothing more than a compromise. Wiseman would make an exception in favour of Pius IX., but, as usual, he is either ignorant of the case or reluctant to state it in its genuineness. We must, therefore, cautiously receive his assertion;—"that of the reigning pontiff is an instance of unanimity and promptness almost without a parallel." When Pius IX. was elected Pope, I was not like Dr. Wiseman at *Melipotamus, in partibus infidelium*, but in the Roman States, and but a few miles from conclave, consequently in a position to know and prove that his election was no exception in favour of the Holy Spirit. These were the facts. On the death of Gregory the cardinals received pressing messages from the diplomatic body to elect the new Pope as soon as possible, because men and the times seemed mature for revolution. They gave them to understand that, as the prolonged conclave of Gregory XVI. had occasioned the Bolognese revolution, so any delay in the present case might occasion a Roman revolution, the anger of all classes being excited to the utmost in reference to the political victims of 1843-4, and their avengers were ready in the metropolis. The cardinals, therefore, at once entered upon conclave, and decided to hasten the nomination of the new Pope to the utmost. Some among them even proposed that they should not shut themselves up

in conclave, but save time and expense by agreeing upon the nomination of a Pope before the termination of the *Novenali*. It was, however, decided to maintain the usual forms, but to make conclave as short as possible. Having entered upon it the electors measured their strength at the first scrutiny, when it appeared that there were two factions in the field, one for Cardinal Lambruschini, the other for Cardinal Micara. Neither had the two-thirds of the votes required, and was, therefore, not nominated; although Lambruschini had thought it certain in his favour—a terrible but well-merited lesson for him and all such as himself! Lambruschini, as the all-powerful Secretary of State under Gregory XVI., had half filled the sacred college with his Genoese fellow-citizens—or with nullities—in order to have their support in conclave. But, as it always happens with courtiers by trade, the majority of them abandoned him, not only to sell their votes at a higher price, and to a less exacting patron, but moved by the vanity of proving that they were independent of him, and indebted for the purple solely to their own surpassing personal merit. Under such circumstances, Micara, who, during the life of Gregory XVI. had joined the moderate reform party, solemnly conjured the cardinals to nominate neither himself nor Lambruschini, and, *as a compromise*, suggested the third course, of naming Mastai, who, being a weak man and little known, had never given and could not give umbrage to any. The fear of revolution existing on the one hand, and the proposed compromise of Micara on the other, the electors of the latter being increased by the deserters from the Lambruschini party, they united with those cardinals who had remained neutral, a “majority,” not “unanimity of votes,” was obtained for Mastai, who was thus chosen. Such is conclave even when most innocent. Holy Spirit truly!

It is, moreover, a perfect field of cabal. It was by cabal that, at the death of Leo XII., Castiglione was elected instead of Cappellari, Cardinal Albani having chosen thus

to secure to himself the office of Secretary of State. And thus it happened at the death of Pius VII. Wiseman, forgetful that he had whispered something about *divine* in the election of della Genga at page 214, would make us believe, at page 222, that he was chosen to the Papacy by way of compromise. Excluding all idea both of Holy Spirit and compromise, I would say that he was chosen by intrigue. Della Genga was elected Pope for two principal reasons: the first was, the state of his health, which was such as to give the impression that he had but a few years, if indeed more than a few months, to live. It is well understood that old age and infirmity are great recommendations in the election of a Pope, as the cardinals have thus the probability of soon holding another conclave. This they desire, because conclave always secures an additional annual pension both to themselves and their conclavist servants, and affords them a fresh chance of being elected. Another cause which greatly influenced the choice of della Genga was his open aversion to Consalvi and the acts of his government. It seems to be the destiny of Secretaries of State to make themselves many enemies, and Consalvi had all the cardinals against him, because he had sought to govern them, and what is worse, à la Sultan. Desiring, therefore, to revenge themselves upon him, they could not do so better than by fixing their eyes upon della Genga. He was elected, but only by cabal, and it required all the effort of cabal to seat him firmly in the cabalistic chair of St. Peter. Being excluded by France, in consequence of having been nuncio in Germany; the cardinal deacon therefore had recourse to a most dishonest expedient in order to surprise and cheat the French Ambassador into making della Genga Pope in spite of France. I will narrate the fact in its historic truth, and leave it to Papists to decide whether the fact is to be attributed to the Holy Spirit. When the cardinal deacon presented himself before the four ambassadors who have the right of exclu-

sion to announce the election of conclave, he did not say, as prescribed by the formularies, "We have elected Cardinal Hannibal della Genga as Pope," or his cardinal would at once have received the *veto* of Gallia; but he made use of the following Jesuitical expression:—"We have elected the Cardinal Vicar as Pope," della Genga having been Vicar of Rome under Pius VII. The *ruse* succeeded. The French ambassador, not immediately remembering that the Cardinal Vicar was no other than della Genga, who was excluded by his court, gave his consent with the others to his nomination. Though he afterwards paid for his inadvertence by the loss of his post of ambassador, still della Genga became Pope in consequence of his mistake, or rather of the mental reservation of the deacon, and crowned the intrigue by assuming the pompous title of Leo XII.

CHAPTER II.

PONTIFICATE OF LEO XII.

TRULY the more any one reads of the reminiscences of Wiseman, the more reason he has to be astonished at his own patience. And why? On the one side the majority of the facts are preceded by an "it was said," "reputed," "believed;" or by a "the truth of which we cannot vouch for," which may be defined as the scruple of caution. On the other side the author has seized every opportunity, *per fas et nefas*, to fill twenty pages at a time with descriptions of monasteries, processions, benedictions, pontifical masses, and similar absurdities, descending to the idle minutiae of romance. What does it all prove? That the famous "Much ado about nothing," so well developed by the immortal Shakespeare, is particularly applicable to the 146 pages of the pontificate of Leo. XII. And yet Wiseman treats this subject à la Benjamin. Leo. XII. is his *beau idéal* of a Pope; so much does he admire him, that he thinks he has scarcely a parallel in the history of the Papacy.

The fact that Wiseman has entitled his chapters, "Character and Policy of Leo. XII.," necessarily implies a distinction between the man and the pontificate. I shall show, however, that the pontificate was no other than the man, and the policy of Leo. XII. nothing else than his character. The two principal features of his character, the two revolving axes of his life, both private and public, were bigotry and obstinacy. Unfortunately for his Roman subjects, these two traits had ample opportunity to develop themselves in the varied career of della Genga before his pontificate. When not

employed on political affairs in the service of his sovereign, he passed his days in the abbey of Monticelli, of which he was the titular, abandoning himself heart and soul to all those practices of eunuch piety in which his Jesuitical models are so expert to the effect of emasculating the mind of youth and fascinating the eye and heart of the multitude, particularly its feminine portion. No Protestant reader can ever comprehend the nature of these neo-pagan practices, the main object of which is to metamorphose the heroes of the country into so many servants of the sacristy. Some faint idea of their evil influence may be formed now a days by bonâ fide Protestants from the immoral practices of St. Barnabas, Pimlico, the aim of which is as infamous and scandalous in the Anglican Church, as that of the Jesuits, their masters, in the Church of Rome. In the case both of Romanism and Puseyism, we must expect the artificial, the material, and sensual, to take the place of the spiritual, and to see men and forms reign instead of Christ and his Gospel. Thus we find della Genga in his right element in the midst of the ill-omened youth at Monticelli, and in speaking of whom I shall give a slight specimen of Jesuitical education in Papist countries. The very first thing they are called upon to learn, and therefore the first lesson which is given them, is to serve mass, *i.e.* perform the office of clerk to the celebrant priest at the altar, which they are taught to view as the office of angels;—a comparison anything but honourable, however, to the angels, not only because mass is in itself a gross imposture, but because the greater part of these clerks, by profession, are the very dregs and offscourings of the most worthless set possible. Another thing of great importance in the education of the boys is, that they should with scrupulous exactitude perform the duties, mortifications, the *flowrets* of the sacred conventicle to which they belong. They must belong either to the society of St. Luigi Gonzaga, or to the association

of Santa Filomena, and by necessity to the affiliation of Mary in some one of her congregations. They must know that there is a particular saint for each day in the week, to whom they must recommend themselves as their patron, and also that there is a special festival for every month. For example, March is dedicated to the sacred heart of Joseph ; May to the sacred heart of Mary ; June to the sacred heart of Jesus ; July to the most precious blood, &c. The first letter they are taught to write must be addressed to the Madonna at the beginning of August, the month of her supposititious assumption to heaven, and having sent it to her, either by St. Luigi Gonzaga or St. Stanislaus Kostka, the two postmen of the Jesuits, they are assured that they will receive the Madonna's answer direct from heaven in due time, which never fails to take place. Almost their principal occupations consist in erecting small altars in various places. Upon these they spend the money which ought to be devoted to their innocent pleasures, or with which they might procure useful books for their instruction. In honour of these little fancy altars, they are permitted to associate together, and even young girls are not excluded, in order that the largest number possible may be gathered around them. They ape the functions of the priests, celebrate masses, benedictions, processions, like them, with the same comical gravity, although with better intentions, and most assuredly with a better conscience and more honesty. Now finding Monsignor della Genga occupied in such puerilities as these, in the midst of his boys at Monticelli, we may reasonably ask, what religion would be in his hands when he became Cardinal Vicar of Rome, and afterwards head of the universal church?

In the Vicar of Rome we find the Commissary of Police, the Procurator Fiscal, all eyes to discover evil in everything and everybody, and ever ready to deal out capricious punishments against supposed misdoers. At

no other period of the vicariate tribunal, was such activity displayed in prosecution and condemnation as under Cardinal della Genga. It is well that my readers should be informed at this point, that in the Roman States the bishops have their tribunals to which even laymen are subject; and not only for matters purely ecclesiastical, but also for all *mixed* matters; that is those in which the canonical element enters in any degree. Moreover it is a law of the State, that even in purely civil matters if one of two contending parties makes choice of the ecclesiastical tribunal for judgment, the other is compelled, however unwillingly, to submit. It is useless for me to pause here to condemn this enormity. It can but condemn itself in the mind of all who respect the grand principle of the equality of all in the eyes of the law. It is an enormity, moreover, which withdraws citizens from their legitimate tribunals to drag them before those which are not only unnatural, but notorious for their malversation of justice and their stupid application of the laws, to say nothing of their rampant partiality. A fine field truly for the zeal of a cardinal vicar!

Annibale della Genga then brought the Papacy a dower of puerile and intolerant bigotry to make it a caricature of the pontificates of Gregory VII. and Innocent III., or a rough copy of that of Pius V. Notwithstanding this, he is Wiseman's *ne plus ultra* as the type of a Pope. Wiseman begins by extolling to the skies the zeal for the house of God which burned in the breast of his Leo, and is shown by his having suppressed, or at least tried to suppress, some of those customs which profaned it. I myself should have lauded him, if instead of some of them he had dared to suppress all. A few ought not to have satisfied one who had such true zeal for the house of God, according to the logical aphorism *malum ex quocumque defectu*. I should praise him moreover for his attempts if he had removed the cause

of profanation. It was perfectly proposterous, and an idea only worthy of a disordered brain, to think of extirpating the evil plant by thinning its branches while the trunk and roots were left untouched. Upon one occasion alone had he the conception and courage to reach the origin of the profanation, and do away with it by suppressing it by means of Papal authority; and this was in the case of the abomination of the illuminated cross in St. Peter on Good Friday. I will here, however, advance an observation or two, which will apply to every similar case which may occur in these reminiscences. Who originally introduced this profanity of the people into the house of God except the profane clergy? I shall incontestibly prove in its proper place, when I describe Catholic Pagan Rome, that the clergy always calculated greatly upon these profanities to attract and bewitch the multitude. How then can a Pope lament that the house of God is profaned by the concourse of the people when other Popes by their institutions have provoked this concourse, and created these profanations? I would not begrudge praise to the Pope who should undo the work of his predecessors, and really purify the house of God from every sort of profanation;—better late than never, I should say. But such a case is impossible in the Papal system, since by such reform it would be completely destroyed. I can but laugh therefore at Wiseman's expense when he lauds Leo XII. for having attacked the profanation of the people, while he left the profanation of the clergy intact.

In fact it is perfectly ridiculous to place a Swiss guard in every church of Rome "to prevent artistic or curious perambulations." Are not "curious perambulations" inherent to the Papal system of worship? Did Wiseman ever enter the Madeleine at Paris? What is that much-celebrated church but a theatre, a promenade for the fashionable world? And the Madeleine is not a phenomenon, but only a specimen of Papist worship in Roman

Catholic countries. But I can speak upon this subject far more practically than Wiseman, both as a layman, when I have had more opportunity of observing the "curious perambulations" than he could have as student of the English college, and also as clergyman, having been many times the victim of these "curious perambulations," especially when preaching the lenten course in the principal cities of Italy. I say then that in all our Italian cities, great or small, the promenade most favoured to the young men is that of our churches when on extraordinary occasions, either of preaching or music, or illumination, the best and fairest portion of the feminine sex are attracted, or when in ordinary cases the choicest and most elegant inhabitants of the country flock to hear the last mass on Sunday. It is the custom of the male sex to wander round and round the church to enjoy the spectacle of assembled beauty, while the fair creatures themselves gather together—as at present in St. Barnabas, Pimlico—because they know from experience that the best place to command admiration is the church. Now if there is any harm in this, which I do not allow, seeing that the worship of God is not the object of these churches, it is the fault not of those who make use of the opportunity but of those who afford it. So long as churches remain what they are, "the curious perambulations" will be a necessary consequence, and the Swiss soldiers of Leo XII. are the most perfect satire upon the measure adopted by the bigotry of this Pope.

The same may be said of the "artistic perambulations." When the Papacy has changed the churches into galleries, museums, and bazaars, to please the senses and substitute the fictitious gratification of the eye for compunction of spirit, what wonder if natives and foreigners, Romanists and Protestants, enter these churches to satisfy their artistic curiosity? Wiseman has forgotten himself here. How many thousand times has he gone into our Italian churches without an idea of worship and with the sole

view of admiring the objects of art? He cannot deny this, for otherwise how could he have written upon the artistic works which he admired in these churches? It is true that he will answer, he never did it at "improper times;" but *credat Judæus Appella*. I know so much of this practice that I can tell Wiseman if I had a jewel for every time that he has made "artistic perambulations at improper times,"—only counting those of St. Pietro di Vaticano,—I should have more gems in my cabinet than he has on his fingers, breast, and head, when he celebrates his pontificals, although they are at least twice as many as Grisi wears in "Lucrezia Borgia." But supposing for a moment that all artists chose the proper time for their "perambulations," would this respect for time remove the cause of the "perambulations?" The cause, which is the artistic monuments in the churches, remains the same. But leaving suppositions, and returning to the practical state of the case, all visitors cannot choose a convenient time, and with regard to passing foreigners, they take the time allowed them, or which they have to spare, even if it is that of preaching or of the celebration of mass for the population of the place. And this I repeat is done not only by foreigners and Protestants, but also by Papists, and even ecclesiastics and dignitaries of the church, of which I can furnish ample testimony. It was therefore bad logic on Leo's part to lament an effect of which the Papal system is the necessary cause, as it is bad logic on the part of Wiseman to praise Leo for having remedied the effect when he left the cause untouched.

Of an equally ridiculous nature was another reform of Leo, who ordered the removal of the "raised seats for the accommodation of foreign ladies in the two Papal chapels." Now, who had ordered these raised seats? The Popes. For whose accommodation? "For the accommodation of foreign ladies." With what view? That they might see the Pope officiate. The Popes

then, as usual, are the cause of disorders in the house of God. But Wiseman will say, "the privilege had been shamefully abused;" and most naturally! From abuse only abuse can proceed; and to the profanations introduced into the temple by the Popes, only the profanation by strangers could follow. Rev. N. Wiseman! the "raised seats" have as much to do with the profanation which you lament as Regent-street or the Haymarket with the *social evil* of which all London complains. In neither case are the seats or the streets the cause of the scandal, and it is truly absurd to blame them. In both cases the cause of scandal is prostitution; in Rome of the Popes; in London of women. Do away with prostitution, and neither seats nor streets will henceforth be "shamefully abused" by any body.

Poor Wiseman goes mad and raves at the "wilful ignorance" of foreigners with regard to the ecclesiastical ceremonies of the holy week! He may calm himself, however, by reflecting that ninety-nine Roman Catholics out of a hundred have no knowledge of them whatever. How can Wiseman expect a Protestant to have a clear notion of these hieroglyphic ceremonies, when it is a positive fact that the signification of them is not understood by one-half of the cardinals who are the actors? But our author's bile is exchanged for delirium when he has to put on paper the abominable conduct of foreigners "in the two Papal chapels." "Not only levity and disrespectful behaviour, not only giggling and low talking, but eating and drinking had been indulged in within the holy place." Most naturally! it is still effect from cause. You invite strangers to Rome and tempt them by the fascinations of holy week. You distribute among them privileged tickets; you emit a greater number than can be contained within the limited space of the "two Papal chapels." The result cannot be doubtful. All wish to attend. Those most anxious to secure places go early in the morning and remain until evening. Does

Wiseman think that they are to faint from weakness and hunger? or that they are to keep quiet like a horde of Trappists? If you purposely convert your Papal chapels into a fac simile of boxing-night, you must of course take the consequences, and the consequences can only be profanity. I was at Rome at the two periods of "raised seats," and "seats low on the ground," and can affirm as an eye-witness that to profanity succeeded something worse. In spite of Swiss sentinels, men often enter the place reserved for the ladies, especially on occasions of a great crowd, and the effect obtained is not always in accordance with decency. The darkness in which the chapels are artificially enwrapped is marvelously favourable to the premeditated projects of the Verrios and Lotharios, which are not always the purest and holiest. But if the "raised seats" appeared to the eyes of Leo such an abomination in the two Papal chapels, why did he retain them in St. Giovanni di Laterano, in Santa Maria Maggiore, and above all in St. Pietro di Vaticano? Would Wiseman like to make me believe that the "raised seats" in these churches were not "shamefully abused," like those in the "two Papal chapels?" But I can testify to the contrary: for I am not ashamed to recall the fact that it was under Leo XII. I had the opportunity for the first time in my life of admiring the surpassing beauty of the English women, prominently exhibited upon the "raised platform" of St. Peter, to the great delight of all beholders. I therefore express myself in moderate terms when I call the bigotry of Leo ridiculous. In truth it was rather stupid than ridiculous to remove "the raised platform" from the Papal chapels, and leave it in the Papal churches, when the object was in both cases identical. This affords the reader a fair specimen of the reforms of the Pope so lauded by Wiseman. He removed a corn from the foot and left a horn on the forehead.

An observation made by Wiseman will here stand me

in good stead to free me from all responsibility when I pitilessly attack the foolish bigotry of Leo XII. "Some of these reforms, certainly, were not inspired by any desire of popularity. They were decidedly unpopular, both with strangers and with natives." My readers will, therefore, not be surprised, after such an admission, if I censure the reforms of this Pope as ridiculous and stupid. My birth gives me a right to do so, being one of the "natives." Besides, the English reader, educated in the school of practical sense, knows the value of public opinion, and is aware that if an English minister proposed reforms, which were generally unpopular, he would not long remain in the Government, nor would his reforms long survive himself. In general, reforms when unpopular are because they are contrary to the spirit and interest of the people. My reader, then, on learning from the testimony of Wiseman himself, that the reforms of Leo XII. were imprudent, and showed want of foresight, will not be surprised that they excited hatred against him while he lived, and that when he died they all disappeared with him.

Even in the re-division of the parishes of Rome, the steel of successive pontificates had to make its incisions, though not for the better advantage of the people. Indeed, if there is any authority odious to the Roman subjects, it is that of the parish priest; especially in Rome, where, from conscientious and professional duty, parish priests are compelled to *act as spies of the Government*. I declare in the face of all the Wisemans in the world, that the Roman parish priest is the natural *ex officio* spy of Government. For this object, he keeps a separate register, of which I can speak with certainty, having had many such in my hand, under different pontificates. In this register he accurately notes down every day all that occurs in his parish, of every kind, moral, civil, or political, with names, residence, and dates, spontaneously furnishing Government

with particulars of any case he deems sufficiently important, and holding himself always ready to supply the particulars at any request. When Government wishes to obtain any private information, it never has recourse to the police, but directly to the parish priest; or if it makes use of the police at all, it is to obtain information from the priest. Thus parish priests are rightly regarded by the people as the best confederates of the police. It was, therefore, most distasteful to the people to see Leo XII. make such a parade of diminishing the number of the parishes and yet retain forty-three. Forty-three parishes in a city containing only about 130,000 inhabitants! This will certainly seem an excess of spiritual luxury in the eyes of foreigners; an ultra zeal for the salvation of the souls of the Roman people. But the only object of the Papal reformer in adopting this measure was to establish a powerful police agency over every 3,000 inhabitants of the Eternal City. But some may be disposed to say with Wiseman, that if the parishes were seventy-one in number, and he reduced them to forty-three, and if every parish priest is *de jure* a spy, the diminution was a benefit, and should be commended as a useful reform. I pity those who reason in that way. According to Wiseman's own confession, many of the former parsons might be said to be without parishes, and consequently, for most purposes, without influence. By dividing the population almost equally among them, Leo gave to all the parsons an equal influence; and by commanding that none should receive less than a certain fixed sum as stipend, he added power to influence. Before his time the parish priests, though agents of police, were in many cases obscure and feeble agents. Leo made them powerful and great by paying them well. I repeat they were well paid: for I totally deny this proposition of Wiseman—"It is only fair to add that with nothing approaching to riches were they provided. Ecclesiastical wealth is unknown in Rome."

The assertion that "ecclesiastical wealth is unknown in Rome," is such an enormity, that I know not how better to anathematise it than by summoning the author to his own tribunal. Who can reproach me with unbecoming language if I give Wiseman the lie by means of his own words? It is severe logic, but it is just and well-deserved. My readers will not have forgotten that Wiseman assured us, in speaking of Consalvi, "that he accumulated through the income of his offices and benefices a considerable fortune, there is no doubt." Now, how can it be that ecclesiastical wealth is unknown in Rome if one of the heroes of his romance accumulated a considerable fortune? Besides, who has not seen or read of the Lucullus-like luxury which surrounds the cardinals at Rome, although many of them are penniless as far as their families are concerned. Would Wiseman tell me who provides for the expense, if not the church, with its offices and benefices? In the face of these facts it needs something more than impudence to say, "Ecclesiastical wealth is unknown in Rome."

The parallel between a parish priest of Rome and a London curate is scarcely more correct. It would have been much more logical if our author had confined himself to showing that in Rome the inferior, or working clergy, are treated as in London; that is, they are treated alike in both churches. While those who "have borne the burden and heat of the day" (Matt. xxvi.) have a paltry pittance assigned them, the canons, the archdeacons, bishops and archbishops, and all the other high dignitaries, absorb thousands for doing nothing or very little. But as it stands, the parallel is incorrect; first, because when Leo "equalized their revenues" he fixed the definite sum of 300 scudi;—about equivalent to £150 in England, which would certainly not be called a "sorry provision for a London curate." It is incorrect, secondly, because in addition to his fixed income the parish priest has his

indirect receipts, called rights of the white stole and of the black stole. These rights consist of an impost on every function and labour he performs. He receives it for funerals, baptisms, marriages, benedictions, &c., &c. He also receives payment for every certificate he gives as registrar *de jure* of births, weddings, and deaths. He lives, too, in the parsonage house free of expense, so that between his fixed and uncertain income his is not "a sorry provision," but he enjoys something "approaching to riches." I would amicably entreat Wiseman to remember that nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand of our parish priests die leaving more or less property to their families, which would be utterly impossible if "ecclesiastical wealth was unknown in Rome."

But let us return to Pope Leo, who amidst all his complicated and pyramidal reforms could find time to waste with nuns, who have indeed always been the objects of the tender solicitude of the Papacy. Which of the Popes has not loved the nuns, especially from Pius VII. downwards? It can therefore excite no wonder that the holy and grave Leo should take singular delight in going to surprise them while they were sleeping "quietly, to enjoy the fright and joy, all in one, the amazement and confusion of the poor sisters at this most unexpected proof of paternal care." Paternal most truly! But why not also visit the dungeons and fortresses where he had confined political prisoners whom he had deprived of liberty for the sole crime of having desired the liberty of their country? Because in visiting nuns there is romance and excitement, while a visit to prisoners of state recalls to the mind of the despot the reality of his despotism and the uncontaminated and indomitable spirit of those he calls slaves. But whether Popes are dispensed or not from the works of mercy which they enjoin upon others, it would be well that they should not be too much of angels to forget that they are men. It is an undeniable fact, upon which I shall dwell in a subsequent chapter, that of

Irish panegyrist both forget the axiom :—He that asks too much, gets nothing ; and that to pretend to make monks return to their primitive observance is the same as to decree their dissolution. Let us be just. I do not deny, speaking generally, that at the first establishment of the different religious orders, under the existence of those circumstances, which occasioned and produced them, and during the life of their founders, or their immediate disciples, that the religious fanaticism and enthusiastic observance were to be found, which mark the dawn of every sect. But when the causes ceased, the effect also of necessity ceased. This may explain what appears mysterious to some,—the departure of the monastic orders from their ancient observance. They are unwilling to recognise the positive fact that monastic institutions, being lamps unsupplied with nourishment, must become extinguished. They may have been useful in their time, but with other ages come other men and other wants. In our days they are out of use, and can only be noxious. Such, by depriving society of individuals who might be now useful, and by demoralising it from the evil example of their relaxed observance which leads to bad habits and customs.

I should be sorry to be accused of disapproving of this act of bigotry of Leo. XII. from party spirit. I would be the first to bless the memory of the Pope if the effect of his act had been to produce the final extinction of monachism. I only disapprove of it because it shows the incapacity of the pontiff, so admired by Wiseman, and because it aggravated, instead of remedying the evil. I congratulate myself, however, that I do not stand alone in my disapprobation. I was at Rome when this anomalous measure was adopted, and conversed familiarly upon it with the members of the orders thus heterogeneously amalgamated. I am therefore able to testify that the “disapprovers” were legion, and that among them were some of the most conspicuous members of the

episcopacy and of the monachism. The "disapprovers" clearly saw that the result of the measure would be precisely the contrary of what the fanatic Pontiff desired; and so it turned out. The relaxed members of the small communities carried their laxity into the large communities, which gladly profited by the opportunity thus afforded them to throw aside the last remains of the ancient observance; and when some of the communities, thought exact in their rule by the ignorant people, wished to preserve that appearance of discipline which rendered them venerable in the eyes of the vulgar and profane, they were obliged to petition subsequent Pontiffs to restore things *in statu quo*, and thus entirely destroy the Leonine amalgamation.

I have purposely dwelt at some length upon this fact, in order to present it in the clearest possible light to the eyes of my readers, and thus furnish an invincible argument to confute the vapid polemics of an M.P.R. I allude to the discussion which took place about two years ago between Mr. Bowyer and the Rev. Dr. Cumming upon the unity of the Church of Rome and the divisions of the Protestants. As usual, the controversy was carried on with unequal weapons. Protestant champions, however learned, always fail, more or less, in treating the practical part of the question: there is always something wanted in their knowledge.

On that occasion I could but admire the impudence of the papist Goliath, shown in the bombastic challenge with which he defied the enemy's camp. While Bowyer taunted his antagonist with the different denominations of English Protestants, their different schools of theology, and their various forms—which do not, however, exclude doctrinal unity—he preserved the most *nonchalant* silence upon the different denominations in Roman Catholicism, their theological differences, and their various forms, which are far from tending to unity even with regard to dogma. The regular orders form so many

separate families, who cordially hate each other, not only with theological hatred, but with the irreconcilable hatred of caste. I defy all the Bowyers, present and future, to prove that greater antagonism and animosity exist among the different Protestant sects than that which rages at the present moment between Dominicans and Franciscans, Augustines and Jesuits, Capuchins and Zoccolants, Carmelites and Theresians, &c., &c. Just let the reader, then, imagine *The Happy Family*, when Leo. XII. enclosed in one cage the members of hostile communities and corporations who had been at strife from time immemorial. Thus this bigoted Pope, from "the sincere and efficacious desire to amend abuses," did nothing throughout his pontificate but excite fresh and more scandalous abuses. So true is my never-often-enough repeated axiom, that the only way "to amend abuses" in the Papal system is to do away entirely with Popes and Papacy, the system itself being a chain of abuses from *alpha* to *omega*.

If bigotry always vitiates the simplicity of religion; it is more especially fatal when it sits crowned upon the throne. A bigoted monarch will be surrounded by hypocrisy and fanaticism—that is to say, by simulated virtue and zeal for external forms to the detriment of the spirit. But it is far worse when the monarch is Pope; for in that case, in addition to the other ills created by his bigotry, is that of causing religion to be detested, by decreeing its extreme observance and enforcing it, especially in the case of his own subjects, by the rigour of the law. And so it was precisely with Leo. XII., who endeavoured, in the nineteenth century, to re-establish the customs of the iron ages and the savage practices of the anchorites of Nibbia and Thebaides. Among his other prescriptions, an eminent place must be assigned to that of the observance of Lent, as practised in the fanatic and eccentric East in the times of Jerome, Athanasius, and Basil. It is an historical fact, that all apos-

tate churches have always held in great esteem abstinence from certain kinds of food on some days of the week, and especially in Lent. This is one of the most decided characteristics of apostasy. The Holy Spirit has expressly declared that "in the latter times some shall depart from the faith commanding to abstain from meat," 1 Tim. iv. 3. Leo XII., who by virtue of long succession belonged to the number of these heretics, and sat as head over the greatest, most malignant, complete, and extended of all apostasies, ordered in 1825 that Lent should be celebrated with oil diet—vegetables and fish understood—with eggs and herbs as a particular indulgence on certain days, but which were very few in number. The Protestant reader may not be aware that while the church imposes Lent restrictions, it has authority to dispense with them. This she does almost always on certain conditions, the principal of which is the payment of money demanded by the Papal harpy under various pretexts, but with unvarying result. To those who reason aright this restriction will appear in its true light—as a speculation. Upon the occasion of this act of frenzied bigotry on the part of Leo XII., the oracular Pasquin (the true oracle of Rome) said, that the souls of the pilgrims assembled for the jubilee were to be purged by administering cod-liver oil to the bodies of the Pope's subjects. Whatever may be thought of the oracle, true it is that I myself, then at the age of fifteen, was one of the victims—I might say one of the martyrs—of this ridiculous measure. My excellent father, in obedience to his confessor, gave all of us the choice of observing Lent according to the new restriction, or by dispensation. We, like true colts, chose the Leonine Lent. But we had not accomplished half of it when the oil diet, and especially the salt fish—which in Bologna is the principal fare in consequence of the distance from the sea—so affected our stomachs that it required all our tender mother's care to prevent us being ill before Easter. As

it was, we suffered from the cutaneous eruptions which were most violent in all families as the consequence of such unwholesome food. When Easter arrived, a mother's heart and eye were equally in requisition to prepare us gradually for nourishing diet, lest the reaction upon the animal system should prove fatal to her children. The effect was such in my own case from disarrangement of the stomach, that the sight of meagre dishes was quite sufficient to produce febrile excitement. Therefore, although I have always been robust as Hercules, and healthy as Esculapius through life, the physicians attached to the service of the Barnabites in the various communities always ordered me to abstain from fish diet, which rule I continued to practise, with the full consent of my superiors, until 1849. What must others have suffered less strong and healthy than myself? and all to satisfy the stupid bigotry of a Pope! The effects obtained by the pontifical dragonnade were totally the opposite of those contemplated. Though the Roman subjects were obliged to obey for that year, at least in public, priests and gendarmes being employed as spies by government, yet in the following years of Leo's pontificate, and during those of his successors, to eat meat on fast days became quite customary, and the people laughed at those who were so simple as to observe the prescription. So common and public did the abuse become under Pius IX., that to remove the scandal, at least from the eyes of foreigners, the French generals at the head of the staff repeatedly assaulted, attacked, and took by storm hotels, taverns, and eating-houses of every description, sacking by wholesome dispensation pantries and kitchens, and making razzias, Bedouin fashion, upon all the spits, gridirons, frying-pans, saucepans, and stewpans implicated in the crime of *lese abstinence*, an occupation truly worthy of the generals and of the army of Imperial France!

At this point I ought to speak of the pontifical favour

lavished by Leo upon the Jesuits, and by which they became once more omnipotent in Rome. I do not forget myself or my reminiscences, and here repeat that should the Popes favour the Jesuits for the grand reason that they are the most compact, the most powerful, and the most faithful janissaries in the defence of the Papacy, *i.e.*, the Apostasy of Rome, it would seem quite logical. But let no one attempt to maintain that the favour accorded to this "generation of vipers"* is advantageous to the religion of the gospel, or to the happiness of the Roman subjects, or I shall say to him, "Hypocrite and cheat that thou art, thou liest!" As we shall, however, again meet with this standing conspiracy against the gospel and society at the end of the next chapter, it is sufficient here to have recorded the favour it obtained in the eyes of the bigot Pope. Nor was it any sterile favour. In the midst of the increasing impoverishment of the Romans, and the alarming diminution of all domestic industry, Leo still found considerable sums to enrich these enemies of his subjects, the insatiable Jesuits. Not only could this body provide for the houses recently presented to them, especially the Roman college, and St. Vitale, but it was in a position to buy rural estates. Among their acquisitions was a magnificent vineyard at Porta Pia, called *il Macao*, and the Borromeo college, bought at an almost fabulous price for the education of the aristocracy, which was intended to become the rival of the Nazareno college kept by the Scolopian fathers, who from their foundation were the bitterest enemies of the Jesuits.

Such was Leo XII. at home, and he was no less exacting in his bigotry abroad. Wiseman has forgotten to inform us how much this Pope congratulated himself upon his concordats with the Protestant powers, and how he was accustomed to repeat with great complacency that he had obtained more from his enemies than from

* Matt. xxiii, 33.

his children—a thing which may be easily explained. His children, or the Catholic princes, know their mother too well to grant all she asks. Therefore it is that concordats with Papist governments are always strictly limited and vigorously defined in order to avoid equivocations, cross purposes, trickery and usurpation. The only exception to the rule in the history of these documents occurred in the present age, and is the last concordat with Austria. The exception is not very surprising; it is indeed in the natural course of events. The stupid emperor, educated by the Jesuit Mombelles, and under total subjection to the arch-Jesuitess his mother, conceded all that the Pope asked, and received from the Papacy in exchange the assurance that the youth of his empire should be educated in barbarism and slavery by the Jesuits. And notwithstanding the conflicts between the two authorities, lay and ecclesiastical, soon commenced, and are progressing every day to an extent which induces the hope that the concordat will be the principal cause of the dissolution of this heterogeneous empire, his enemies, or princes and Protestant governments, who only know Rome from books, believe her word, trust her oaths, and make abundant concessions to the old prostitute. And when after putting themselves in her hands they find their hair cut off, their strength gone, and themselves consigned to the Philistines of the Vatican, they can only blame themselves and curse the hour when they fell asleep upon the bosom of this treacherous Delilah. In the Parliamentary Chronicle of England, a grave saying is attributed to the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel. They are stated to have declared that if the "Emancipation Act" were proposed anew they would do their utmost to oppose it, although they voted for it originally; the experience of a few years having enabled them to see how much it was abused by the Papists. After this testimony I would send Protestants who trust

in Rome, to Prussia and Holland, to see that, after only three pontificates, those countries learned so much of the fraud, double dealing and deceit of Rome, as to decline a new concordat if proposed to them on the same terms.

One of Leo XII.'s last acts will illustrate the encroaching nature of the Papacy most opportunely, and may also serve as a lesson to sleepy, thoughtless England, if she choose to profit by it. The republics of South America were for some time without bishops, Spain pretending to the right of nominating them. This pretension was simply ridiculous, seeing that the colonies were happily emancipated from the Spanish government. The right had been lost by the mother and acquired by the children. They had obtained it with other conquests on the field of liberty. How does Rome act in this conjuncture? Paying no regard to former concordats with Spain, which not having been abrogated remained virtually in force in the colonies, notwithstanding their emancipation, and according to which the nomination of bishops belonged to the established government;—without for a moment thinking of consulting the new republics, and learning from them in what manner they wished to proceed in future with regard to the nomination of bishops, Leo XII., on his own authority, sent bishops appointed by himself in numbers according to his own pleasure. Come what might the new republics were forced to receive them. This is not invention; Wiseman himself tells us that “he had provided them with worthy pastors without the intervention of either side, but in virtue of his supreme apostolic authority.” This act of gross usurpation is characterised by the said Wiseman—“the exercise of the highest prerogative inherent in the supremacy, however galling its application might be.” Rome then cares nothing for the rights she violates, and the wounds she inflicts, but only for her own pretensions. And the

vicar of him who refused not to take from his enemies "a sponge filled with vinegar" (Matt. xxvii. 34) rejoiced in exercising its supreme prerogative, "however galling its application might be." This is the history of the Papacy in a few words. The stupidity and folly of the nations has so exalted this prerogative that the Papacy feels itself free to exercise it at all cost, certain of losing nothing, but of gaining much. Woe to those governments against whom Rome opposes herself! If they resist she declares them rebels, and excommunicates them. If they yield she assumes such mastery over them that they are never free again, and even lose the right of complaining.

What then was the act of Pius IX. when, by *motu proprio*, he created the new hierarchy of England, despatching the legion of titular bishops from Rome to take possession of the sees to which he had appointed them? An exercise of his "supreme apostolic authority." That the Pope should have authority over the conscience and over the worship of Papists even in England no one will deny. But as the nomination of titular bishops involves local authority and jurisdiction, and as these are absurd here inasmuch as they reside solely in the English crown, so it is clear that the bull of Pius IX. decreeing the titular hierarchy was and is an act of violence and usurpation which can never be legitimatised either by the tacit concurrence of the ministry, the weakling legislation of the two houses, or the apathetic negligence of the English people. Rome laughs;—laughs at the wonderment, laughs at the talk, laughs at the meetings and the gentle roaring honeyed thunderbolt of the Ecclesiastical Titles' Bill, having learned by long experience that *melius est conditio possidentis*.

The career of a bigoted Pope cannot close without bigotry, as the torch which is about extinguishing emits one last vivid blaze, and then all is darkness; just so did the bigotry of Leo become extinct after a blaze of super-

lative bigotry. Who has not heard of the worship, intercession and mediation of saints among Papists? Papists, however, seek to avoid controversy upon so ticklish a subject, and indeed often have the impudence to deny it altogether, and to maintain that they hold no one sacred but Christ. I shall not be so foolish as to waste my time in entering upon such complicated polemics with them when one of their Popes infallibly declares them to be either self deceived or deceivers. This Pope is no other than Leo XII. The inscription for his tomb-stone, composed by himself, and corrected at his request by his secretary, of Latin letters, which worthily crowns a chapter of bigotry, is the most triumphant confutation of the assertions of those Papists who wish to have it believed that Romanism attributes no patronage, mediation, or power to saints. If in this document the so-called vicar of Christ recommends himself to Christ, or even once names him with respect and affection, and if the document is not altogether dedicated to a saint without even an allusion to Christ, I am willing to give up all character for truthfulness in these reminiscences. I give the epitaph that my readers may attentively consider it.

Leoni. Magno.
 Patrono. Coelesti.
 Me. Supplex. Commendans.
 Hic. Apvd. Sacros. Eivs. Cineres.
 Locvm. Sepultvæ. Elegi.
 Leo XII.
 Hymnis. Chens.
 Hæredvm. Tanti. Nominis.
 Minimus.

CHAPTER III.

POLITICAL CHARACTER OF LEO XII.

IN the preceding chapter I have exhibited the religious pontificate of Leo in its most prominent point of view,—bigotry. In the actions of a man, as in a picture, if there are diverged lines and a multiplicity of centres nature is represented under a false aspect, and the eye of the observer is dazzled and confused. Thus it is with an individual; his actions can only represent the character from which they are derived. His life may offer some exceptions, some happy moments in a character naturally bad, some eccentricities in a character naturally good, but still the general principle submits to no modification but follows the law of nature. It is therefore a psychological dogma that when once the character of an individual is well defined all the actions of his life may easily be known. My opinion remaining unchanged with regard to Leo's bigotry, which so completely explains the acts of his pontificate as priest, I need here only take from my pallet another of those many dark tints which, as by enchantment, detach a figure from the canvas, by attributing to obstinacy the acts of his pontificate as king.

The character of obstinacy which equally associates with the two extremes of human degradation and greatness is commonly the accompaniment of mediocrity. Its effects are as various as the minds in which it dwells: while in the ignorant and uncultivated mind obstinacy degenerates into villainy, ferocity and crime, in the man of genius it produces benefits and glories of lasting duration. In common-place minds, obstinacy is punctilious

and contemptuous egotism. It is the mania of desiring to change every thing not in perfect conformity with its own views, and of imposing its own crude thoughts upon others by force. Leo XII.'s obstinacy belonged to the last category, and his pontificate was consequently despicable in every respect.

The events of his life anterior to the Papacy had much to do with this characteristic of obstinacy no less than with that of bigotry. Being attached to the phantom of the Papal supremacy, he had a decided abhorrence to men and institutions which dared in any way to attack its pretensions, mutilate its exercise, or interfere with its government of church and state. Hence arose his indomitable aversion to the French dominion which had not only overcome the authority of the Pope in the Roman States, but introduced the code Napoleon and imperial administration. Every thing served to increase this aversion. His nunciature in Germany was as oil thrown upon the flames, and his mission to Paris which procured for him the rebuffs of the Secretary of State, Consalvi, was little calculated to render him favourable either to Gallic innovations or to the cardinal who had in part adopted them. So that with a mind so disposed for Papal absolutism, so irritated against every obstacle, when he once became Pope he only acted naturally in breaking down the iron bars which had encircled the Vatican wolf, and freeing her to again enjoy her rapacious feasts after the struggling fast of so many years.

But while he constituted himself the Achilles of his party during the life of Pius VII., no Chiron taught him to manage the bow and lance. Effeminate as we have seen him among the boys at Monticelli, he held himself ready to play the part assigned him by the Ulysses of Jesuitism, which coinciding perfectly with his own enmities he used for the furtherance of his own ends. That he formed a plan of

government beforehand in case of his election as Pope, an hypothesis which every cardinal assumes on receiving the hat and purple, cannot be doubted. He began his pontificate with acts which were certainly premeditated and executed by himself alone without the co-operation of any minister. This is not generally the case with the Popes. In commencing their pontificate they usually display an undecided and vacillating policy, and always employ the services of a Secretary of State to act for them. The plan of Leo, however, was defective both in conception and execution. Its principal aim being the destruction of the elements deemed by him anti-Papal; the execution was immature and precipitate, which proves altogether the mediocrity of his mind and the obstinacy of his character.

The *tenacis propositi vir* only becomes an historical personage when a man of genius—who having penetrated the secrets of nature, broken the seals of ages, or modelled afresh the lineaments of peoples and countries—persists in his purpose in spite of all the malice, opposition and war urged against him by men as prejudice. Of such temper, for example, did Cæsar show himself at the Rubicon, Dante in exile, Gallileo in his dungeon, Columbus at court and at sea. Even in the history of the Popes we have the proof that tenacity of purpose when not unaccompanied by genius can claim a right to fame. Those who wish to excuse Leo's precipitation have said, that he felt death encircling him, and sought to effect in a few year's pontificate what demanded double if not quadruple time. But this excuse will not bear criticism. No one should begin reforms unless certain of being able to carry them out. If he leaves them incomplete, the abuses he wished to correct not only return to their former state, but become intensified, like a spring which on being relaxed noisily rebounds to the opposite extremity. In order that reforms should succeed it is necessary to take two precautions—they must

be well matured, and be made gradually. Leo failed in both conditions. The mediocrity of his mind withheld him from making reforms in the right direction, and his obstinacy caused him to force them upon his people at once without preparation or discernment, and thus it was that he failed. I may here properly call attention to the example to which I have alluded of Sixtus V., a Pope who lived no longer than Leo, but who accomplished more in the five years of his pontificate than five hundred Leo's of Wiseman's stamp. Felice Perretti, the swineherd of Montalto, had a great mind. Resolved to become Pope, he prepared himself by studying the ideas, men and wants of his time. He formed a plan of government, in which he proposed, not to gratify his personal enmity, but to purge society of the thousand depravities which affected it; and he made even his own personal enmities the instruments for obtaining such result. He extirpated brigands, crushed bravos, banished vagabonds, entirely reorganised the administration, and created no fewer than fifteen congregations to carry out its various branches. He embellished Rome with the most colossal and advantageous monuments, and left at his death five million gold scudi in the treasury as a fund to meet any extraordinary pressure; a sum which would be enormous at the present day, and which must have appeared fabulous in the time of Sixtus. We enter upon the examination of the pontificate of Leo XII. after such a precedent in the history of Popes and thus see how just is Wiseman's magnificent eulogium:—"The policy of the Pope manifested an active spirit of reform."

The first specimen afforded us is in perfect keeping with Leo's character, and relates to his reform of stones. To decipher this species of enigma we will follow our author in his archæological lucubrations, where he thus dogmatizes: "A peculiar feature in monumental Rome is the chronicle which it bears on itself of its own

history. It is therefore the tradition of Rome to transmit 'sermons in stones'; and as we are now thankful for the annals they handed down to us from ancient things, let us be glad likewise that recent epochs have prepared similar advantages for remote posterity." He may be "glad" thus to see his caste recalled to mind in these "sermonising stones;" I do not envy him; but I dispute its claim to be thus handed down. "The annals handed down to us in these sermons in stones," are the most glorious memories of Rome. Who would refuse an inscription to the *Cloaca Massima* of Tarquin, to the aqueduct of Claudius, from which the eternal city after eighteen or twenty-five centuries still derives unceasing benefit? Who does not feel it just and right that stones should transmit imperial names and institutions when annexed to such monuments as the columns of Trajan and of Antoninus, the mausoleums of Adrian, of Galla Placida, the thermæ of Caracalla and Diocletian, the temples of Augustus and of Nerva, the arches of Titus and of Septimius Severus, the theatre of Marcello, and the porch of Agrippa? Tradition in such cases may not only be permitted to Rome, but ought to be recommended to other people as a model for emulation whenever they may have such names to commemorate, or such monuments to distinguish. But with regard to Papal Rome, the mania of its childless priest-kings to be borne down to posterity not in their dynasties or institutions but in monumental stones arrived at such an excess of abuse that it became proverbial the Popes erected monuments for tablets, and not tablets for monuments. Monuments ceased therefore to be such in artistic language; monuments for Papal inscriptions being only four bricks cemented together, the chief expense of which would be the marble inscription recording the memory of the Pope who had ordered its erection. This rage for epigraphs and tablets had reached its height during the last two pontificates. In

that of Pius VI. they were ordered on his own account, and to minister to his insatiable vanity; in that of Pius VII. to meet the views of the cunning Consalvi. It was therefore to avoid the ridicule and sarcasm to which his predecessors had been universally exposed by their "sermons in stones," that, "whether the practice be good or bad, Leo XII. certainly did not adopt it."

This might have had the appearance of a reform in its sense if the pontiff had not, under cover of humility, hidden a meanness of soul which completely shut out every great inspiration. In plain terms, he had previously decided not to erect any monument. He therefore feigned to abhor "sermons in stones," but in reality he did not know what to do with them nor what to say in them. The glory then that Wiseman says is due to him for the measures which he had "in contemplation" is not deserving of a passing thought. If all the castles in the air and all the pompous projects which are daily fabricated in lunatic asylums were supposed to redound to the glory of their authors, and deserved to be perpetuated by the lapidary's art, our cities would become so many grave-yards of glories, and every maniac a hero in inscription. Nor shall I take much notice of the public works which Leo XII. was compelled to undertake, provided he had not to disburse sums to any great amount. That which is imposed by necessity should never be ascribed to individual merit. And that he really had not a mind to spend much upon these works is proved by the example of the "rebuilding of the great Ostian basilica," known more generally as St. Paul's Beyond the Walls (S. Paolo fuori delle mura). To obtain the money required to complete the "reconstruction on the original scale, he appealed to the charity of the faithful throughout the world, and he was generously answered. But the sums thus collected scarcely sufficed for preliminary expenses." Well, Leo stopped precisely at those preliminary expenses, although during

his pontificate he might have begun the actual reconstruction. This will certainly suffice to confirm my duplex proposition that the preliminaries of public works imposed upon a sovereign by necessity do not imply any merit on his part, and consequently give him no claim to fame, and that Leo never had spirit enough to spend money on monumental edifices. Another thing also to the discredit of Leo and of his vaunted "rigid economy of which his treasurer, Cristaldi, was the soul" is, that the 1,600,000 francs collected were spent in the preliminaries of reconstruction with the same thoughtless prodigality and trickery as the money of the English nation in the Crimean war. I am compelled to reveal this malappropriation because Wiseman, like a true priest, seeks to eulogise it. "Those who like myself," he writes, "can remember the endless shoring up and the magnificent scaffolding can easily imagine what treasures were spent before a stone was laid upon the ground." I myself was one who, like Wiseman, saw these preliminaries, and I also heard the unanimous opinion of the entire population upon them. Let Wiseman learn, therefore, and treasure up for his next edition, that the Roman people wrote in large characters beneath this "magnificent scaffolding" the magnificent and richly-deserved inscription,—ROBBERY. Such was the epigraph affixed by public opinion to the undertaking of Pope Leo XII.

But I will not quit the subject of the Ostian basilica without uttering my most vehement protest against the vile adulation of Wiseman, who would attribute its final reconstruction to the Popes when it was due only to the sacrifices of their subjects. In fact, none but a priest incarnate could write, "but what the subscriptions, however generous, did not reach, the munificence of succeeding pontiffs has amply supplied." Is this a compliment or a sarcasm? Wiseman could not insult his heart's blood, his head, and therefore it must be a com-

pliment. Infamy then upon ye all, mitred buffoons! Munificence of succeeding pontiffs! Pray, did these Popes spend their own money? Surely not. Did they employ the incomes allotted them for their own private pleasures? Certainly not. In what, then, did their munificence consist? They spent the money of their subjects—wringing it from them for this use by ultra-taxation. It is very easy to be munificent with the money of others, as it is for priests to call Popes magnificent who spend their subjects' money. Call them thieves, and you will have given them the only name which belongs to them. The finances of the "succeeding pontiffs" being in the lowest state, except during the short pontificate of Pius VIII., it was positive robbery, or rather social sacrilege, to throw away the money of subjects in the construction of a church.

No Englishman of sense will accuse me of exaggeration in thus expressing my indignation against the hireling writer; at least this would not be the moment to do so. Is not the question now under agitation in England as to whether the Thames is a national river or purely municipal, and whether its purification ought to be performed at the expense of the United Kingdom or of London? Certainly, as to locality, the Thames should be considered the property of London, and in an especial manner the fetid refuse which enters it. But when it is remembered that the commerce of this river belongs more to the nation than to London, that the metropolis is necessary to the nation, and that it is the duty of the nation to keep it wholesome—when it is remembered that a third of the population in London, and maintained by London, are gathered there from every part of the kingdom, that in London, sits the Parliament which represents the nation, the ministry which governs the nation, the sovereign who rules over the nation—he must be extremely captious who sees in the Thames only a municipal glory or disgrace of London.

Now if ever the Parliament, by a miracle of prudent energy, which seems, however, beyond all hope, were to decree the purification of the Thames, and vote the funds necessary to free the metropolis from this permanent pestilence, what historian or epigraphist would be found to chronicle the act to future ages as a proof of the magnificence of Queen Victoria or the Chancellor of the Exchequer? Yet Wiseman has dared to write no less in praise of his Popes who spent money not their own. Villains that you are! what matters to your subjects the rebuilding of a church, and especially at Rome, where there are nearly four hundred? If you must rebuild to serve your own calculations and purposes do so from your own purse, which is amply filled by offices and benefices, but do not make use of the people's. And if by a variety of peculations you will do it at the expense of others, state no more that it was obtained by the "munificence of succeeding pontiffs," but say that it was obtained by the munificence of the people, enforced by the extortions of "succeeding pontiffs."

The subject naturally brings me to the finances under Leo XII., in speaking of which we may be certain that our author will dispense his laudation by handfuls. But even here he forgets his reminiscences. In the seventh chapter of the preceding pontificate we read the praises of the financial system of Consalvi, which could diminish taxes, encourage public works, promote arts and sciences, without exhausting the treasury. "There must have been a wise administration to effect all this, without recurring to loans or creating a forced debt." How then did it happen that on the death of Pius VII. his successor found "an exhausted treasury"? One of two things must be the case. Either Pius VII. left an exhausted treasury, and then his administration was not wise, or else it was wise, and then it is not true that Leo XII. found "an exhausted treasury." This absurdity could only exist in the worn-out mind of Wiseman,

who, by his India-rubber manner of writing, always finds subject and matter of eulogium for all his Popes.

The financial incoherence of Wiseman must be recognised even by a child. We learn from him that "the result of the system so framed was a diminution of taxation to the extent of 200,000 dollars on the land-tax made in 1816." I do not, and will not, allow myself to be deceived. As I have already expressed, this tax was laid by a French military government to provision its army, and could consequently be withdrawn by Consalvi, who had no army to provide for, without inconvenience either to treasury or subjects. But see how the new Pope "placed the finances of the state under rigid administration, and brought them into such a condition that he was able to diminish taxation to no inconsiderable degree. Immediately after his coronation he abolished several imposts; in March, 1824, and January, 1825, still further reductions were made in taxes which pressed unequally on particular classes." From all this the reader is driven to the conclusion, believed by the holy tribes of Ireland, that the Roman subjects live almost free from taxes; though the fact is, that there is scarcely another state in Europe so overburdened as the Roman States. But how is this to be explained? To render himself popular, every Pope removes some tax which is felt to be grievous, but at the same time lays on another under some pretence, which will bring the precise sum to the treasury of the one removed. In this manner I have myself seen the tax ceased from flour and put upon wine. A Pope takes the tax off salt and lays it upon tobacco, and so on in succession. It is, therefore, nothing but a game; an exchange of pieces at chess; dust thrown into the people's eyes to blind them; an infamous farce altogether worthy of priests! Nor can it be otherwise, where the State offers no resource to the treasury to support the liberality of these exemptions. When there is no industry, manufacture, or com-

merce, to provide a compensating element, who could diminish the taxes without making the state bankrupt? The expenses are always the same; indeed, they go on increasing; another reason which shows the impossibility of really suppressing taxes. In fact, the taxes do not suffice to meet the growing expenses, and the Popes having nothing more to tax, and not being able to imitate the taxes of Tiberius, they employ the expedient of debts, partly employed to pay the interest of previous debts, and partly to satisfy the inexhaustible appetite of the governing priests. After this sketch, which is historical, Wiseman will be at liberty to recount all the wonders most agreeable to himself with regard to the flourishing state of the Papal finances and the liberality of the pontiffs in exempting their subjects from taxation, for we now possess the secret of their deceptive jugglery.

But while I grant Wiseman full power to expel all the taxes from Rome as his patron saint, Patrick, chased the very last serpent from Ireland, I shall not consent to his making his Popes great, except in sacrificing their subjects, certainly never in their pontifical interests. I then protest against this passage: "If I remember right, some of those abolitions affected considerably the private revenues of the pontiffs." I am sorry to inform you, Dr. Wiseman, that you do not "remember right." The private revenues of the pontiff are never affected by these abolitions. Taxes or no taxes, the Roman State annually pays to the Pope 720,000 scudi for his civil list, and grants him 80,000 a-year besides for his private use, and, still more, for that of his family. The income of Leo, therefore, could not suffer from the abolition of any tax. Another source of private revenue to the Popes is the treasury of the APOSTOLIC CHANCERY and of BRIEFS; but these belong properly neither to the State nor to the Pope-king, but to the church and the Pope-priest, and were therefore not affected by the taxes of Leo. The Pope also withdraws what

sums he pleases from the chest of the lottery, on the pretext that this money should be spent in works of charity. But neither Leo's predecessors nor his successors, nor Leo himself, ever thought of diminishing this unholy source of riches, though nothing more iniquitous can exist than the game of lottery. In fact, this immoral, thievish gambling—the fatal canker of our poor society—has always been more prosperous under the shadow of the tiara and protection of the keys than anywhere else. Let Wiseman reassure himself, then, on behalf of his Leo, who not only suffered no detriment to his “private revenues” from the suppression of the taxes, but who in less than five years was able to dispose of very large sums to satisfy his caprices and the exigencies of his family. In fact, if it may not be said that he robbed his subjects to pay their assassins, he provided the Jesuits with the greater part of the money from his private treasury by which they again became rich and powerful, as in the times of Gregory XIII. He also repurchased that portion of his patrimony which had been sold, and redeemed the rest from the debts with which it was burdened, adding to it the Leonine glass and biscuit, and restoring it to the della Genga family with the title of principality. Lastly, he established a prelaoy in perpetuity in his family, and provided the requisite funds, in order that, like other Papal families, it might always have a cardinal in succession, an event fully realised a few years after under Gregory XVI. Wiseman, therefore, sees that he may cease from tears and lamentations, and even put off his mourning robes for the diminished revenues of his Pope, which had no existence in fact; another proof of the truth of the proverb, “the devil is never so black as he is painted.”

Which of Leo's reforms survived him? Not one. This suffices to prove their immaturity and unsuitableness. It should not escape the reader's attention, that his reforms were chiefly dictated by hatred against the

Consalvi government, and the French element intermixed by this minister with the Papal. Now, although Italy need expect little or nothing from France, and that Italian would be false to his country who should hope for political regeneration and liberty from the patronage and help of that country, yet small States may always gain by imitating great ones in their civil administration. From imperial France, as from any other empire, the Italians might, without detriment, borrow governmental institutions. No wonder if the French element in the administration of the Roman States was thought beneficial by the subjects, having always been so ill governed by the priests any institution of a foreign nature would naturally be felt by them to be an improvement and a benefit. In these pages French administration is a thing quite distinct from French occupation. The latter might be prejudicial to the subjects of the Pope, by suppressing their municipal rights, the former was useful to them by freeing them from Papal grievances. That which Consalvi retained, then, of the French administration, while it increased the authority of the Pope, improved the condition of his subjects; therefore, to destroy it could only expose the former to contempt and increased hatred, and the latter to greater inconveniences.

I shall not, like Wiseman, give the high sounding title of reform to some of the caprices of Leo. He took delight in paying unexpected visits to hospitals and public benevolent institutions, in order to ascertain, by such unlooked for apparitions, whether matters were progressing satisfactorily—but he constantly found that things were going on from bad to worse. And yet this took place under the government of the Popes and the local administration of prelates and priests. Did he remedy the evil? He persuaded himself so, but it was not the case. I was at Rome in the subsequent pontificates, when it was necessary to do away, not with the

abuse, for this is not the mission of Popes, but with the public scandal caused by his reforms in these establishments, and especially in the rich hospital of the Holy Spirit, two-thirds of the income of which were absorbed by the prelates who governed it. I will prove to Wiseman, by his own words, that these infamous proceedings were carried on not by the laity but by the clergy. May it be that Leo was "anxious to provide for the just and efficient administration of charitable funds, many of which were misspent on worthless objects;" but I would just ask who had "misspent" these "charitable funds?" Their administrators, undoubtedly. And who were their administrators? They were all ecclesiastics, the few lay subalterns being the blind creatures of ecclesiastics, and the passive instruments of their will. Hence the cause of the vice is clear, and the mode of repairing it openly indicated to the pontiff. Reform ought to have taken place, not in the administration, but in the administrators. But the administrators were of the same caste as the Pope, and therefore were retained, and the administration, as a natural consequence, continued to fester under them as before, and will proceed towards a state of putrefaction until the day when the people's knife shall remove this gangrene from the vital organs of Roman society.

The same incapacity and precipitation suggested to Leo the reform of the tribunals, a reform relative not only to the practice of the laws in the forum but also to their theory in the code. Incapacity and precipitation in matters of so much importance are to be lamented, because, instead of remedying existing evils, they create new ones. The example of his predecessor should have taught him to use discernment and deliberation. For if "a commission composed of able advocates to reform the mode of procedure, in 1816," did not succeed in attaining any satisfactory result after sitting seven years, it must at least be very imprudent for a new Pope to

pretend it in the midst of the confusion of a chaotic administration and in less than a year. I never wonder, therefore, that the *Reformatio Tribunalium* of this Pope should be thrown to the dogs at his death with all the other refuse of his butcherly pontificate. To succeed in giving a good code or digest of laws, a different mind from that of Leo is required, especially for the Roman States. Wise laws in Italy, strictly speaking, are only to be met with in the Neapolitan code, and in our own days we have abundant opportunity to see of how little value they are when administered by the venal servants of a despot, whose profession it is not to make the laws respected, but to violate them, in order to win the favour and gold of their infamous master. Now, if even with clear and wise laws such sad results are met with, who can deny that the danger is immeasurably greater when the laws are uncertain in their nature, obscure, complicated, and bad? And such is precisely the case with the Roman States, subject to the anomaly of a priestly government.

Ad ceteras meas miserias accessit dolor Dolabella applies far too well to the subjects of these States. Indeed, the voluminous pedantry of both the civil and criminal code is a bagatelle compared to the farago of miscellaneous ingredients composing Papal legislation. The *corpus juris canonici* is in its integrity an essential part of our laws; the Popes not allowing it to be in any way mutilated or in the slightest degree modified. Every *motu proprio* of a Pope becomes law in the Roman State, whether civil or criminal. Moreover the supreme tribunal of the ROTA, answering in some degree to the English Privy Council, acquires the force of laws. Its decisions are not considered as simple precedents to elucidate or support a cause at the forensic bar, but as oracles possessing absolute authority and as imposing the rights of similar solutions in like cases. The legislation of the Roman States is therefore such a

labyrinth, or rather such a tower of Babel, that he is happy who can understand anything of it, and does not quite lose himself in it. Reform in this branch of public administration is one of the necessities of the Roman States. We therefore find all Popes from the restoration downwards labouring at this pseudo-reform, and all uselessly; all from Pius VII. to Pius IX. having obtained the same unhappy result—none of them having desired a radical reform. Codes have therefore been multiplied; or rather one code has devoured another in succession, and yet under Pius IX. the evil is no less than it was under Pius VII.

Having mentioned Pius IX., I may here observe that no one ever had circumstances more in his favour, minds more disposed or men more able to effect judicial reform. I was popular in Rome at that time and intimate with the most learned advocates of the Roman States, who had been summoned by the pontiff in obedience to public opinion, and was enabled to measure their extraordinary commission step by step. Unfortunately it was presided over by Cardinal Antonelli, whose chief study was to oppose any innovation inimical to the absolute authority of the Popes. The most learned of those clever men, my countryman, Advocate Silvani, said to me confidently after every sitting, "We shall do nothing; all this great parade and formality will prove to be a farco to deceive the people." He was right, although he did not live to see the fulfilment of his prophecy, for he died of poison administered in a cup of chocolate by Antonelli. Such was the general belief at Rome, and such was my own on witnessing the fearful sufferings of my betrayed friend. At all events, Silvani did not survive twenty-four hours after drinking of that cup. To drink the chocolate and be seized immediately with severe spasms, and die in the most horrible convulsions was only one thing. But Silvani was a liberal, recently returned from fifteen years' exile,

suffered for his devotion to the cause of Italy and opposition to Papal usurpation. This will explain Antonelli's invitation to take chocolate with him, and the effect produced by the cardinalatick cup upon the confiding patriot.

Under these circumstances it will not be difficult to conclude that Leo XII. was not sincere in the reform of the tribunals, and that the reformation, as the offspring of his mind and too precipitate, or as coming through ecclesiastical hands might be odious and hurtful to his subjects. And so it was, but, happily, only for a very brief period. Although it has not been much improved by subsequent codes, still it is a satisfaction to the people to see what was positively harmful swept away and succeeded by something less bad. Such changes also make the people hope to see others, until eventually the perfection they long for may be obtained. Thus, the death of Tiberius causes exultation, although he may be succeeded by a Nero; or making use of a simile still more ignoble France, rejoice in the nomination of a Delangle, because the ministry of the interior is relieved from the incarnation of evil in General Espinasse.

Almost the only undertaking of Leo's pontificate which has descended to us is his bull for studies. Wise-man, however, errs greatly when he gives to these ordinances the name and nature of reforms. Reformation is the correction of abuses—a return to the primitive purity of any institution. Nothing of the sort is to be found in the bull, "*Quod divina sapientia*." It can be read by any one, and I do not attempt to shield myself under mystery, but fearlessly maintain that it was not calculated to improve the studies, yet to ruin them completely. It is for this reason that it has survived Leo. The succeeding Popes accepted it simply because it did not offend them by promoting study in the Roman States. The thought of all the Popes and object of all their pontificates has always been to intercept and pre-

vent free study. Each Pope in succession has contributed his stone to the building of the prison in which human genius is enchained in perpetuity, and the bull of Leo was the top stone of the accursed edifice. When Pius IX., thirty-four years afterwards, employed this bull in the direction of the studies, it was a proof that the experience of three pontificates had found it the most perfect act of legislation against every sort of independent instruction. Let us congratulate ourselves upon having rescued so precious a pearl from the bottomless sea, and abandon ourselves to our delight at having finally discovered, among the many unsuccessful undertakings of Leo, one which has received the baptism of legitimacy, and has already outlived the period of time assigned to a generation. We will proceed to analyse it.

In order to arrive at the end of this subject, with the clear conviction that Leo's measures were intended for the complete destruction of free study, we will take literary education in its three stages,—primary, preparatory, and university, and we shall find the sickle employed most freely by the destructive Pope. I am greatly obliged to Wiseman when he assures me with childish simplicity, which the Papacy will never forgive, that Leo "was very generous in providing means for the higher education of his subjects." That alone will serve to prove to my readers that the true education of the people, primarily education, which ought to be considered an element of social life as necessary as milk to the natural life of children, this education so essential to the well-being and development of States, was by him totally neglected. If we take the Roman States even at the present day, and especially those of the south, it will be found that the primary education of the people does no discredit to the bull of Leo XII., being even more neglected there than in the Neapolitan kingdom, which stands, in Italy, at Zero on the thermometer of popular education.

It was necessary, however, to do something, if only to deceive his subjects with false appearances, and Leo did not fail in this part of his pontifical ministry. Therefore, whether it was to confine primary education in Rome to only a portion of the lowest classes of the people, or to introduce a safe system to be followed by his successors in case that they were so stupid as to educate the people, the fact is that he summoned to Rome, and began to establish, the Zouaves of the Jesuits, known in England as Brethren of the Christian doctrine. The method pursued by the Church of Rome in England, is to hide many of its monstrosities under a congenial appearance, and sometimes to banish them entirely from its teaching and formularies, in order not only to avoid the attacks of Protestantism but still more to avoid shocking the remains of common sense, which are almost always to be met with in an English layman, though by birth or apostacy a Papist. After nearly ten years' observation, I have come to the irrevocable conclusion that the Church of Rome, in England, wears a mask, and is totally different from the same Church at Rome. And such is the case with the Brethren of the Christian doctrine who, under this name, which they received from their founder, may pass for something respectable, whereas they are only deserving of the name bestowed upon them on the Continent. There they are most properly called *Les Ignorantines*. It is true that originally this appellation signified that they dedicated themselves to the instruction of the little ignorants, or children. But the people are quick-sighted and were not slow to discover that these teachers were themselves grossly ignorant and, in contempt, they reversed the attribute of the pupils and applied it to the masters.

Les Ignorantines then are ignorant by caste and profession, addicted to transmit their own ignorance to the children of the people. I am in no degree affected

by the eulogies so prodigally bestowed upon them by the French Episcopacy, for I am too well acquainted with the degenerate successors of Bossuet and Fénelon to bow to their perfidious ultramontaniam; nor am I deceived by the veneration in which they are held in France by the lower classes, especially in the rural districts, since they could not thus venerate them unless they were ignorant. The education of the French poor, especially agricultural labourers, fully convinces me that the title applied to these masters is the only one adapted to them. It is still worse in Italy, where many of them do not even know the language. To be as brief as possible upon so disgusting a topic, I will mention but a single fact to prove the systematic ignorance of this religious horde. When I lived at Moncalieri, near Turin, among other lay servants there was one who was diligent, it is true, but extremely stupid even in his calling as a servant. In consequence of a vow made by him to some Madonna or another, he abandoned service and became an *Ignorantello*. Hardly two years after, when I was preaching the Lent course in St. Siro, at Genoa, my old servant presented himself to me as the founder of a colony of *Ignorantelli* at Genoa, and superior of the new community, and recommended to me that I might speak in favour of his order from the pulpit, which I refused to do from principle. Now the reader will pay attention to my argument. In Genoa, a domestic institution called by its founder the institution of the *Franzoniani*, had existed from the time of the Republic. Its members belonged to the Genoese secular clergy, and had a school for the education of poor children in each of the four most populous quarters of the city. The introduction of the *Ignorantelli* therefore into Genoa, was in itself an absurdity and insult, although quite natural under the omnipotent administration of Count Solaro della Margherita, the venomous scorpion of Jesuitism in the kingdom of Charles

Albert. But what is to be said of the order which sent to that city with a view to domestic antagonism, as founder of one of its colonies, a man who was not even competent to fulfil the duties of a servant? What is to be thought of the community under the direction of such a superior? The only conclusion to which we can arrive is that he was not only a better man than any placed under his direction, but the best at the disposal of the order in all Piedmont.

Such were the masters whom Leo introduced into Rome to circumscribe primary education, and who were afterwards to be so favoured under the pontificate of Gregory, as the best adapted to keep the people in ignorance and servitude. I shall not waste my ink in describing the education of these men. The automatic way of teaching the first rudiments, the weary length of the lessons, the time lost in stupid devotions, the vulgarity of their manners, the ferocity of their chastisements have rendered them so odious to the Italians, that if a day of restoration and regeneration ever comes to us, it will be a miracle if they escape with their lives. The only object of their system is to destroy the germ of any capacity manifested by the children unfortunately committed to their care. But shall I not be asked, how it is they have any scholars? They are allowed to have them because their teaching—which teaches nothing—serves Government as a pretence of having generously provided for the education of the people. But besides that, many parents are compelled to send their children to them by command of their superiors on whom they depend for their bread; many are obliged to do so by their Jesuitical confessors as a duty of conscience; many are necessitated by poverty, there being no other gratuitous schools; many, especially at first, were deceived by appearances and promises;—not by the appearance of the teachers which was that of countrymen, but of the schools which were

erected by the pontiff, or rather by the Jesuits, with the splendour and luxury which always dazzle the multitude. Exactly as we read of the torture, or more correctly of the death, in the kiss of Mary. A beautiful statue represents the so-called mother of God, smiling graciously upon her devotees and concealing a host of long sharp swords in her bosom to slay the victims consigned by the merciful inquisitors to her embrace. The immorality of the masters is equal to their ignorance. But for particulars upon this subject I shall send the reader, who has courage, to the tribunals of France and Savoy, that I may not myself contaminate their minds by a description of Jesuitical filthiness. One fact, however, I will not pass over. Their gross immorality attained such a height in Ancona, a town of the Roman States, that, in 1847, the people rose tumultuously against them and threatened to sacrifice them to their fury. The presence of the National Guard, and the influence of an exceedingly popular priest (who was afterwards one of my chaplains in the crusade) connected with the University Battalion, alone prevented the massacre of these Croat Jesuits. They were, however, chased with furious outcries from the city, which, to please Gregory, had spent twenty thousand scudi to prepare them a habitation. This was what Leo XII. did for the education of the people.

With regard to the secondary, or preparatory, studies for the university, it is sufficient to record that he desired that they should be altogether in the hands of ecclesiastics. Where they were not previously confided to the Barnabites, the Somaschi, and Scolopi, he ordered that the Jesuits should have them exclusively. For this object, "he restored to the Society of Jesus the schools of the great Roman College, which had been carried on by the secular clergy since the time of Clement XIV." And it was a day of mourning and despair for Rome, the memory of which is even now

vividly impressed upon my mind. From Rome they diffused themselves through all the provinces of the State which presented to them the most favourable prospect of influence and riches. Of the education given by them, I shall say nothing; who does not know its malignant nature? Their most faithful oracles, De Maistre, Cretenau-joly, Veulliot, have repeatedly proclaimed with the most triumphant exultation, that no Jesuit Collegian was ever a liberal. This sufficiently characterises their system. It is well known to Italians, and the authors enjoy the unenviable situation of being accused. In proof that I do not exaggerate, the first thing that the Italians, when they had become constitutional in 1847, asked and obtained of their princes, was the expulsion of the Jesuits, who, in the midst of universal execrations, were obliged to decamp from Piedmont, from Naples, and even from the Roman States, to flee before the wrath of the people in Central Italy, and who were chased with equal rage from the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom. There can, therefore, be no doubt that if Italy again became free, the first act of justice performed by Italians would be to hurl this wicked race of conspirators against their liberties to the antipodes, and for ever free the smiling Peninsula from their presence. For my own part, I can assure all the slave-patrons of Jesuits that exiled patriots will profit by the experience gained in foreign countries, and make it their care to trace out and discover these WANDERING JEWS, whatever their disguise, and openly denounce them to public opinion, that they may never more be tolerated in Italy. I would say to the despot princes of my country: favour the Jesuits, because they are your best allies so long as you wish to be despots; and I say to the Jesuits: favour despots all you can if you love your existence, for the day that despots disappear from Italy before the force of an Italian army not a single Jesuit tongue will be left to pronounce their funeral oration.

Wretched the country where education is monopolized by the clergy! Theirs can never be an enlightened, liberal, or progressive education. The clergy would lie against itself if it promoted any interests save those of its own class. Leo did well to order that the matriculation examinations for the university should be in Latin, and that the university lectures should all be in that language, so that the little instruction which might have been looked for would be lost to the majority of the students. Let my reader observe, that when I speak of preparatory and university education, I am not a simple scholar like Wiseman, but an actor belonging by family and profession to the class of masters, and can say, *et quorum pars magna fui*. I therefore maintain, that when, "by the bull, *quod divina sapientia*, published August 28, 1824, Leo re-organized the entire university system," it must be understood as an error of Wiseman, and should be read, "Leo disorganized the entire university system." I invite the reader to follow me in the field of positive facts.

By this bull the Roman States had seven universities, which were afterwards increased—two first class, Bologna and Rome; five second class, Ferrara, Perugia, Camerino, Macerata, and Fermo. It is here that the disorganizing work of Leo begins. The population of all the Roman States together does not equal that of London. Now, who would give London seven universities? The distance of places may be alleged in excuse of the number, but it does not exist in the majority of cases. From Bologna to Ferrara there are only thirty miles; Macerata is not much more distant from Camerino and Fermo, and, therefore, distance cannot be adduced in praise of this university prodigality. Certainly it was not from respect to local municipal rights—which perhaps did not exist—for no municipal right has been respected by the Popes since the restoration. The sole object, then, must have been to ruin the university studies. My

reasoning is founded upon the conviction, that while primary education ought to be generalized, and preparatory education facilitated in every town and borough of any importance, university education should be restricted to a few localities to make it more efficacious. A little State, being unable to pay its university professors very handsomely, should limit the number of its universities, in order to be able to provide suitable masters, and place them in a position to fulfil their important mission. What was the effect of the Leonine system in the Roman States? The professors of second rate universities received a stipend of £3 per month, and can any one believe that this stipend, granted by Leo, could secure professors of even moderate abilities? What man of medical, legal, or philosophical talent would waste his time in preparing and delivering lectures, to be remunerated at the rate of less than half-a-crown each? The effect of the bull is therefore palpable. The professors are either mere nullities, not even worth the monthly £3 assigned to them, and, in that case, the ruin of the students; or if of local celebrity they accept and retain the post more for the name than anything else, devote as little of their time and talent as possible to their professorship, and then the effect is equally the ruin of the studies. With the University of Bologna, which, before Leo's time, was in name and fact the only first-class university in the Roman States, the case was quite different. The university having its own income, this, with the government allowance and the emoluments arising from the degrees, made the pay of the professors, amounting to nearly £200 per annum, which was sufficient in Bologna to maintain an independent position. The professors could moreover attend to their own lucrative professions. Those connected with the law were permitted to choose the practice of the bar, or the office of judge, which brought them an addition of thirty scudi monthly. Thus it was that the University of Bo-

logna was always considered the first in Italy, after having been the mother of all the European Universities. Before the utterance of the vile Leonine roar, at the period of my boyhood, it owned a glorious phalanx of professors and substitutes whose names were already inscribed in the temple of fame. Among these stood pre-eminent Bortoloni, Tommasini, Valeriani, Orioli, Alessandrini, Baroni, Rizzoli, Costa, Schiassi Mezzofanti, who, succeeded to the no less glorious generation which numbered among them the Aldrosandi, Lambertini, Zanotti, Atti, Laura Bassi, Galvani, and so many other great reputations in every branch of science and letters. But no sooner did the torrid wind of the desert blow upon this oasis of palms and flowers than its beauty fled, and it seemed touched by the hand of death. The bull of Leo commenced the destruction of the university by occasioning the departure of Tommasini who repaired to Parma with all his foreign students, induced to go there by the more generous proposals of the Austrian sovereign! To Gregory, afterwards belonged the glory, so much envied him by Wiseman, of effecting its destruction after the political events of 1831.

Nor are the other institutions necessary to university education less meanly provided for than the professors' chairs at the present time. I have visited them, and should be quite ashamed to show my friends, as my private collection, what they are obliged to call their museums of natural history, their physical and anatomical cabinets and botanical gardens, even when they have them at all; many of these universities wanting them entirely. Such is the effect of multiplying universities without suitable funds for maintaining them. Their names deceive students who believe that they can under them complete and crown their studies when in reality the institutions are intended to ruin them.

Another great novelty introduced by the Leonine bull, was the diminution of terms for obtaining univer-

sity degrees. A most stupid measure was this, although at first sight it seemed beneficent and liberal, and might be so in any other country than the Roman States. The want here of any career for the high offices of State—all diplomatic employments and the principal government posts being exclusively filled by ecclesiastics—the total absence of companies, for example, for railways, assurance, gas, mines, &c., &c., which might honourably employ a part of the educated classes; the impossibility for parents of high birth to employ their sons in intellectual occupations, or in the speculations of commerce, industry, and of the army, which do not exist, though for the latter heaven be thanked, compels wealthy families to make every sacrifice to keep their sons at the university, in order that they may subsequently gain their bread independently, either by medicine, law, or science. But the large number, so completely disproportioned to the wants of the State, frustrate at once the effects of sacrifices and the hopes of family and study. In the Roman States, and especially in university cities, we have more doctors than are required. The consequence is that the larger number lead an idle, ignoble life, dependent upon others, though deserving of a better destiny. Those who have not the means of living upon their families, throw themselves into low commercial undertakings for which their birth has unfitted them. It is quite common to see young men of noble manners behind a draper's counter, selling cotton and needles, although with the pompous appendages to their names of LL.D., or M.D. In the case then of a re-organization of the university system, it would have been wise to diminish these defects, if they could not be wholly removed. I do not say that the bull should discourage vulgar mediocrity from entering upon the career of study, by abandoning that of trade; it might seem illiberal to some, although it would be eminently politic. I will say, however, that this class

ought not to be encouraged by the smallness of the expense to become doctors. When Leo reduced the fee from £12 to £4 he deteriorated the course of study in two respects. In the first place, he curtailed the emoluments of the professors by two-thirds, thus hastening the departure of the best from the pontifical universities, and sending them to beg from foreigners the honours and bread denied them by an enthroned priest. Secondly, it facilitated the multiplication of honours bestowed upon men of inferior ability to the detriment of the really clever. Though it is proverbial that true talent will make its way by itself, yet when it has to struggle with a hungry legion of rival claimants, each with his adherents and supporters ready to carry him by intrigue and cabal, even superlative talent has difficulty in standing its ground, and not uncommonly succumbs. The vulgar man who has some money, or who begs it, spends it all upon one of his sons to make him a priest or a doctor, dreaming of the future aggrandisement and wealth of the family through him. Reflecting upon the prodigious number of doctors who have quitted the spade, the plane, and the saw to take degrees, one of our great poets would say, when satirizing the bull which produced this state of things,—

“ . . . Ed un Marcel diventa
Ogni Villan che patteggiando viene.”*

The better to perpetuate Leonine's stupidity by means of the bull “*Quod divina sapientia*,” a special congregation was created for the supervision of studies through the Papal States under the title of the “Congregation of Studies.” This congregation still exists, and will exist as long as the Papacy has for its object to intercept freedom of study. To this congregation “belongs the duty of watching over the discipline, morals, and principles of all the universities and other schools.” Nor is

* Monti.

that all, it has power to do and undo by its own caprice, to allow or prohibit anything directly or indirectly connected with teaching or education. If the planting of carrots were reduced to a scientific principle it would be subject at once to the approbation or the *veto* of this omnipotent congregation. This is not a matter to be laughed at. Some cities of the Roman States have been unable to procure the licence from this congregation to establish a civic musical band, the study and practice of music belonging to its jurisdiction, when exercised by amateurs for the public benefit.

If my reader asks for the names of places and persons in connection with such puerile monstrosities, I will take two at hazard out of a hundred, and will guarantee their correctness. When Mezzofanti was prefect of this unenlightened congregation, the University of Rome demanded the augmentation of its physical cabinet, its poverty being such as would disgrace a third class university. The request was refused, with the explicit declaration that such studies are totally useless, if not positively harmful.* When Lambruschini held the same prefecture, the town of Perugia petitioned for an agricultural society and professor to improve the cultivation of the province. The society could not consistently be refused, seeing that such an institution already existed in Bologna. But Perugia was refused a professor; that is to say, the body was granted without the soul, for the reason openly assigned by Lambruschini, that professors of that class are generally infidels. Is not this perfectly consistent with the object of the congregation, which is the suppression of study? To prevent any opening for the possibility of improvement and progress, Leo's bull established that the chancellor of the universities in the Roman States should be the bishop, *pro tempore*, of the diocese in which the university was situated. A hundred-headed Dragon to guard the forbidden Hesperides. I leave it to the reader to judge

how, under the government of priests, with a priest at their head, the universities of the Roman States were re-organised by the Vandal Pope for the advantage of Roman subjects, and the development of study.

I will not close my chapter upon the incapacity of Leo, without mentioning that of Wiseman, when and where he treats of the literature of my country. Not that I intend to follow him in his "desultory talk about literature," my legs would not carry me so far; my sole object is to protest against his barefaced adulation of the dragon of the Jesuits. Not content with having exalted Pallavicini, Baftoli, and Segneri beyond all reason—pretending to ignore that the first is the falsifier of history, the second a mere bombastic chatterer about it, the third, the corrupter of oratorical logic, he bursts forth into rapturous praise of the "*Civiltà Cattolica* of Rome," as the journal which of itself proves how much the Italian language and literature have gained in the hands of the Jesuits. Oh, generation of moles and mules! ye are indeed worthy of canonization, and of altars, for your stupid ignorance! The "*Civiltà Cattolica*" is written exclusively by Jesuits, in Rome, and is so ultra fanatic in its tone, that the "*Armonia*" of Turin, the "*Univers*" of Paris, and the "*Catholic Standard*" of London, may, by comparison with it, be looked upon as the perfume of Sharon by the side of the sludge of the Thames. When even Ferdinand of Naples has prohibited it in his kingdom, its contents must, therefore, be truly furious and iniquitous. The language so lauded by Wiseman is nothing but the paint and pomatum which give meretricious beauty to a foetid corpse. The true Italian language is that of Dante, and Jesuits cannot write it. Dante is too grand, too lofty, too enlightened for these foul-winged bats. Is Wiseman ignorant that Padre Bettinelli, in the name of his Jesuit compeers, burnt every year, by the hand of his students of rhetoric, the greatest of the Italian classics, from Alighieri to Caro

and Machiavelli, in order to substitute the emasculate and bastard authors of Jesuitism? Oh! may the day come, and come quickly, when true Italians shall erect a hecatomb more conformable to the lights and wants of our times,—the hecatomb of all the writings of ribald Jesuitism from the rules of Ignatius Loyola, to the lugubrious of the “*Civiltà Cattolica*!” May the flames of this national holocaust devour even the remembrance of this murderous order, and purify the air of the Roman schools contaminated by the bull of Leo XII., the munificent patron of this congregation of mad vampires!

CHAPTER IV.

THE JUBILEE AND PAPAL PAGANISM.

UPON reading the title of this chapter let not the reader fear that he is threatened with a treatise upon the enormity of Papal worship. Nothing of the kind. As I am only writing down a few simple reminiscences in opposition to those of Wiseman, my duty is not to exhaust the subject, but simply to restrict myself to the confutation of assertions and facts which are incorrectly rendered by our author.

Wiseman makes a great effort to persuade Protestants—Catholics know it from the womb of their mothers—that the jubilee was instituted for the great purpose of eternal salvation, to excite minds extraordinarily to confession, and purify them by extraordinary plenary indulgence. I should be glad to see this represented on canvas. The conception appears to me as easy as it is novel. Imagine the river Acheron flowing into the Lake of Averno, upon its banks a Pope in full pontificals wearing the tiara; his crosier is his fishing-rod, with a long rosary at the extremity by way of line; the hook is made of two priestly incisar teeth, one belonging to Gregory VII., the other to Boniface VIII. The bait is a wafer sopped in the real milk of Mary—a material abundant enough in the Roman Church—caught by the hook the fish of the most stupid families in the garb of pilgrims, a great number of them being already safe in the baskets of the expert angler. I am sure the picture would draw large crowds and make the fortune of the artist.

Any man of sense must see that the proposition of Wiseman and his church elides itself. Admitting, by

way of hypothesis, that the jubilee is for the salvation of the soul, how is it that previously to 1300 the Popes entirely neglected this salvation? How is it that the jubilee was decreed for every hundred years? For ninety-nine years souls must either be lost, or saved with the greatest difficulty, and certainly not without roasting in purgatory. This objection was only diminished, and not removed, when the jubilee was reduced to fifty years, and subsequently to twenty-five. Besides, the jubilee originally was only available for those who visited Rome. The greater number were prevented doing that, therefore this gate of eternal salvation was closed to the majority. This was remedied, Wiseman will say, when, in process of time, subsequent Popes accorded the favour of the jubilee to everybody the year following the jubilee of Rome. But common sense suggests that, as in that case eternal salvation could be pocketed at home, there would be no use in wearing out one's shoes by going to Rome to seek it. In short, if all the great fuss about jubilees and pilgrimages relates only to a plenary indulgence attached to the visit of seven basilicas, he must indeed be madly fanatical who should wait twenty-five years for it and make the sacrifice of a long journey to Rome, when he might procure the same plenary indulgence any day by visiting a church or an altar in his own village; and not one indulgence only, but a thousand, on a particular day—the second of August, for instance, called the pardon of Assisi, or the indulgence of Porziuncola. After all that, is it not puerile folly to make so much noise about the jubilee of Rome?

But the Protestant reader may ask, if the Church of Rome has such efficacious means of saving souls, how is it that preachers from their pulpits, theologians from their schools, and ascetics by their books, declare that the majority are damned? The answer is ready. Their means of salvation are a fallacy, an imposture, and therefore naturally fail of producing their boasted effect. They are to the soul what quack medicine is to the body—always useless and

often fatal. Rome, who knows the lying terms, has tried to palliate them, and gives it out that such is the nature and number of the conditions essential to the attainment of a plenary indulgence that few really acquire it. Wiseman himself says of it, "on conditions by no means easy." They must, in truth, be difficult when Papist legends have transmitted to us that in the jubilee of 1550 two only acquired plenary indulgence, one of whom was Philip Neri, the other anonymous. This ought to prove to Roman Catholics that instead of wasting so much precious time in practices so uncertain in their result, it would be much better to employ it in reading the Scriptures, which are "profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness; that the man of God may be perfect thoroughly furnished unto all good works" (2 Tim. iii. 16, 17). Thus, without jubilees and plenary indulgences, in the meditation and observance of the Scriptures, Roman Catholics will find their eternal salvation better assured by the promises of Jesus Christ than by those of the Popes in the pilgrimages to Rome!

The first conclusion, then, to which we must come is, that the jubilee was not instituted for the salvation of souls. This was its pretext, but was certainly not its object. It must, however, be confessed that whatever the object might be, Boniface chose his time most opportunely. The cessation of the crusades, which brought armed pilgrimages to Christ's sepulchre to a close, suggested the necessity of substituting for them unarmed pilgrimages in the heart of Europe, to satisfy the pretended piety of the masses which always requires something extraordinary and mountebankish. Moreover, the pilgrimages which the Greek Church had so expediently promoted to the basilica of the cross at Jerusalem had shown two things to the pontiff—the authority which the church thus gains, and the ease with which the people may be made to believe any religious imposture, provided they are only presented to them on a great scale of splendour and serio-comic

ceremonial. Last, though not the least weighty reason for creating the jubilee, was the success of Mahommetanism. The pilgrimages to Mecca not only taught Boniface that they might be imitated in favour of Rome, but urged him on to imitate them in order that the tomb of the false prophet should not boast itself over that of the false Peter as venerated in the Vatican Basilica. Thus also on this point Romanism and Islamism march hand in hand, both clad in the pilgrim's hood, indulgences pendant from their staff, and paradise in their wallet. If then there was any moral cause for the institution of the jubilee it was no other than the increase of the Papal authority and influence. I doubt, however, if this had anything to do with its origin, and am persuaded that it was rather its corollary.

The true motive, the principal, or rather the only cause, of the jubilee, was the *auri sacra fames* of the ancient poet, or, in ecclesiastical language, the will to make money. Wiseman, as is to be expected, is furious at the idea, and, to rebut the accusation, utters the following oratorical protest *pro domo sua*: "The treasurer was terrified at the inroad which extra expenses would make into his budget, and protested against financial embarrassments which he foresaw would ensue." Yes, reader! marvel not; you who have possibly been taught that a jubilee is one of the happiest devices of Roman astuteness for filling an exhausted exchequer; a sort of wholesale dealing in spiritual goods purchased by temporal ones, usually only doled out in retail! But, my dear Wiseman, with regard to money, poetry and dreams are of no use, you must keep to facts. In the first place, I purposely avoid confounding the terms of the question. I do not say that the Pope now sells plenary indulgences by the ounce as in the time of Leo X. and of Teczal; but I say, that in consequence of this plenary indulgence, or of the jubilee, much money enters Rome, and that the true end for which the jubilee was decreed was to amass this money in Rome. Before

proving my proposition, however, by documents and facts, I would ask the bishop of *Melipotamus* what he means by this expression relative to the jubilee of 1825: "The Pope sent word to the embassies that he did not wish them to make any provision for their poor countrymen, as he took upon himself this duty of hospitality." Now the Pope pays it with the money of his subjects, and, therefore, the subjects are obliged to pay for this undesired hospitality. Such being the case, I will say to all dignitaries of the Roman church, the Pope and Wiseman not excluded, thieves, thieves, thieves, without honesty, without conscience, without shame—thieves to the very marrow of your souls! Who has given you the right to over-tax the Roman subjects to pay for the hospitality shown to this unsavoury multitude of idlers, cowards, and vagabonds, assembled in Rome for your jubilee from every part of the world? If it is for your advantage that these travelling hordes of poltroons should visit Rome, pay for the hospitality out of the incomes of your fat livings, instead of using them to keep up the pride of your coaches and the licentiousness of your concubines!

My proposition, however, does not so much regard the jubilee of Leo XII. as the jubilee in itself. Wiseman denies, and I maintain, that it was begun as a speculation, and that as such it succeeded beyond all expectation. If instead of being a success it had proved a failure, if instead of a gain it had been an expense, would Clement VI., forty-two years afterwards, have shortened the period of fifty years? Would successive pontiffs have reduced the period twenty-five years? Would it not have been a phenomenon of the most monstrous kind if the Popes had taken so much trouble at a loss to themselves. The speculation, then, was profitable. Wiseman would feign ignorance as to the true nature of the case. He pretends to have a high opinion of Boniface VIII., the author of the jubilee, and will not suppose him capable of such swindling. How dear his Boniface! the successor and

gaolor of Celestine V., who was advised by him to abdicate the tiara. How liberal his Boniface VIII., the author of the bull *Clericus laicos*, which prohibited the clergy of every country from giving a farthing of their own money to their respective governments under any pretext whatever. How excellent his Boniface VIII., who, in the famous constitution, *Unam sanctam*, declared it to be an article of faith that every human being was subject to the Roman pontiff. As the reader sees, this most holy Boniface was incapable of proclaiming the jubilee as a mere speculation! And yet in the annals of Raynal we read, that in copper money only the offerings presented by the pilgrims to the tombs of St. Peter and St. Paul amounted to the enormous sum of 50,000 gold florins. Let the reader consider that we are speaking of 1300, when a Tornese soldo a day would maintain a whole family. If the copper only produced so large an amount, what sum would have represented the silver and gold given by the rich, whom curiosity, fanaticism, or self-love drew together at Rome on the occasion of the first jubilee? One of our Italian authors, well-known to Wiseman, the great Muratori, states, that the Pope received money from the pilgrims in incalculable quantities, and that two priests stood day and night at the altar of St. Paul, with rakes in their hands, raking up untold gold; *rastellantes pecuniam infinitam*. Such are the facts and documents to which I referred. Will Wiseman tell me after this that Boniface did not institute the jubilee as a speculation, or that the speculation did not succeed?

It is very true that the poor pilgrims, or those who feign themselves poor, the better to gain the indulgence, are maintained at Rome by the "Trinity of the Pilgrims," not by the Pope; but it is equally true that they carry infinite riches to Rome. I speak of what I have witnessed. If they are rich, and pilgrims *in forma pauperum* during the jubilee, when the three days prescribed for

visiting the stations (the seven basilicas) are expired, they then spend their money in Rome as ordinary travellers. The others, though poor in their own country, never arrive at Rome poor. They beg the whole distance, and always successfully; they do not spend a farthing, but are hospitably treated everywhere, so that all they gather they deposit in the Roman coffers. Few abandon their own towns until they have made a good collection, which they spend in Rome. I will say further, that in the year of the jubilee, that takes place on a great scale, of which we read relative to all pilgrimages ancient and modern, those who cannot themselves undertake them pay the pilgrims, who go to obtain the indulgences for them. In this case, at least, Wiseman will permit me to say that the indulgence is bought. Certainly those who pay for an indulgence buy it, and it is sold by those who engage to acquire it for others by means of money. That such is undoubtedly the fact I can furnish ample testimony, having verified it myself, even as confessor at the sanctuary of Loreto, and at the Madonna degli Angioli, near Assisi. Nor is the fact less incontestably true in Ireland, with many of those who go on pilgrimage to the purgatory of St. Patrick, in order to wash away at the *red lock* their filthiness both spiritual and corporal. All the money thus collected by pilgrims flows to Rome. I repeat, it is not that they purchase plenary indulgence with it, but they believe that they cannot obtain indulgence without leaving some offering (!) at the tombs of the apostles and at the basilicas of the stations. This *offering* is in many cases one of the conditions upon which the acquisition of plenary indulgence rests,—though never as payment, only as *offering*. Thus we see money is pocketed directly by the Pope by means of the jubilee. The money of the pilgrims, too, gets into the hands of the priests, and, indeed, vanishes in a thousand ways. The sanctuaries absorb a good part of it for the exhibition of miraculous statues and pictures; confessors also receive a liberal

share of it, not for the sale of absolution, but for masses to be celebrated for the perseverance of their penitents in the holiness picked up by them in the streets of Rome. The ecclesiastics of the two clerical bodies vie with each other in attracting a good deal of it to their chests, and for this purpose exhibit in their respective shops madonnas, saints, scapularies, vestments, girdles of every name and colour, and promise prayers, benedictions, tridiums and even fasts—that is an extra dish at dinner—in exchange for money. And if there is still money remaining to the pilgrims after this spiritual brigandage, it is all spent at Rome in the purchase of rosaries, crosses, medals, images, and reliquaries, *i.e.* relics, all which, if it does not tell of simony, certainly stinks of the sacristy. Any one who has been to Loreto and Rome, to speak only of the Roman States, and has seen the multitude of shops which carry on no other trade than that of these Catholic amulets, must conclude, in opposition to Wiseman, that a year of jubilee is quite a grand year for the speculations of the spiritual Stock Exchange of Rome, and that it is the great Roman season during which all the shop-keepers of paradise exhibit the merchandise accumulated during twenty-five years of spiritual stagnation.

As I remarked above, the expense of board and lodgings for all the lazy itinerants who go to grind the organ of their sins over the tombs of the apostles for the trifling remuneration of paradise is borne by the “Trinity of Pilgrims,” which, having inherited what the confessors have stolen from idiots and the dying, is in possession of many millions of private revenue for the advantage of these stranger vagabonds; though Wiseman has cavalierly masked this truth under the following pleasing form:—“The revenues of the house, the fruit of charity, are tolerably abundant.” Being badly managed, they never suffice for the expenses of the Jubilee, so that the institution is obliged in that year to contract an enormous debt, which it pays in the following twelve years, the income of the other twelve.

being allowed to accumulate for the next Jubilee. Another proof this of the falsehood of the statement that Leo pays for the hospitality to the pilgrims. If indeed the Popes had ever saved from their private incomes for such hospitality, it would have been but for once, since if the institution can pay its debts after every Jubilee, it is clear that if the Popes had once advanced so much from their private purse as to prevent it contracting the debt at one Jubilee, it would be possessed of the entire income of twenty-five years, and be ready to meet without debt all the expenses for the future. The institution provides food for three days, and furnishes lodging and beds among the religious congregations of both sexes.

I have returned to this fact, because it reminds me that I obtained the use of this place, and the revenues of the *Trinita dei Pellegrini*, for my Italians during the siege of Rome in 1849. When the Bedouin army of the perjured French Republic—for perjury and Christianity in France go well together—came to attack us in Rome, on the 27th of April, I proposed my plan for military hospitals to three ladies, and the same day obtained the Trinity of Pilgrims from government as our central ambulance. I chose it not only for its proximity to the points threatened with attack, but as the only establishment which offered all the requisite accommodation for the wounded. On the 30th of April, a day of complete victory for the Italian arms, I there received the first martyrs for our liberties, and had the satisfaction to place the wounded and dying in these newly-cleansed and purified dormitories. The Trinity of Pilgrims then became a national establishment, re-baptized with the blood of our heroes. But more than that; after the war it remained a monument of infamy, to testify to posterity that the Gauls of Brennus were less barbarous than the French conducted by Oudinot and Vaillant. I will proclaim in the ears of all civilized nations an instance of Gallican turpitude. The Trinity of Pilgrims, as a military hospital, ought, by

all the codes of law, to have been sacred from the besiegers' blows. It was known to the French by its elevation above all the other edifices, and yet better by the black flag floating above it, which indicated its use as a hospital. We had in it about 400 wounded, many of whom were French soldiers, rescued with our own countrymen upon the field of battle at personal risks, which I, for my own part, have not yet forgotten, and who were treated with the same care as our own men. Notwithstanding this, the French, who were before the place at not a mile distant, and who ought to have respected it, actually pointed their cannon expressly against the hospital, and for a whole month riddled it with balls, so that we were obliged to quit all the dormitories one after another, even the most remote, transport the wounded to other places, and, finally, shelter them from the rage of these modern barbarians in the Pope's palace in the Quirinal. One day, among others, when I was in a room with twenty-four of these mutilated, a ball fell through the very centre of the roof and covered them with the wreck of the ceiling, which was completely crushed. Such was the fright, that, in spite of my prayers that they would be calm, now that all danger was passed, they all fled and sought in other apartments a more secure asylum from the civilization of an army calling itself French. I remained in the apartment with a woman who had undergone amputation of the thigh in consequence of a wound from a bomb-shell, and whom we had not been able to transfer to a more suitable place, and an intrepid Bolognese officer of artillery, who joined me in laughing at the incident, and who, with his one remaining hand, defied the French to make him afraid. I trust the *Constitutionnel* or the *Pays* will record this fact when they in future debate upon the glory of the French army, or wish to hand down to posterity any of the genuine deeds of the butcher of the 2nd of December.

With regard to the spirituality of the jubilee, it is, in a superlative degree, the concentrated essence of what may

be characterised as Papal paganism. *Ex pede Herculem*, I shall exclaim with Wiseman, inviting the reader to judge of its heathenism by the very ceremony of its opening and close. This consists of the breaking open of a door in each of the seven basilicas, an office performed by the Pope at St. Peter's, and by six cardinals in his name at the other churches; which function is repeated with the same pomp and specious show at the termination of the jubilee, when the same individuals block up the seven doors, which remain blank until the next jubilee. The ceremony, it will be seen, is a rough copy of paganism, which closed the doors of the Temple of Janus, at Rome, in time of peace, and opened them only in time of war. It signified that Papal Rome makes war on sin every jubilee, but leaves it to sleep in peace and ease for the course of twenty-four years. The copy, then, is not very happy. These doors are called in perpetuity *the holy doors*, and by them pilgrims enter when they visit the basilicas, this being one of the conditions, "by no means over easy!" for acquiring the indulgence. Woe to those who enter by any other door! In that case they still remain burning brands of hell. What superhuman power in these mysterious thresholds; what magic in these doors, independently of which the tombs of the apostles lose even their habitual efficacy, and every prayer becomes a mere soap-bubble, tossed about at the mercy of the winds! *Avete*, then, oh! most spiritual doors, which purify souls from their sins, *avete*! *Salvete*, oh! divine doors, which exempt souls from the gridirons and spits of purgatory, *salvete*! What were the ebony and ivory doors of ancient paganism compared to the *holy doors* of the Papacy? An illusion. They were doors of dreams, these are doors of reality. In this sense, Wiseman is quite correct when he exclaims, at p. 24, "For what in reality is Ultramontaniam? Not, certainly, a variation of doctrine, but a more vivid and individual perception, an experience of its operation." That it is not "a variation of doctrine" is easy to be understood.

Having entirely adopted the paganism of antiquity, it cannot vary unless it would turn to the doctrine of the Gospel, which, so long as the Papacy is Papacy, is impossible. It therefore merely professes to give us "a more vivid and individual perception, an experience of its operation." Papal Rome has quite outdone old paganism in this respect, celebrated though the latter was for its dazzling performances. Yes, yes; go to Rome at any time, but especially during its jubilees, and you will verify by your own personal experience that Roman Catholicism is nothing more than "a vivid perception," that is, nothing more than paganism. Christ and his worship have no need of vivid perception, or of external show, but simply of faith. It is an evangelical axiom, that where there is pageantry there is no spirit. Thus it is that the Italian proverb says, "Rome is the city without faith," not only because it is *par excellence* the city of priests, but much more because it is the city of sensuality in worship, and therefore pagan.

Wiseman himself shall prove the paganism of Papal Rome, and then even Papists must admit the truth of my proposition, however unpleasing to their palates. He has this sentence: "It is a year in which the Holy See does all it can to make Rome spiritually attractive, and spiritually only." What does this mean? It means that in other years Rome is made attractive, but not "spiritually;" at all events, not "spiritually only." This is a premise which Wiseman will not deny, when he has himself furnished me with it. Now for the argument. The principal attractions of Rome in ordinary years are, according to him, the functions of the Holy Week, the pontificals of the Pope, his benedictions and processions. But none of these ceremonies of Roman Catholic worship, according to Wiseman, are to be considered "spiritual," at least not "spiritual only;" they are therefore pagan, for paganism begins where spirituality ends. Indeed, but a very superficial knowledge of ancient and modern

paganism is sufficient to remove all doubt that the majority of the dogmas, the hierarchy and discipline, and the worship of Papal Rome in general, are but an imitation, and often a refinement, of ancient paganism.

Confining myself to the bombastic descriptions given by Wiseman, I would ask, what is the benediction of the Pope from the *Loggia* of St. Peter except paganism of the worst stamp, the paganism of Nebuchadnezzar and Helio-gabalus? I will describe it entirely in the words of our author, in order that my reader may, if he can, discover in it a single atom of spirituality. "The gigantic flight of steps leading to the church, with immense terraces between, are covered with such a carpet as no loom ever wove. Groups of peasantry from the neighbouring towns and villages cover it, some standing in eager expectation; many lying down at full stretch, waiting more calmly, chiefly women and children. The men are in their gayest attire, with blue or green velvet jackets, their hair gathered in a green silk net, with white stockings and silver buckles at the knee, and still more on the foot. But the female attire on those occasions was characteristically distinct. The peasantry of Frascati and Albano, with immense gold earrings and necklaces, the silver skewer through the hair under the snow-white kerchief, with richly-brocaded stomachers and showy silks, looked almost poor beside the oriental splendour of the costume, supposed to be in truth Saracenic, of the dames from Nettuno. A veil of domestic texture, of gold relieved by stripes of the richest colours, form the crown of a dress truly elegant and magnificent. Gay colours, also, form the predominant feature of more inland districts, as of Sonnino and Sezze. Below, on the level ground, are ranges of equipages filled with the more aristocratic visitors, and further still, there is an open military square in the middle of which a brilliant staff glistens in the sun. For some time, the more eager have been rushing in every direction to reach the pre-appointed place of sight. The

bell has been tolling a heavy, monotonous bomb; its sudden hush is a signal for that indescribable tide-like murmur and inarticulate heave which in a crowd implies silence. And what is all this for? It is a vision of a moment. After long expectation, a few heads are just seen, but hardly recognisable above the balustrade of the balcony, then the flabellæ or fans of state, and last, lifted high, the mitred pontiff. A few words are spoken, which are undistinguishable below. The Pope rises, raises his eyes to heaven, opens wide and closes his arms, and pours out from a full heart, and often with a clear, sonorous voice, a blessing on all below. Amidst the clang of bells, the clatter of drums, and the crash of military bands that reach the ear only as noise, while the trumpet is yet speaking to the cannonneer, and he to heaven, the vision has vanished; the observed of all observers seems to have melted from before the eye, which finds itself gazing once more on vacancy. An improvement on this is hardly imaginable; never did a great occasion so completely create its own circumstances." "Never," I add, never beyond Romanism and paganism. We read that the same homage was paid to the Sultan of Constantinople by his Mussulmans, when, surrounded by a hundred thousand pomps and ceremonies, he presented himself to the people, especially on the occasion of Ramazan. The same homage is paid by the Indians to their Grand Lama, on the days that they are made to believe that their invisible pontiff blesses them. It is useless, then, to challenge the people who are not pagans, or, what is still worse, who are not Papists, to improve these benedictions. We glory in having no such follies in evangelical worship—follies expressly adapted to attract the multitudes, but not to do them good. We ask the benedictions we require of our Father which is in heaven, and ask them in the privacy of our own habitations. We ask them amidst, and in the language of, our families—ask them in the omnipotent name of our only Pontiff, Jesus Christ.

I do not deny that Wiseman's description is vivid and rich in its romantic style. I do not deny that the thing described, the benediction of the Pope, is an imposing spectacle. I do not deny that this "vision" is "a scene never to be forgotten;" but I absolutely deny that it is a spiritual thing, when even the description of Wiseman himself could bestow upon it no other character than that of a pagan ceremonial.

Let Wiseman now prove to us that the processions of his Popes are less pagan than his benedictions, and let us take for model the procession of processions, the *Corpus Domini*. "Between the seven deep lines of spectators, no longer northerns, but country people mostly, many of whom appear in the almost oriental costumes of their villages, rich in velvet, embroidery, and bullion, pass in succession the religious corporations, as they are called, of the city; next, the chapters of the many collegiate churches, and those of the basilicas, preceded by their peculiar canopy-shaped banners, and their most ancient and precious crosses, dating even from Constantine. Then comes that noblest hierarchy that surrounds the first see in the world, partaking, necessarily, of the double function and character of its possessor—prelates of various degrees, holding the great offices of state and of the household; judges, administrators, and councillors. (N.B. I advise Mr. Bowyer not to call them laymen when he again attacks Dr. Cumming.) These are followed by bishops of every portion of the church, arranged in the episcopal robes of their various countries—Latins, Greeks, Melchites, Maronites, Armenians, and Copts. To them again succeeds the Sacred College, divided like a chapter into deacons and priests, but with the addition of the still higher order of bishops . . . who immediately preceded the finishing group of its moving picture. Its base was formed by almost a multitude of attendants, such as, had they been the object at which one could look, would have carried one back three centuries at least. The bright

steel armour of the Swiss Guards, upon party-coloured doublet and hose, the officers' suits being richly damascened in gold, gleamed amid the red damask tunics of the bearers, walking symmetrically and unflinchingly under a heavy burden, while the many two-handed swords of the Swiss, flamed upwards, parallel with the lofty poles of a rich silver tissue and embroidered canopy, that towered above all, and was carried by persons who deemed it high honour, and who wore also the quaint costume of days gone by. But high in air, beneath the canopy, and upon the estrade or small platform borne aloft, is the crowning object of the entire procession. Upon a faldstool, richly covered, stands the golden monstrance, as it was anciently called in England, ~~that~~ contains the holiest object of Catholic belief and worship—i.e. a wafer—and behind it the pontiff kneels (this is not true, but only simulated), with his ample embroidered mantle embracing the faldstool before him.” Now, who will contend that this is anything but paganism from beginning to end? paganism of the most classic colouring? What else were the processions of the Egyptians when they carried their sacred ox all around? What the processions of the Romans when they bore their mother Cybele to the bath? What the processions of the Indians when they exhibited their inhuman Juggernaut? What difference is there between the processions of the pagans and those of the Catholics, except in the increased magnificence and greater hypocrisy of the latter, which renders them even more pagan than the former?

And here again I do not deny that the florid description of Wiseman is adapted to produce the impression upon weak minds that the Papal procession is a very imposing spectacle, nor do I deny that the spectacle attracts an immense number of people, nor that the procession leaves upon the mind “impressions never to be effaced,” especially when it numbers among its other “characteristics” “the bared head” of the pontiff, “his dark hair floating

unheeded in the breeze ;” but that such processions are spiritual I do deny, unless a mere vain show and a gathering of people from curiosity, if not from a worse motive, is to be called spirituality.

But perhaps in the greatest of all the Papist sacrifices—the Mass—when celebrated by the greatest priest, with the greatest possible solemnity, and in the greatest temple of the world, we may find repose from sensual paganism and rest, and freedom in the undraped spirituality of Calvary. Let us enter St. Peter, under the guidance of Wiseman. “The Papal throne is erected opposite the altar; that is, it forms the furthest point in the sanctuary or choir. It is ample and lofty, ascended by several steps, on which are grouped or seated the pontiff’s attendants. On either side, wide apart, at nearly the breadth of the nave, are benches on which assist the orders of cardinals, bishops, and priests on one side, and deacons on the other, with bishops and prelates behind them, and then between them and the altar two lines of the splendid noble guard, forming a hedge to multitudes as varied in class and clan as were the visitors at Jerusalem at the first Christian Whitsuntide. At the moment to which we are alluding it is the altar which rivets, which concentrates all attention. On its highest step, turned towards the people, has just stood the pontiff, supported and surrounded by his ministers, whose widening ranks descended to the lowest step, forming a pyramid of rich and varied materials, but moving, living, and acting with unstudied ease. Now, in a moment it is deserted. The high priest, with all his attendants, has retired to the throne. The cardinal deacon advances to the front of the altar, taking thence the paten, he elevates it, and then deposits it on a rich veil hung round the neck of the kneeling sub-deacon, who bears it to the throne. Then he himself elevates, turning from side to side, the jeweled chalice, and with it raised on high, descends the steps of the altar, and slowly and solemnly bears it along the space between altar and

throne. A crash is heard of swords lowered to the ground, and their scabbards ringing on the marble pavement, as the guards fall on one knee, and the multitudes bow down in humble adoration of Him whom they believe to be passing by." Well, with all this ample and fervid description we have not even the half of the great Vatican performance. Wiseman has forgotten the Swiss guards, with cuirasses and halberds, the Pontifical Grenadiers, the French Zouaves, standing under arms along the whole length of the immense basilica and around the altar. He has forgotten the two long lines of platforms thronged with ladies of every country, to whom the opportunity is thus afforded, not only of seeing the ceremony by means of their opera-glasses, but also of being seen. In order to be the more readily observed and admired, they are ordered to appear with veils, and without bonnets, which affords them an excellent opportunity to display their black or flaxen hair and the artistic skill of the perruquier. Wiseman, too, has forgotten the trumpets, which play a sweet *notturmo* during the elevation of the host; and for greater effect are placed at the end of the basilica, at the large window over the principal door of the temple, as was the case in certain of the charlatan concerts at the Surrey Gardens. He has forgotten, in short—not to speak of a thousand other objects—the fascinating attraction of the music, which, although not German, did, and does still enjoy the reputation of being the most classic of any country, from Palestrina down to Basili of our own days, executed by the choir of the Papal chapel, which has always been considered unrivalled. This may afford some idea of a pontifical mass celebrated by the Pope. But can all this be called anything but paganism? Does not similar paganism, though without the admixture of Papist imposture, subsist still, after the lapse of so many ages, with almost identical ceremonials, in Pegu, Japan, and China?

Certainly, Wiseman has a right to think that "an improvement upon this is hardly imaginable." Still there

are those who attempt it. Who and where? Comedians at the theatre. Those who have witnessed "Robert le Diable," or the "Huguenots," either at the Grand Opera at Paris or at old Covent Garden in London, know that the imitation of all these ceremonials of the Popes was practised there, and most successfully. And this is their right place. Beyond the theatre they are found nowhere except in Roman Catholic churches, and especially at St. Peter's of Rome. But whether in theatre or church, they are only copies of paganism.

It is useless for Papists to try to evade the force of the argument; paganism is too inherent in their system to be separated from it. The famous syllogistic sophism attributed to the mother of Philip, of Alcibiades, of Pericles, &c., "I govern my son, my son governs Athens, Athens governs Greece, therefore I govern Greece," becomes an eminently scholastic syllogism, when the premises are stated to prove the paganism of Papal Rome. Such as are the churches, such must be the worship. The churches are pagan, therefore the worship must be pagan. To prove that the churches are pagan, we have only to copy Wiseman at p. 85. "Rome is a city of churches, neither more nor less than a city of galleries and museums, for its churches enter into this class of wonders, too. (Bravo! bravissimo!) Architecture, painting, Scripture, rich marbles, metal work, decoration, artistic effects of every sort, are to be found separate or combined in the churches." What is all this, but paganism? Who made the temples of idols, so many museums and galleries, not surpassed in grandeur and riches by any palace of Cæsars? The pagans of Memphis, of Nineveh, of Thebes, of Babylon, of Carthage, of Athens, and Rome. Roman Catholicism, then, is nothing but ancient paganism under a different name, but the same in form and dogma.

Again, then, Wiseman is right when he assures us that ultramontaniam is not "a variation of doctrine."

No, it is no variation of doctrine. That cannot vary which was found in mythology, in the liturgies of Herodotus, Plato, Ovid, and Catullus. Rome has never varied. The Rome of Pius IX. has, in common with the Rome of Numa and Augustus, major and minor gods, their apparitions, their images, their miracles, their mediation, temples, vows, tablets, altars, incense, holy water, indulgences, purgatory, expiation; the hierarchy, from the *Pontifex Maximus* to the *fratres arvales*; exorcisms, charms, penates, oracles, and all the rest of ancient imposture. Roman Catholicism is not then "a variation of doctrine," but only "a more vivid perception." That is to say, that while paganism had a germ of modesty, Catholicism has none; and that, with regard to the gratification of the senses, the Rome of the Popes has outdone the Rome of Romulus. Roman Catholics cannot accuse me of employing unbecoming language. It is not my own, I have only copied one of the dignitaries of their church. The descriptions of Wiseman represent only material worship. If it is true that "God is a Spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth" (John iv. 24), then every thing material is pagan, and, as Rome is at the head of this splendid materiality of worship, so Rome is the prototype of paganism. To increase the misfortune it is Papal paganism. It is mythology without history; the imposture of Olympus without the reality of the Arcopagus and of the Forum; the Vatican without the Acropolis and the Capitol; Popes and priests without heroes; a lie within a lie, without its compensation; Circe, who bewitches her victims; Medusa, who petrifies them to devour them; doubly cursed as paganism and papacy †

COROLLARY.

Leo XII. died despised by all, having displeased all—the cardinals, because he would act for himself; the priests, whose peculations he discovered in his importunate visits;

the liberals, whom he persecuted with the hatred of Cain ; and his subjects in general, whose condition he rendered worse by his ill-digested attempts at reform. He did well to choose his tomb and write his epitaph himself, for not even a dog would have undertaken the task after his death.

PART THE THIRD.

PIUS VIII.

CHAPTER I.

CHARACTER AND PONTIFICATE OF PIUS VIII.

PIUS VIII. was from the little town of Cingoli; his name was Saverio Castiglioni, and he was Pope twenty months. His Secretary of State was Cardinal Albani, by whose intrigues he had been elected Pope instead of Cappellari. The cardinal was a musical amateur, and preferred accompanying the *prima donna* who came to sing at the theatres of Rome on the pianoforte, to attending to affairs of state. Wiseman records but three events of this pontificate—Catholic Emancipation in England, in which it did not co-operate; the brief to the Prussian bishops, which did not take effect; the revolution of France, July 1830, which did not belong to it. That Castiglioni should be learned in canonical law, is but a small merit in reality, considering the progress made in the philosophical sciences. But by those who take an interest in these musty antiquities, Pius VIII. must be regarded with respect.

The Romans liked him because he falsified the proverb *Honores mutant mores*, and did not forget as Pope that as cardinal he had loved the bottle of Orvietó, which he drunk every day at an inn beyond Porta Pia. An hour after his election, before appearing in public to go to St. Peter, he ordered that all the barricades placed in front of public houses by the stupid bigotry of

Leo, should be removed. The scandal of seeing people drinking in the middle of the street was thus put a stop to, as well as the inconvenience to pedestrians who were every now and then compelled to pass through the midst of a multitude of drinkers, not always the most peaceable and contented, particularly when constrained to empty their glasses in the rain, or exposed to the heat of the dog-days. It required all the stupid bigotry of a Leo XII. to thrust wine-drinkers into the street in a country where St. Peter himself would find it impossible to prevent the use of wine, which is a positive necessity, in consequence of the impurity of the air.

Another thing worthy of mention in this pontificate is, that Pius VIII. left a full treasury at his death, not having employed the State finances either for good or evil. He will then pass to posterity among the few Popes whose memories are not execrated, for he had not time to make himself hated ; a privilege which he shares with Titus Vespasian, who was a model of clemency and wisdom, and who occupied the throne but little longer than Pius VIII. Perhaps, had the reign of either been longer, they would have been regarded by posterity in a different light. No one began to reign better than Nero, no one finished worse. Pius VIII. may thank the shortness of his pontificate, perhaps, that his memory is not now cursed like that of his successor.

CHAPTER II.

TRIFLES.

A PONTIFICATE so insignificant as that of Pius VIII. is the most natural place for recording some facts to which Wiseman attaches great importance, but which are in reality mere trifles. Before everything else is his decided passion for contemporaneous prophecies. Of the last six Popes, all Popes by prophecy, four, at least, according to him, were predicted to wear the tiara by other Popes. Let us examine his logic, which undoubtedly does honour to the Roman schools, although it is so corrupt as to offend the novices of Cambridge and Oxford. "To tell the truth, one does not see why, if a Jewish high priest had the gift of prophecy for his year of office (John xii. 52), one of a much higher order and dignity should not occasionally be allowed to possess it." Wiseman is very clever in treating romances *nocturna manu diurna*, but certainly not the Scriptures. He ought to know that the office of Jewish high priest was ordained by God himself. From the time of Malachi until the coming of Jesus, in order that the people might not be deprived of the oracle, God imparted the gift of prophecy to the high priest during his official year. It is, however, altogether erroneous to deduce from that an argument *a fortiori* in favour of the Pope when there is no even argument *a pari*. The high priest of Romanism is not a divine ordination at all. Every one who has read the Bible, and especially Paul's writings, knows that the ancient priesthood was the ante-type of Christ, and that it entirely ceased at his appearance, Christ being the last high priest, and

in this character now seated at the right-hand of his Father in the heavens not made with hands. He, therefore, who now assumes the name of high priest not only has no Divine authority, but commits an act of sacrilegious presumption, a diabolical robbery like that of Lucifer. No analogy exists in the premises, and therefore Wiseman's inference is altogether gratuitous, and his Papist prophecies of as much real value as a Gipsy's. It is of no avail to say that the Romish church believes its own prophecies. The Irvingite church also believes its own prophecies, but no one else believes them. It is true that the mode of prophecy is different in the two churches. In Rome it is by voluntary contribution; among the Irvingites it is paid charlatanism, but in both churches the prophecy is the same thing—an imposition.

Another reminiscence to which Wiseman has dedicated several chapters is, the English college at Rome. This may be pardoned him. Even the mouse recalls with pleasure the trap from which he escaped, after having devoured the bacon and cheese it contained. We shall the more willingly permit Wiseman to indulge in this grateful recollection of his college, as it was there that he was transformed from a humble Tipperary worm into a splendid gay butterfly. Besides, I can say but little of this college, having known but little of it. Its only prominent feature, and the one which I shall never forget, is the unpleasant sensation produced upon me—and upon many others as well—by the sight of the English collegians, no less than by that of their comrades, the German collegians. I must candidly confess that I formed a very unfavourable idea of English habits and manners, from the type offered by these collegians. Their manner of running, pushing, and intruding everywhere, their desperate elbow thrusts in the sides of the Italians, when intent upon satisfying their curiosity, their stupid, yet petulant air, with staring eyes and

open mouths, made them even more prominent than their Teutonic companions, whose mechanical heaviness excited derision in Rome. The people in Rome called the members of the German college the boiled crabs, on account of their red gowns. Public opinion was divided with regard to the English collegians in their black gowns, and among the names they received were those of flying dragons, hopping fleas, cawing rooks, intrusive beetles, though they were most generally distinguished as foreign crab-lice.

The last trifle that I shall take the trouble to record is the English Cardinalate, to which, for reasons easy to be understood, our Wiseman consecrates a couple of chapters. But as his first two cardinals *in erba*, Baines and Lingard, die without the purple, or being nominated to it, I shall not Quixotically attack a windmill. As to Cardinal Weld, seeing that he was to Rome what Pius VIII., his creator, was to the Roman States—a merely passive being—I have neither praise nor blame to bestow upon him.

I shall however make use of his memory to prophecy in my turn, not à la Wiseman, with the white coifs of the Popes, but as a man, with history in his hands, exhibiting to the English, through the medium of a cardinal of their nation, at Rome, what the cardinalate will be in England when it has become hereditary and perpetual as *ab antiquo*. Wiseman records of Weld, that "his apartments in the Odescalchi palace were splendidly furnished, and periodically filled with the aristocracy of Rome, native and foreign." This is the style! but though it may appear more Sybaritic than apostolic, the difference is not great, because to be the successor of the apostles does not necessarily imply imitation of their virtues. At all events the cardinals prefer to give, rather than receive hospitality, as was the case with the apostles and disciples of Christ. They cannot do without the Lucullian luxury in which they are steeped, which is not

only the guerdon, but forms the *prestige* of their caste. In the splendour which surrounds them consists the secret of their power not only with the multitude—saving always that of Rome and Italy, which knows how to appreciate them rightly—but even with the aristocracy and with courts. Without their worldly splendour, the respect they receive, which stands at the present at 120 degrees of the social thermometer in the shade, would suddenly descend to freezing point, although exposed to the sun. This splendour is to the cardinals what false hair, false teeth, false limbs and joints are to an old coquette, and in this respect also, the cardinalate is most dangerous for England. The aristocracy, even though of hostile creed, will respect it, not because it is theology or canon law, but because of its luxury and vanity. Since I have lived in England I have ceased to wonder at the esteem, or rather the sympathy, which has always subsisted between its aristocracy, and the cardinalate. *Arcades ambo*. There is such a family resemblance between them that they must, if not of necessity, at least from affinity, love one another as brothers. In their palaces, apartments, and villas, at their dinners and soirées, they are the same. While thus bearing so strong a resemblance in every-day things, they are equally alike in extraordinary luxury, and particularly in the displays of their respective courts. On such occasions both have horses richly caparisoned, lace liveries, gilded coaches; the purple is the same, the jewels are the same; the hat and coronet have the same signification; the title of eminence or grace is used, in both cases to mean the highest honours, so that it would be a matter of surprise if by his compeers—nay, inferiors, elective princes being superior to them—a cardinal was ill-received or treated contemptuously in London.

And hence arises the danger for Protestant England. When once deference and respect succeed antagonism—that is, when the feeling of horror caused by the light of

the serpent ceases to be felt, and it is permitted to show its head at the door, it will not be slow to 'introduce its whole body into the house, and will quickly sting the inhabitants. This is called knowing how to do business. Rome will begin with London, where there is a court, government, parliament, and primate. When London is gained, Rome will disseminate her cardinals throughout the provinces, where she has already established their precursors, the titular bishops. The mercantile aristocracy will imitate the dynastic aristocracy, and will consider itself honoured by the invitation of a prince eligible to an Italian throne. It will be a repetition of what Wiseman affirms took place in Rome with Weld. "When his hospitable mansion was thrown open to his countrymen, I believe that never was the sternest professor of a different creed known to decline the honour which the invitation of the English cardinal was acknowledged to confer." In this way does Rome inoculate even the most inimical Puritan with her *virus*. For an Italian, who can and does look with contempt at the cardinal's purple as a heritage of intrigue and usurpation, the English cardinalate is a mere trifle; but when the purple is regarded with the aristocratic English eye, its introduction in the United Kingdom is the *chef d'œuvre* of Papal cunning. The days of Wolsey, Beaton, and Pole must be the almost inevitable consequence. The Papacy will again flourish, introduced by such powerful and favoured advocates, that is quite true; everything, however, may be tolerated which comes from such EMINENCES!

COROLLARY.

Pius VIII. died approved by all; first, because if he had done no good, he had, at least, done no harm to any one, a characteristic almost unique in the history of the Papacy; secondly, because the death of a Pope is

always pleasing to his subjects, who hope to gain by the change. Pasquino expressed this to the cardinals in the following lines:—

“Nol sapendo imitare in tutto il resto,
Imitatelo almeno in morir presto.” •

(If you cannot imitate him in all the rest, follow his example, at least, in dying soon).

PART THE FOURTH.

•
GREGORY XVI.

CHAPTER I.

CHARACTER OF GREGORY XVI.

THE reader is warned, for the last time, that he must not expect a complete history of the pontificate of Gregory XVI. To do justice to it, a whole volume would be required, and would be quite contrary to the object of this little work. The task I have imposed upon myself is simply to follow Wiseman as the shadow follows the body, and oppose reminiscence to reminiscence. Now, *incredibile dictu*, Wiseman's reminiscences of Gregory are reduced almost to nothing. I shall, therefore, be spared the obligation of diving deep into the mud of this corrupt pontificate. It would appear incredible that a pontificate of sixteen years, and one so fertile in events should only yield a few pages to the fanciful brain of our son of Erin. But in truth this need not excite wonder. Powerful reasons urged upon Wiseman the tactics of reserve; the chief of these were gratitude and caste. Gregory it was who transplanted Wiseman from the English College of Rome to the imaginary fields of *Melipotamus*, with the privilege of enjoying the hospitality and roast beef of John Bull. Gratitude, therefore, imposed upon him the duty of speaking of the Pope who had anointed him successor of the apostles only with the tongue of praise. But as only good and great actions can be praised, and as

such actions on Gregory's part are perfectly microscopical, gratitude suggested silence as being far more to his Pope's honour than anything he could say about him. Up to this point I think no one can blame Wiseman. Gratitude is pleasing in all, even in the mouse, who having been previously spared by the lion, released him from the net by gnawing the meshes, and thus enabled him to recommence his wholesale rapine and horrid carnage. It happens, however, with writers as with scales; the more weight is put in one scale, the higher the other rises into vacuity. Thus, the more grateful we believe Wiseman, the less faith we shall yield to the writer; impartiality being always in inverse ratio to friendship and gratitude.

If Wiseman was counselled to silence by gratitude, he was no less forced to it by caste. The enormities of the pontificate of Gregory are so great and numerous that they would suffice to render not only one Pope infamous, but a dozen. Would it then have been prudent for Wiseman to enumerate, analyse, and expose them to public execration? Certainly not. He, therefore, employed the only alternative, and having proclaimed, with Homer's trumpet blast, that portion of his deeds which seemed to him worthy to be immortalised, he withheld all which would have dishonoured his fraternity. As a priest he has done well, and has proved that he is not a bird to sully his own nest. The impartial recital, however, will not be at all difficult for the historian, for there was no mystery in Gregory's iniquity. But Wiseman being unable to write impartially, chose what was least evil, and was silent as to the rest. It is true that he might have enhanced the horror of the picture by contrasting it with the one no less horrible of the pontificate of Pius IX.; but here again the double motive of fraternity and gratitude prevented anything like comparison and discredit. Moreover the pontificate of Pius IX. is indebted for its enormities in a great measure

to the benefit of succession, *i.e.* it is the more iniquitous only by right of inheritance. Though the Pope may have his share of personal mischief, yet his pontificate will be rendered infamous to posterity, chiefly by the men who are associated with it. The majority of these men, for example, Antonelli, Matteucci, Sibilla, Nardoni, Vanicelli, Grassellini, Amici, Viale-Prelà, Savelli, Bedini, and a hundred others, are but a Gregorian bequest. Wiseman, therefore, could not have treated of them without doing discredit to two pontificates at one time, and casting obloquy upon his two best benefactors. For this reason he held his peace; an act of wisdom which might be imitated to the advantage of all by the Thames's good fathers, if they would prevent the river being made the sewer of the metropolis. It now receives pestilence into its bosom at low water, and at high water carries death to London, intensified by its own fermentation. Let the Charons of the black river learn then from Wiseman, that when the infamy of one pontificate is identified with that of the preceding, the best thing is to say nothing about it.

That the infamous character of these two pontificates is a reality and not invented by party spirit, Wiseman's non-remembrances amply suffice to prove. If the infamy appears incredible to some, it arises only from illusion or self-deception. The error of those at a distance often consists in confounding the pontiff with some good quality emanating from him, constituting such good quality into character, and impressing this fictitious character upon the whole of his pontificate. But such data are false, and consequently the conclusions can only be erroneous. One good quality does not form the character of the individual, but only enters as a part of it, unless it is so decided and predominant as to subdue all that is bad, change the entire nature, as the branch of a domestic plant grafted upon a wild stem, and, above all, so independent as not to be dominated or overcome

by anything whatever. In that case it becomes character, and impressing its own stamp upon the actions of the individual, renders him dear and pleasing to others instead of being odious as he would have been if abandoned to his bad natural inclinations. It must further be observed that what is reputedly a good quality is frequently so only in appearance; just as spurious gold that frequently deceives the eye until it is submitted to the test. Thus an individual may manifest an abundance of good qualities so long as he lives in a humble condition and they are not brought into contact with men and things to try their purity. History exhibits those who were modest, pleasing, and gentle while in a low obscure state, but who have become tyrants and monsters when raised to the throne. Since there is no true virtue—or at least nothing that can be considered as such—except that which has been tried by temptation, it clearly appears that an individual may enjoy a false reputation for peaceableness if he has had no experience of contradiction, for affection until he has experienced ingratitude, for humility until he has experienced adulation, and so on. It therefore results that a Pope may be confounded with his pontificate when he brings either his natural character to the pontificate, as was the case with Leo XII., or his acquired character, as with Pius VII., who, as Pope, never forgot the Monk; but that an isolated good quality cannot be taken as the whole character while such quality is untried and not subjected to the vicissitudes of the throne and the will of those surrounding it, as in the case of Gregory XVI. and Pius IX., the former of whom brought but half, the latter but one-third of a man to the Papal throne.

Pius IX. is at this moment carrying out a pontificate of speculation, malversation, Sanfedism, and persecution, in a large measure the work of others. The third part of himself which sits in the pretended chair of St. Peter is

that of the priest who delights himself with nuns, Immaculate Conception, Jesuits, and professional beggars. For these stupid peculiarities he has a natural disposition, which, while he was an obscure priest, gained for him the credit of a kind heart and weak mind. Let us combine these genuine characteristics which agree with my personal reminiscences, and which the persuasion I myself found existing in his family. Now, when a Pope has a supposed modicum of kindness of heart and a positively weak mind, two things necessarily follow: religious fanaticism carried to the utmost excess, and blind servility to the will of ministers and men employed to intimidate him. Here we have the true character of the pontificate of Pius IX. How does it benefit his subjects that he is reputed to possess a kind heart, if his kindness manifests itself only in favouring the enemies of Italy and the assassins of his State? What is the good of his kind heart when he cannot, or has accustomed himself not to desire to, do anything but what is commanded him by the wretched Antonelli, or by Austria, of which, as Mastai, he was formerly an officer? Admitting, then, that Pius IX. has a kind heart, as it is incontestable, that he is conducting an accursed pontificate, it proves my proposition that one good quality of a Pope must not be confounded with his general character, and much less taken as a characteristic of his pontificate, which other qualities and other characteristics concur to render execrable.

I am, however, very doubtful as to the pretended good heart of Pius IX. Either he sees and knows nothing of the enormities committed under his pontificate by Antonelli, and then he is an absolute simpleton, unworthy of a throne; or else he knows, sees, and approves them, and then he is no simpleton, but really bad. Let it not be said that he deplors them as much as others. To be satisfied with deploring when it is in his power to put a stop to them, will not free him from the charge of

wickedness; at least he is wickedly weak and timid. But it would be a hard matter to persuade me that he is the man to deplore such enormities. In the answer which he made to the Dean of the Sacred College on the last anniversary of his election, he emphatically congratulated himself upon having remedied the errors of the commencement of his pontificate. Now, these errors were the few deceptive and mutilated reforms conceded to his subjects between 1846 and 1848. It therefore seems that he calls errors those changes which excited hope in every breast, and which might in due time and under better auspices have completed the felicity of the Roman States; and that, on the contrary, he believes he has remedied matters when he returned to the normal state of ecclesiastical absolutism, thanks to the occupation and support of two foreign armies. Pius IX., therefore, is bad at heart, bad by counsel, and bad by profession.

These facts premised, it will be easily understood how Gregory's memory should be so execrated, notwithstanding that, as monk and cardinal, he enjoyed the reputation of being a jovial, friendly man. These qualities do not make the Pope. He remained jovial and friendly even as Pope, within his private circle, and especially with the family of his barber, Gaetanino; and yet few names in history have been cursed as his by his subjects. The private character of the individual becomes the guarantee of the public character of the prince when it is completely absorbed into the composition of his reign. But such was not the case with Gregory, who, even according to Wiseman, was so far from descending to any amiability towards his subjects, that, when occasionally caught in the act of jesting with his private courtiers, he instantly resumed the cold gravity of Tiberius, or the sarcastic smile of Julian. He might fairly be compared to the hyena, which laughs in the midst of its young while it devours with them the

victim it has taken and slain. It should also be considered that, as monk and cardinal, he was a species of Hildebrand under cover, advising and intriguing for the aggrandisement and triumph of the Holy See—the supreme divinity of his mind. His pontificate must therefore be, and was, anything but jovial. He brought to the Papacy the mania for covering the whole world with the emissaries and pretensions of Rome, which mania he abundantly satisfied by recalling to himself, while upon the throne, all ecclesiastical duties to give to them the impress of the last of the Gregories. He knew nothing at all about civil or political matters, held all innovations in abomination, and had a natural antipathy to innovators. He chose for his pro-Secretary of State the ferocious Bernetti, head of the Sanfedists in the Roman States, and known to his subjects by his brutal rage. After having exalted to the cardinalate Lambruschini, the quintessence of retrogression, he made him Secretary of State for the whole period of his pontificate. Now, who could expect from such elements a liberal and prosperous pontificate? No one but a Bishop of Melipotamus. Bouillet, in his Dictionary, approved by the Archbishop of Paris, remarked quite naturally that Gregory XVI. “was opposed to all innovation, and favoured the Jesuits.” Does not this sufficiently characterise this bad pontiff and his fatal pontificate?

The revolution which greeted the dawn of his reign, and the belligerent cannon of his subjects in Romagna, which re-echoed to the weakling guns of Castel St. Angelo, when they proclaimed him Pope, had no influence in rendering Gregory obstinately set against all concession or reform. His obstinacy thus manifested was a part of his character. He was one of those numerous ecclesiastics, so especially abundant at Rome, who, under the exterior of amiability, and with the appearance of hilarity in private life, and decided epicurean tendencies, nourish sentiments pertinaciously adverse to all

novelty in the government of the Roman States, and consider it altogether useless, thinking that their subjects should be content with the crumbs which fall from the table of a government so paternal as that of the Papacy. It was therefore only natural that the revolution should irritate him greatly against its authors, but not that it should indispose his mind to reforms which had never entered into his plans. The revolution did, in truth, irritate his mind more than the cancer irritated his nose, whatever Wiseman may write to the contrary. It is certainly wretchedly illogical of our Melipotamus to try to persuade us that "the Pope displayed the utmost calm," when he himself exhibits so much acrimony and ill-concealed spite in giving his reminiscences of him after a lapse of twenty-seven years. Wiseman, Wiseman! beware, lest you betray your race in your anxiety to defend it. When you would deceive, be cautious not to laugh; your laugh being forced, displays the sharp teeth of the ravenous and insatiable beast of prey, still red with the blood of its victim. But worse still; Wiseman, in this portion of his reminiscences, so misstates principles and facts, as to transform the legitimate revolution of the Roman subjects into something more heinous than disloyal rebellion. I shall unravel this skein, which is purposely rendered intricate by our author, and present in historic succession the course of events which occurred on this memorable occasion; events undoubtedly leading to the revolution of 1848, which was entirely to change the aspect of affairs in the Roman States.

It is pretending to ignorance wittingly, and shutting one's eyes at midday, in order to say it is dark when anybody writes, "neither could it be said that the revolution was a last measure after preliminary efforts, the resource of men driven to extremity, by being denied all redress. The outburst was sudden, though doubtless premeditated; it aimed at the final overthrow of the reigning power, not at modifications of government."

With what conscience can Wiseman say that the Roman subjects were not "driven to extremity by being denied all redress"? At the period of the revolution at the two extremities of Italy, in 1821, large promises had been made, in the proclamations of Consalvi, which had never been fulfilled. The subjects remonstrated; but suffered. From the beginning to the end of the pontificate of Leo XII. his subjects remonstrated in the most moderate and legal manner against his ruinous changes, but were never listened to: yet they did not rise. Under Pius VIII.—who being a man of harmless disposition, and whose secretary of state was Albani, who had just then returned from the legation at Bologna, the very centre of discontent, and who ought to have done something to relieve it—the unhappy subjects expected to see healed the wounds inflicted upon them by the bigoted obstinacy of Leo; and though the new pontiff remained unmoved, yet his subjects did not revolt. None but a priest then could help recognising that "the revolution was a last measure of men driven to extremity by being denied all redress." While the Roman subjects were awaiting reforms, and these as soon as possible, in order to prevent the certain explosion of revolutionary powder accumulated as in a mine during three pontificates of delusion, the cardinals in conclave were squabbling about trifles, under different pretences, and wasting nearly two months for their personal gratification, instead of thinking of the subjects' good. And, after all this, Wiseman wonders that a revolution should break out. Poor man! I pity him.

There is a proverb, common to most nations, to the effect that the man who is warned is half saved. The conclave did not lack warning, if priests were capable of learning anything about the art of governing except from their breviaries and catechism. The revolution of the preceding July in France might have

taught them something, followed as it was by such happy results for the people. If it is true that facts are worth more than words, the example of the three glorious days at Paris ought to have more effect than all the theories of three generations of philosophers. The Roman subjects learned from them that if the want of faith, with regard to a single part of a constitutional paper not sworn to, was a just cause for which the Parisians overturned the throne of Charles X., the break of faith after a hundred promises, and the total want of principle shown by their government, were reasons more than sufficient for the Roman subjects to overturn the throne of the pontiff, and proclaim him unworthy to reign, because incapable of reigning. The revolution of July moreover taught the Roman subjects that when a people revolt with arms in their hands against princes who break their word, it ought never to be "to obtain modifications of government only," but to accomplish "the final overthrow of the reigning power." To leave on the throne the power against which they have revolted, is too great an act of temerity. Not only need they not expect the required reforms, but even pardon; and even though the examples of Naples and of Spain did not exist to corroborate the theory that that revolution commits suicide which leaves the power on the throne against which it has revolted, yet history said so much of the three glorious days as to leave no doubt in the minds of the Roman subjects that one of their first duties was to march upon Rome, to dethrone the pontiff, and substitute the government most acceptable to themselves. Finally the Parisian revolution had introduced into the code of nations a new principle—although substantially as old as society;—the right of the people to choose their own sovereign, and the recognition on the part of other cabinets of all *accomplished facts*. The Roman subjects therefore reasoned logically when they thus expressed themselves—if the substitution of

the Orleans for the Bourbon branch was legitimate in France, it can but be legitimate in the Roman States to substitute a popular and Italian government for the cruel anomaly of the Papacy; and the rather that "no sooner had the French Revolution proved complete, and Louis Philippe been seated firmly on his throne than he (Pius VIII.) frankly recognised his government, and confirmed the credentials of his own nuncio." Although the "frankly" is a spirited invention of Wiseman—since from a parcel of conservatism, excusable in the old Castiglioni, he recognised Louis Philippe, not as King of the French, but only as King of France and Navarre—to have recognised him as king, and not treat him as an usurper was sufficient to make his subjects arrive at the conclusion that they had a right to chase from the throne the pontiff whom they had not chosen, and who remained upon it in opposition to their will, that their right would be recognised as legitimate, and the dethronement of the pontiff be valid. But a last observation will seal the legitimacy of their revolution; they were encouraged to it by the false assurance of *non intervento*. Not yet having had experience of the French, their bombastic nature and their excitable superficiality, they believed that if a nation like France had decreed the law of *non intervento*, it would make it respected by all the other nations, even by force of arms. Reasoning, after the ancient fashion, they concluded they might revolt against the Pope, since neither subjects would defend him, nor strangers liberate him. This was the very spark which caused the explosion of the powder which the discontent of the Roman subjects had been accumulating under the three pontiffs succeeding the restoration.

When once the Bolognese had risen to shake off the humiliating yoke of the priests, they marched armed to Rome, this being the natural course of every revolution springing up in the provinces. The necessity of

dethroning the sovereign involves that of occupying the capital to dislodge him from the palace, and to take possession of the reins of government. That Rome subsequently took no great part in this movement cannot be a mystery to Wiseman. That the revolution had its partisans even in Rome itself is proved by the very facts stated by our author, and I, for my part, can assure him that if the attack upon the guard of the Piazza Colonna, of the 12th February, had succeeded, perhaps even Rome then would have shared in the revolution no less than the provinces. But the blow having failed, in consequence of being ill-directed, Rome remained almost neutral, only a part of the population having "rather manifested enthusiasm to her new sovereign." I like the word "rather," which limits the devotion to the new sovereign to a single class of persons, and confines it within fixed bounds. The reserve maintained by the other party proves that this devotion had no existence there, and that it would have taken up arms with the revolutionists if it had not been prevented by longstanding animosity existing between Rome and Bologna—and which only gave way under the favourable influence of the revolution of 1848. At the period to which we are referring, this feud was in full force. Both cities had grievances which caused them to eye each other with deep aversion, and transmit from father to son the sentiments of reciprocal hatred and municipal jealousy. Though Rome had become the sole capital, yet Bologna—which had been its own capital until the French occupation—owing to its celebrated university, its manufactures and its well-diffused riches, enjoyed such a reputation throughout Italy for wisdom and natural independence, as to make it regarded rather as the rival than the subject of Rome. It was therefore almost an understood compact, that everything which originated in one of the two cities, should be ill-received by the other. The revolution, as taking birth at Bologna, con-

sequently could not meet with practical favour from the upper classes in Rome, although the latter had no sympathy with the pontifical throne.

With regard, however, to the pompous assertion of Wiseman, that "the loyalty of the poorer classes became almost alarming," I can convince him that it neither alarmed the revolutionists of the provinces nor disarmed the volunteers, who marched against Rome; and that, notwithstanding all ostentation of loyalty, Gregory XVI. would have been dethroned had it not been for foreign intervention. Subsequent events demonstrated that this popular enthusiasm was nothing but the loyalty of ignorance. The lower classes of Rome, never having enjoyed free institutions under the pontiffs up to that time, had not learned that Rome could do without Popes. The sublime lesson, as I have before shown, was not given and received until 1848. It was this very people, so loyal in 1831, who, in 1848, pointed their cannon at the Quirinal to democratise the Pope; who heard of his flight with no emotion but that of contempt; who applauded when his fall was decreed; who abstained from any demonstration of enthusiasm when he was restored to their midst by French bayonets. The Romans of Pius IX. were no longer the Romans of Gregory XVI. They had given their quota of martyrs to the Italian cause, consequently did not any longer refuse to take part in the common movement. Having been once rebaptized in the blood of their volunteer legions upon the field of national independence, they no longer were, nor ever again will be, the defenders of the Popes or the servants of the clergy. "There was one consolation certainly in what had just occurred. The insurrection had broken out before his (Gregory's) election was known. It could have no personal motive, no enmity to himself. It arose against the rule, not against the ruler; against the throne, not against its actual possessor." *Amen.* If Wiseman finds a source of consolation in all this, nobody

will be more pleased than myself. The revolution in the Roman States ought not to be against Gregory, nor against Pius, nor against Lucifer individually, but "against the rule and the throne." It is not against the Pope personally, but against the Papacy that war is to be waged. When the clerical kingdom of the Priest-king is destroyed, he will follow it to destruction; and I am delighted beyond measure to know that this is the opinion in the Roman States. The first act of the revolution of 1831 was, "the overthrow of the reigning power," while the great result of the revolution of 1849 was, the decree of the abolition of the pontifical government. Even Wiseman must see in these two facts the clear and express will of the people, both of the capital and the provinces,—whether in provisional committee or in constituent assembly,—to have done with the government of the priests for ever.

The two epochs present a not uninteresting contrast: nations who have become revolutionary to win freedom, and free individuals who have become retrograde and despotic from the ambition to reign. In the little Bolognese army, which marched under the classic name of the Legion of Pallas, were two young men, by name Charles Napoleon and Louis Napoleon Buonaparte, sons of a king of Holland called Louis, and true children of the beautiful and capricious Hortense Beauharnais. They fought against the Papacy, and the older of them died excommunicated upon the battle field at Forli, because he expired in the act of making war against the visible head of the Catholic Apostolic Roman Church. The other survived, and what is more, lived to atone for his own sin and that of his brother by becoming the champion of the Pope and the restorer of the Papacy in 1849. Will any one be incredulous about conversion after this? After such a metamorphose who will refuse to believe in miracles? Atheists and libertines may laugh behind father Newman's back when he tells of the

wolf, obliged, by St. Francesco da Paola, to render him all manner of services and bestow upon him the caresses usually paid him by the lamb which he had devoured ! Here we have more than a wolf, a true cannibal of Popes, who becomes a lamb in due time, to revivify the putrescent carcass of the Papacy with the warmth of its wool, and with its tongue devotedly lick its ulcers and worms. What a pity that German rationalism should have spoiled the old phantasmagoria of Papist miracles, and thus allowed the wolf to peep out from under the skin of the lamb, and have shown the motive of the transformation to be the desire of a crown and an imperial mantle. If it was only a fiction, it was a profitable one.

In what manner did Gregory meet and disperse the tempest ? By yielding to the remonstrances of his subjects and guaranteeing reforms which would ensure their happiness ? Nonsense ! Had such been the case, I should sadly have calumniated him in describing him, as I have done, as totally averse to every species of innovation. What then was his course ? He corrupted the commander-general of the little army which marched against Rome, arrested its triumphal march at Civita Castellana until he was assured of Austrian intervention, and, in fact, until an Austrian army marched in the track of the victors. Such was the first paternal act of the government of Gregory XVI. ! Wiseman tries with might and main to excuse this intervention, and exculpate his most admired Pope ; but he forgets the well-known adage, *excusatio non petita fit accusatio manifesta*. When a sovereign is the first cause of the insurrection of his subjects, and when he has not the force to repress it, the best thing he can do is to take his departure. To call in the aid of foreign armies is worse than tyranny itself ; it is the absolute renunciation of every national sentiment. Even Charles Felix of Sardinia (afterwards surnamed Charles the Ferocious),

when Austrian intervention was imposed upon him by the Congress of Verona, in 1821, hearing of the overthrow of the Piedmontese army, uttered an exclamation to the effect that he would have preferred a year of exile to the discomfiture of his Sardinian troops, the one being a personal calamity, the other a national disaster, involving terrible future consequences. Wiseman's excuse is the worse, that he himself is obliged to admit "that foreign assistance, especially when prolonged, is an evil, no one can doubt, and as such none more deplored it than Gregory XVI." Perverse reasoning! If foreign assistance is an evil, why seek it? Who can believe that Gregory deplored it when he himself solicited and blessed it? It was very easy for him to perform the comedy when his subjects paid the expense of it. The good Pope solicited Austrian intervention, and then from respect to appearances, pretended to deplore it more than any body. He was like the crocodile, who sheds tears over the skull of a man when he has devoured all the rest of his body, and who weeps, not from repentance, but only because nothing now remains but the naked cranium for him to devour.

In vain does our chronicler exert himself to make us believe that "there was only a choice of evils; and surely this one was less so than anarchy and all its miseries. In fact, it is a mistake to speak of choice, since it was a necessity without an alternative." More trifling, worthy of a priest! There was no more anarchy than there was in 1848-49, but a government quite equal at least to that of the Pope, and in the estimation of some a thousand times better. The "necessity," however, "without alternative" exists only in the mind of the ecclesiastical writer, and is most disingenuous. We read in the Roman Breviary, for the 13th day of October, the following sublime sentence, attributed by the church to its canonized saint, Edward; *malle se regno carere quod sine corde et sanguine obtineri non possit*

Here then "the necessity without alternative" is cast to the winds by the common sense of a young prince, venerated as a saint by Papists. Why do not the Popes imitate the saints canonized by themselves? Because it would not answer their purpose. Let it be observed that this example of Edward is precisely the alternative which conscience and common sense presented to Gregory XVI. to free him from the dire necessity of foreign intervention. If a lay prince would rather lose his kingdom than regain it at the price of blood, why should the Pope, the head of the church, and calling himself the vicar of Christ, persist in remaining on the throne against the will of his subjects, even by invoking foreign arms, and shedding the blood of those whom he ironically calls his sons? Let Wiseman reply to this alternative.

I here take the opportunity to protest, in my own name and that of my fellow-countrymen, against Wiseman's stupid assertion that the Papal government was "in the confidence of a paternal rule:" could it possibly nourish such a confidence when one Pope after another had undone the work of his predecessor on the ground of bad administration? Is this a paternal government? Confidence can only be cultivated in connection with the conviction that all is done for the happiness of the subject. The Papal government could not live in this confidence, and if it flattered itself that it could, the assurance was based upon a fallacy. The reiterated appeals of the subjects of the Papal government subsequent to the restoration ought to have proved to the Popes, as they should prove to Wiseman, that their government had the reputation of being anything but paternal, and that to abandon themselves to this confidence was to guide their ship deliberately into the eddies of the Maelstrom. It is moreover a fact, that when a government is really paternal, does not offend its subjects, or attack their liberties, it has no need of foreign armies. Its own subjects never

seek to overturn it, but are ever ready to arm voluntarily to defend it from all attacks, whether internal or external. But not only do I pretest, I hurl an imprecation against Wiseman and all writers of his race, who pretend to oblige us to submit to the rule of the priests, because "Rome is a state recognised by all Europe as governed for high and important reasons by an ecclesiastical ruler." Pray who has given Europe the right to impose the ignominious yoke of a priest upon the Roman subjects? What right have the European States to interfere with the purely domestic affairs of the Roman State? What right have the princes and nations of Europe or of the world to oblige the Romans to harbour and maintain the Pope against their will, for the benefit of others? Curses upon those who believe in such a right! If the sovereigns of Europe have Catholic subjects who want the Pope and wish to have him, what has Rome to do with the bigotry of the one and the politics of the other? If Catholics wish to have the Pope, that is no reason for imposing him upon the Romans. If they like to take him home, and make as much of him, and feed him as delicately as the Egyptians did their crocodile, or the Babylonians their dragon, we shall never be jealous; but to force him upon those who wish to have no more to do with him is an iniquity worthy of Catholic princes and people, but is no reason why the Romans should be satisfied. The age for sacrificing the Romans for the common advantage, as the goat of malediction, is passed away, and they will no longer on any account submit to it. We Romans have as much right to change our form of government as the French, Spanish, Portuguese, Belgians, Greeks, or any other people. The time for believing in the divine right of kings is gone by, and the period is come when the divine right of the people to choose their own kings must be recognised. The time is not far off when it will be admitted by all, that the people were not created for the kings, but that kings are to be nominated by the people,

and that the millions have more right to elect their sovereign than sovereigns to believe that they have inherited their subjects in the same way as their money, estates, and flocks. Before many more generations have passed away the anomaly will disappear of a dozen families being the absolute arbiters of the fate of two hundred millions of the best minds created by God, often sacrificed to the caprices of boy kings, or adulterous queens, and all for the honour of divine right. Divine right did not prevent the Bourbons of Spain, and the Braganzas of Portugal, from becoming kings by the will of the people. Neither did divine right prevent the perjured Stuarts from being succeeded by the House of Orange, or the Bourbons by the Orleans family. Is divine right then to survive only for the misfortune of the Roman States? We will cast the musty relic into the Tiber, as others have thrown it into the Thames, the Tagus, and the Seine; and the more legitimately that it is not a dynastic but an elective right; an election with which the people have nothing to do, and the subject of which, before his election, has no particular attachment to the people.

But why should I lose myself in inductions when the Pope himself is of my opinion? Wiseman has learned very little from the Irish schools and the English college at Rome when he, on the one hand, reproaches the Roman subjects for their revolution, and for having erected a lay government at Bologna on the ruins of the Papacy, and when, to praise Gregory XVI. on the other, he cites his apostolic constitution, *Sollicitudo Ecclesiarum*, in which bull "the Holy See recognises governments established *de facto*, without thereby going into the question of abstract rights." Wonderful! If, according to Wiseman, such were the sentiments of Gregory as cardinal, and if he expressed them in an infallible bull scarcely six months after his election as pontiff, why did he not himself begin to practise them in favour of his subjects?

The government established in Bologna by the proclamation signed by Vicini, Orioli, and Silvani, was as much a government *de facto* as the government of the American republics that revolted against Ferdinand VII. of Spain which occasioned the bull. Why not then recognise and ratify the Bolognese as well as the American revolution? Why should not the Papacy reconcile itself to the loss of the provinces as it sought to reconcile Ferdinand to that of the colonies? Because it is not agreeable to the Pope to practise what he taught; because it is easier to tell another to do a thing than to do it oneself; because when the wolf preaches gentleness to the lamb it is to be understood that he is far as the poles from it himself, and that he only preaches for his own profit, and to facilitate the acquisition of his prey. Thus we had all the canonists at home and abroad employed to prove "the abstract rights" of the Pope, not to one but to three crowns, and his inalienable claim to maintain them in their integrity, which is called doing honour to his own bull. But to show still more evidently how dishonest is the Papacy, and how far its words differ from its acts, I will here remind the reader that when, in consequence of the cowardly flight of the Pope, in 1848, Rome constituted unto itself a government *de facto*, and, as such, had the sanction of the people, was recognised by other governments, legislated, armed, and fought against brutal enemies, Pius IX. was far from respecting the principle infallibly established in the bull of his predecessor. Did he recognise the government *de facto* of the Roman people? Certainly not; and instead of one foreign occupation, he solicited three at once, to prove to the world that there is nothing less to be depended upon than the word of a priest, which is never that of a gentleman; nothing less sincere than the bull of a Pope, because, as a legislator, he does not feel himself obliged to obey his own laws; and this doubly increases the right of the

Romans to free themselves from so iniquitous a government.

But when Gregory, by means of foreign aid, had, in the course of a few months succeeded in replacing the ecclesiastical bit in the mouth of his subjects, let us see how he set about satisfying their wants. To proceed historically, Bologna exchanged armed revolution for unarmed petition, and yielding to the weak counsel of those who advised her to try supplications with the new Pope, ceased to assume even the appearance of imposing reforms upon him, but left him to enjoy the satisfaction of initiating them. The experiment, according to all historic deductions, must of necessity prove fruitless, seeing that an offended sovereign never pardons, unless he be as great as Alexander; nor can supplications ever obtain from the same authority what was impossible to get from it by arms, unless such authority has undergone constitutional metamorphosis. The Bolognese, therefore, hoping against hope, presented a memorial to the Pope, soliciting certain radical reforms, which would not have diminished his authority, but would have tended greatly to the happiness of his subjects. I have great gratification in calling attention to this memorial:—1st. Because it was drawn up with so much wisdom and moderation that it afterwards served as the basis of the famous *memorandum* presented by the five powers to Gregory, with the same view to reform. 2nd. Because its preparation was confided to my only uncle, the general of the civic guard, who afterwards merited the honour of being exiled for the cause of Italy, and died in exile. The reader will, I trust, pardon my honest family pride. I would thus prove that we are not liberals *de la veille*, and that if quarterings make aristocracy, our family has a right to be numbered among the aristocracy of patriotism. The memorial was sent to Rome with a deputation, of whom the canon Mezzofanti was a member. But what did Gregory for

Bologna and the State? Dismissed the deputation without a single word of hope, but, as if to compensate for his refusal, created Mezzofanti Monsignore and his domestic prelate.

Let the reader imagine a deputation from Canada or Australia demanding a local government having their request refused by it being honoured as a set-off by the nomination of one of its number as groom in waiting to the Queen. Can it be imagined that Mezzofanti and his new honours were received by the Bolognese with exultation or respect? It would have been against nature, and was not the case. Or that the Bolognese quietly accepted this refusal and redoubled their devotion to the Pope? This would have been equally contrary to nature, and was not the case; on the contrary, after this refusal their hatred to the cursed domination of the priests increased so violently that they preferred to attach themselves to foreigners. I do not hesitate to say that the Austrians were less hated in Bologna than the priests, and the Bolognese choose to be subject to Austria rather than to the Pope, and publicly made the proposal to this effect to the Austrian general commanding the occupying army in their city.

They preferred Austria! Austria of broken promises to the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom,—Austria of the Piombi of Venice and the dungeons of Spielberg,—Austria of the state of siege and of the courts-martial! Yet so it was. At the period of which I am writing the Bolognese made no mystery of their preference, and if the fruit had not been too immature Austria might have possessed herself of it, and Bologna would only have thanked her. We must then conclude that the government of the priests is something truly iniquitous if the Pope's subjects would have preferred even Austria to it; nor do I exaggerate when I call the Papacy an enormity; such facts speak more eloquently than my assertions. I would not, however, leave the reader

under the erroneous impression from what I have said that my fellow-Bolognese, or the Roman subjects, or Italians in general, have any sympathy for the Austrians now. No! thanks, a thousand thanks to God, they have not. At present their hatred is equally balanced between the Papacy and Austria, between priests and foreign rulers; and they long equally to be rid of both races because both are equally antinational, hostile, and wicked.

The reasonable and moderate demands of the subjects on one side, and the anomalous and intemperate conduct of the Papal government on the other, at length moved the five principal powers of Europe to interfere diplomatically in the Roman States, and unitedly present their *memorandum* to Gregory. In this document they insisted that the Papacy should take a form more consistent with the usages of European society, with the wants of the age and of its subjects. The five powers presented the *memorandum* collectively and individually, and pressed the pontifical government to concede what they asked. What happened? They individually and collectively obtained fair words and promises which were never meant to be kept. Having thus gained time, the priestly government set to work wilily to sow discord in the camp of the five protecting powers, reproached the Catholic governments with endeavouring to impose laws upon their common father and place him under pressure and affliction, and gave the Protestant governments to understand that they had nothing to do with the head of the church, that their intervention was ill employed and suggested by sectarian prejudice in favour of rebels. By such policy Rome succeeded in being left to herself. Did either of the five powers venture to remonstrate by means of its agent as to the nonfulfilment of promises, the others joined in chorus to protest against pressing things too far and to advise silence. Thus the Roman subjects

gained nothing but injury and contempt. All this diplomatic mediation resolved itself finally, as usual, into a prolonged irony. I shall not reproach the five powers with their hypocritical charity. Can we expect miracles? Civilised diplomacy can never be false to its mission of lies, nor can the European governments ever sincerely promote the welfare of any part of Italy. It is to their egotistical interest that Italy should remain divided. To remain divided it must be all ill governed; thus it is impossible that the European governments can desire to see even a single part of it well governed. They know that that part would in time transform the whole of Italy into what it should be—a nation. Nor do I reproach the Italians for having, in 1832, believed in the lying *memorandum*. The experience of treachery had not yet taught them that their country had nothing to hope from foreigners. Italians would, however, be well deserving of reproach if, after the infamous proceedings of foreigners against Italy and its nationality in 1848-49, they could now nourish a single atom of confidence in governments hostile to them by nature and necessity. Either Italy can get on by herself—and with twenty-five millions of people she ought to be able—and will reconquer her independence and liberty, even in spite of adverse governments, or else it is sought to make her believe that she has need of others and that others are ready to assist in her regeneration; and in that case I say, cursed is he who has breathed such counsel to Italians, anathemas upon the Italian who believes it; both are deserving of the chain and scourge which now dishonour and afflict Italy. Oh! would to God that the lessons of the past, lessons of terrible disenchantment, might serve to awaken Italy from the soft slumbers of hope. The independence of their beautiful country will never be secured to Italians by singing the praises of their foreign protectors, but by fighting on the field with the sword of Scipio, of Cæsar, of Agricola, of

Marius ; a sword whose wounds ought to be familiar to those who would assume the mask of her protectors.

Thus, undisturbed, Gregory could continue his abnormal pontifical government, and he and his ministry were able, without opposition, to carry on their *razzia* against the liberals. The English reader must not believe Wiseman when he says, "I am not aware that there was a single political execution in his pontificate." May God pardon all liars ! Without going beyond my native city of Bologna, I can tell Wiseman that, in 1843 alone, besides many condemned to the galleys, six were condemned to death for political crimes, and the sentence was executed against them. I shall not pause to consider the catalogue of all other deaths, a single fact will suffice to show what faith is to be placed in Wiseman's assertions. Certainly if we compare the eight condemned with the forty executed in Bologna, under Pius IX., and, still more, with the one hundred and fifty who perished by bullets, in a few weeks, at Simgaglia and Ancona, under the angelical Mastai, Gregory XVI. will seem clement in comparison to Pius IX. This concession I am willing to make, being a question of clemency, not as absolute but relative to more complete and more brutal tyranny. The difference between the two pontificates is not that of the crime of the subjects, but of the secretaries of state. Lambruschini, though retrograde and hostile to liberalism, was a man—bad if you will, as far as patriots were concerned, and, therefore he treated them badly, but yet as a man. Antonelli, on the other hand, in right of lineage, as the son and grandson of highway murderers, treats liberals without mercy because he treats them as an assassin. To say nothing about the horror excited in Europe by one hundred and fifty executions in the course of a few weeks in a State the head of which is the pretended Vicar of Christ, who pardoned even his crucifiers, history has perpetuated with a black stone the infamy of the Pope and his minister whose victims

were dragged to the scaffold in cold blood, after having languished in prison for five years without trial. On this account the pontificate of Gregory may be considered less bloody and iniquitous than that of Pius IX.

Gregory is not, however, absolved for all this from his quota of horrible persecutions. It was under his pontificate, especially, that those political vexations began which changed the Roman States into a desert. Espionage became a necessity of government, was introduced even within the domestic sanctuary, and envenomed the very purest and most natural sources of society. The police had become omnipotent; its generalissimo being the secretary of state, it held the subjects, bound hand and foot, to torment them at its will and pleasure. What wonder if under such malign influence society withered and perished like a sweet flower under the scorching sun or blasting hail? No one could invite more than nine friends to dinner without having previously obtained permission of the police. No one could cheer his family by giving his relatives a ball without having first asked and obtained license from the police. No one could go from one city to another in the same State without asking and obtaining a passport from the police. Indeed, in order the better to watch over the citizens, and learn their private sentiments, an extraordinary body of policemen was appointed, called, after their chief, *Zamboniani*, a set of men chosen from the very offscouring of the populace, the greater part of them the refuse of the dungeons and galleys, and so detested that they could only be introduced into Bologna between two files of Austrian soldiers to protect the vile wretches against the fury of a resolute people. Their orders were to be present, armed, at every public assembly, and I well remember their hateful presence in the hall when a concert was given by the municipality of Allatri on the centenary of St. Sixtus, the patron of the city, although the concert

was honoured by the presence of the bishop and the prelate governor. All this Neronian rigour was common to all throughout the State. Special measures of terrors were adopted against the patriots. The list of proscriptions included a fabulous number of citizens. Their return was placed beyond hope by their names being sent to all the nunciature in order to preclude the possibility of their obtaining passports. The cell system in the convict prisons and fortresses was carried to the utmost excess of severity, and in many cases the sufferings inflicted were beyond imagination; although even here the intuitive ferocity of Antonelli has exceeded the enormities of his predecessors. For this reason, when the regeneration of Italy shall have come, I would not have those simply condemned to death who have tyrannised over her children. No, I would insist that the monsters who now insult and trample upon them should be treated in the same manner,—shut up in the same dungeons in which they have incarcerated the patriots, and treated in every case as they have treated the liberals. I care little whether it be called vengeance or justice. I know that it would be a just, complete, perfect, and well-merited retribution.

It should not be thought, however, that the Roman subjects suffered without protesting against the indignities heaped upon them. They made many attempts at revolt, and among others, two which offered some prospect of success, in 1843 and 1845, although a final success was not realised. These movements, however, served to prove to Gregory that it was not only against the rule "that the people revolted, but also against the ruler." They also proved to foreigners the continued enormities of the Papal government, political convulsions only taking place where the system of government is vicious. It was during one of these risings that the circumstance occurred which led Antonelli to the purple, and which may serve as a guide

to the mysteries of the Papal administration. Antonelli was at that time delegate or governor of the province of Viterbo. Suspecting that several young men belonging to the principal families had joined the conspiracy, he one day summoned their fathers before him, and, in the name of the Pope, solemnly promised them impunity for their sons if they would candidly confess whether or no they were concerned in the plot. The parents, alarmed by the intelligence received from Rome and Bologna of severe condemnations, and assured by the sacred word of a prelate, openly confessed their sons' participation. Antonelli dismissed them with a smile of confidence and kindness, which, by a singular antithesis, he has at command. At night, when all was darkness and silence in the city, several vehicles guarded by gens d'armes stopped at the houses of the confiding families. Torn from their beds and manacled, the young men were immediately carried off to some unknown place of destination, and it was only after their condemnation had been pronounced that their distracted families learned they were shut up in the fort of Civita Castellana, where they remained until the death of Gregory. So signal a service performed for the government with so much tact could not go unrewarded. Antonelli was immediately promoted to the delegation of Macerata, which is considered the most important and honourable in the Roman States. Here, having committed adultery publicly, as a recompense for this ecclesiastical scandal, he was called to Rome as pro-treasurer, the cardinal's hat being thus assured to him, which he received not long after at the hands of Pius IX. Such is the way in which many become cardinals of the holy Roman church, and such is the merit which, beyond all other, makes its way in the government of the priests. *Sic itur ad astra*, the classic scholar would exclaim. The profane vulgar have, however, a better proverb :—*chi la fa più sporca diventa capitano*.

Before bringing this chapter of Papal iniquities to a close, I desire to submit to my readers a sketch of reform demanded by the Roman subjects. This I shall extract from the *memorandum* sent by them to all the cabinets of Europe a short time prior to the death of Gregory XVI.

"We venerate the ecclesiastical hierarchy and the whole clergy. We entertain the hope that it will recognise the noble essence of civilisation embraced in Catholicism. Therefore, in order that our views may not be misinterpreted by Italy and Europe, we proclaim aloud our respect for the sovereignty of the pontiff as the chief of the Universal Church, without restriction or condition. As respects the obedience due to him as a temporal sovereign, behold the principles which we propose to him for a basis, and the demands which we make:—

"1. That he shall accord an amnesty to all political offenders accused since 1821;

"2. That he shall accord a civil and criminal code, modeled on those of other parts of Europe, establishing the publicity of debates, trial by jury, and the abolishment of confiscation and of the punishment of death for the crime of treason;

"3. That the Inquisition and other ecclesiastical tribunals shall be divested of all jurisdiction over the laity;

"4. That the political trials shall be conducted before the ordinary tribunals, with the ordinary forms;

"5. That municipal councils shall be freely chosen by the people, and their choice approved by the sovereign; that these councils shall nominate provincial councils, and that the supreme council of State be named by the sovereign from lists presented by the provincial councils;

"6. The Supreme Council of State, sitting at Rome, shall have the control of the finances and the public debt; that it shall have a determining voice in reference to all matters of public interest;

"7. That all employments and dignities, civil and military, be conferred on the laity;

"8. That the public instruction shall cease to be subjected to bishops and clergy, religious education being reserved exclusively to them;

"9. That the censorship of the press be restricted to the prevention of injury to the divinity, the Catholic religion, to the sovereign, and to the domestic life of the citizen;

"10. That foreign troops be disbanded;

"11. That there be instituted an urban guard, charged with the maintenance of public order and of the observance of the laws.

"12. Finally, that the government enter upon the path of all the social ameliorations demanded by the spirit of the age, and practised by the other governments of Europe."

From the perusal of this document the reader will arrive at the double conclusion of the anomaly and iniquity of the Papal government ; and the justice due to the Roman subjects of freeing them from it. For us the reasoning assumes a form extremely simple, although strictly logical. If the Roman subjects, like all other people, have a right to choose their own government and governors,—if by their continued risings it appears that they want to have no more to do with priests,—if the sacerdotal office is not that of domineering over as mundane princes, but only the direction of souls,—if it is true that the Papal priesthood is the successor of the apostles who were never temporal rulers,—if apostolic succession necessarily implies perfect imitation of the life of the fathers, then without any spirit of hatred or revenge, but for the sake of the justice they owe to themselves and others, the Roman subjects proclaim to all the governments and people of Europe by the mouth of the great Alfieri,—

“ Il primo Prete
Torni alla rete.”*

Let the first priest return to his net.

CHAPTER II.

ARTS.

THE arts of peace are not always the most accurate test of the goodness and perfection of a government. Tyrants are not invariably guided by the maxim, *panem et circenses*; but those of them who seek to hide their despotism not only feed and divert their people, but endeavour to fascinate them by the beauty of splendid edifices and the riches of artistic collections. Thus it was that Pericles rendered so glorious his dictatorship, which, in a political point of view, was the prime cause of the loss of Athenian liberty. Augustus, who, like Pericles, gave his name to his age, for the grandeur and beauty of his numerous architectural constructions, was the beloved despot, although with him in fact finished the Roman republic. Who loved Rome better than Nero, who raised it from a labyrinth of narrow lanes to a city of palaces and squares? But will his name be known to posterity as *Pater Patriæ*, father of the country? The first care of the great Cosimo de Medici, who substituted his own family for the Florentine republic, was to adorn Florence with sumptuous edifices and enrich it with the most splendid art treasures collected from every part of the world without respect to cost. France was indebted for its most colossal buildings, the marvels of Paris, to Louis XIV., whom she called "great," though his greatness was accidental and independent of his mind, which did not reach beyond obstinate mediocrity. Yet few kings who have sat upon the throne of St. Louis, beneath the standard of the three frogs, have been more despotic than he. And, to conclude these illustrations, who in Gallican history can

compete with the present *Militocrat* as to the embellishment of Paris, yet who would cite his empire as a model of wisdom, clemency, or liberty? With such premises before his eyes the reader will not suffer himself to be betrayed into false conclusions in favour of the pontificate of Gregory through Wiseman's florid assertions. "However warlike the attitude may appear which Gregory was compelled to assume at the commencement of his reign (*i.e.* as the vicar of Jesus Christ), the arts which stamped it with their character were the arts of peace. Scarcely any pontificate has their footprints more deeply or more widely impressed on it than his."

Let it not be thought that I am resolved to deny any portion of commendation to the pontiff and his predecessors for what he or they did in favour of the arts. I am not so uncandid. Passion for the arts, however, cannot blind me to such an extent as to render me indifferent to logic in penning this chapter respecting the protection afforded them by the Popes. Many circumstances concur to deprive this protection of either originality or spontaneity, while it offers the very antithesis to personal liberality. It is necessary to reflect that in Italy, the land of the fine arts, there never was a sovereign, however small and limited his territory, who was not obliged by the nature of the Italian people to pay homage to the arts. The families of Malatesta, da Polenta, Scaligeri, Visconti, Este, Farnese, Medici, all paid tribute to the majesty of the arts, with monuments which have always resisted all foreign competition no less than the effects of time. Even under the state of servitude in which Italy groans at the present day, its despots have not forgotten the arts at Milan, Venice, Parma, Modena, Florence, or Naples. It is therefore a national necessity to which the Popes also must bow, however, contrary to their natural inclination.

The protection given by the Popes to the arts was almost all expended upon the erection and adornment of

their churches. The Vatican palace was the offspring of pique rather than protection. Such protection is one of the necessities of Roman Catholicism; Papal paganism depends in a great measure upon the artistic splendour of its temples and their functions. It is therefore a forced protection and altogether selfish, having no relation to the progress of art in itself but being employed as an instrument to strengthen and consolidate the Papal system. In short it is a thievish protection since the people are compelled to bear the expense of it. The man who promotes art at his own cost alone has the right to be called its patron. A Pope can only aspire to the title when he has talent enough to create artists and influence to restrain their passions for innovation; or when he has the perception and good sense to spend the money furnished him for the purpose by his subjects in works destined to pass without criticism to posterity. Taking our stand upon these conditions, which are the only equitable rule, few indeed of the Popes can claim a right to be numbered among the patrons of art. Wiseman has previously observed that the favourite architect during the pontificate of Pius VII. was one Valadier, a man of inferior talent; and whose public buildings were so poor as to be unworthy of Rome. When Gregory XVI. preferred the sculptor Fabris to Taddolini, Finelli, and Tennerani, only because he was his compatriot and subsequently made him president of the academy of St. Luca, he virtually recontaminated the arts—which had been purified by Canova—with all the barocco, the berninesque, and mannerism of past times. No, this is not patronage of the arts, but of favourites, and can only make art subservient to the cabal and intrigue of ignorant and incapable men.

But we must not anticipate events when logical order compels us to examine the remedy by the side of the evils. If we find Popes who restore ancient monuments and establish museums, we shall be quite disposed to bestow just praise upon them; but at the same time there

are other; Popes whom we cannot pardon for having ruined these monuments and dissipated the treasures lavished upon them by Rome. We shall thus arrive at the conclusion that the remedy cannot absolutely be termed the protection of the arts, but only compensation for the evil done by the Popes to the arts, and that scarcely in due proportion. This affords ground for belief that if Rome had never had any Popes it would at this day number more monuments and works of art than those which Wiseman now exerts himself to magnify. Nothing surely could be more poetically imaginative than the following passage:—"At length the mines were sprung, and heathenism tottered, fell, and crashed, like Dagon, on its own pavements, and, through the rents and fissures, basilicas started up from their concealment below, cast in mould of sands unseen in these depths; altar and chancel, roof and pavement, baptistery and pontifical chair, up they rose in brick or marble, wood or bronze, what they had been in friable sandstone below." Apart from the bombast of this paragraph, I would beg Wiseman to observe that this is the very point on which the Popes sin against the greatness of Roman art. In vain does Wiseman try to persuade us "to have kept up its monuments would have been impossible. What would Christians have done with *Thermæ*, *Amphitheatres*, and their lewd representations?" Do without the "representations," but preserve the monuments. Instead, the Popes destroyed amphitheatres to substitute the circuses for Papistic bull-fighting, or for some representation yet more immoral, as in the days of the incestuous Borgia. *Thermæ* were allowed to perish, the use of the bath being of small importance in a church which in its Breviary (Oct. 21) raises to the seventh heaven an Harion, who for nearly seventy years washed neither himself nor his apparel, saying that it was useless to look for cleanliness in hair-cloth. The Catholic basilicas, nevertheless, springing from the ruins of Paganism, were only the same thing

under a different name, and retained the forms of the old, having employed its materials even to the usurpation of its temples, on the pretext of purifying them with the new worship. In the mania for consecrating to Christ what had belonged to the devil the ill-judging faithful destroyed the best artistic antiquities to satisfy the wants of Catholic Vandalism. Thus was destroyed for ever the mausoleum of Adrian, now known as the Castel Sant' Angelo. Its columns of incomparable beauty were wanted for the construction of the Ostiense basilica, dedicated to St. Paul. This fate befell at least two-thirds of the imperial monuments, which were destroyed that their materials might be used in the erection of Catholic churches. When, on the other side, it answered the purpose of the Papacy to parody paganism, then pagan temples were changed into churches, but so deformed as scarcely to retain a trace of their original beauty. To mention but two or three out of a hundred; who would now recognise the temple of Romulus and Remus—a beauty of primitive republican art—transformed as it was into the church of St. Cosma and Damian in the Roman forum? Who in the forum could any longer recognise the magnificent temple of Antoninus and Faustina metamorphosed into the church of St. Lorenzo, if it were not for the excavations which have in part restored to paganism what of right belongs to it? Who in the midst of the chaos of altars, niches, Madonnas, and saints, which contaminate the church of the Franciscans, called *Ara Cœli*, could persuade himself that he stands in the identical temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, once so celebrated for its purity of style and grandeur of dimensions? But the most flagrant crime against art is the profanation of the Pantheon. Not content with having despoiled it of its gods, it has been converted into a church with the self-same object. Dedicated to the Madonna, and all the martyrs of whom she is queen (?), it only changed its name, while the Popes violated its chaste

artistic beauties and substituted statues and pictures below mediocrity for the classicism of the preceding idols. Nor did this suffice. Urban VIII. robbed the Pantheon of the bronzes which ornamented its cupola, the only grand relics of the kind in classic antiquity, to erect in the Vatican one of the most ridiculously Barrocco works ever seen in Rome—the canopy over the great altar of the basilica. True, the inscription on the grand attic of the Pantheon still records the creation of Agrippa, but the two miserable steeples and the cross sufficiently indicate its present metamorphose. From a lion it has been condemned to become an ass. In order to complete the Catholic Vandalism during the time that I was at Rome, the pontifical academy of the Pantheon was permitted to open a door in the porch for its use, which has quite spoiled the symmetry, and at the same time destroyed the originally sublime simplicity of the building. Yet, after such serious artistic sacrileges, Wiseman deems it intolerable that “the Pantheon had long been to Rome what Santa Croce was to Florence, and Westminster Abbey used once to be to us—the mausoleum of great men. The busts of distinguished Italians were arranged round its walls, and gave a profane appearance to the church.” He afterwards praises Pius VII., by whose order “a new gallery was prepared in the capitol, under the name of Protomotheca, and in one night, in 1820, the whole of the busts were removed from the Pantheon and carried thither.” I may observe, in passing, that they were taken away at night to avoid the public indignation of the Roman people, and that the capitoline Protomotheca is one of the most unfortunate caricatures which was ever imagined to insult Italian genius. If the busts of distinguished Italians “gave a profane appearance to the church,” what shall we say of the gigantic statues of the Popes in the mausoleums of St. Peter? When we consider the life of many of these Popes, not only ought their statues to be considered as a profanation

of the Vatican, but as the consecration of iniquity in the chief temple of Romanism. The most natural conclusion arising out of the foregoing is, that the artistic monuments of ancient Rome will never again meet with the reverence which is their due, until they are relieved of all Papist intrusion. With regard to the Pantheon, in particular, I can but express the desire to see it transformed permanently into the mausoleum of the great Italians of ancient Rome. When every appendage added to it by the Papacy shall have been removed, and it is restored to its primitive architectural severity, it will not spoil its harmony if the niches which held the original gods are filled with statues of our great men of antiquity, and the area ornamented with their busts, which are found scattered here and there throughout Rome, the work of sculptors belonging to the good age of the empire. This would serve the double purpose of perpetuating the memory of the one, held sacred by their descendants, and the work of the others, which is sacred to all nations.

Those remains of ancient Rome not destroyed by the Popes from Vandalic hatred to every art not inculcated by themselves, those which they did not ruin by adapting them to their new paganism, those which they did not contaminate in order to render the new rite acceptable to the multitude by retaining localities and forms dear to them, these were neglected by the Popes, allowed to perish beneath the pressure of ages, or abandoned to the Satanic fury of pontifical bastards to satisfy their boundless ambition. Thus circuses, arches, thermæ, mausoleums, palaces, aqueducts, went to decay without the possibility of escape. Convents and monasteries possessed themselves of many of the sacred relics, and converted the noblest remains of the world's rulers to the vilest purposes. To cite one or two examples out of many: all that the artistic genius of Adrian could collect within the magnificent temple dedicated to Rome and

Venus in the forum lies scattered upon the soil, and the most idle and useless of the monks, the Olivetans, enclosed within their monastery of St. Francesca Romana the most splendid portions of these walls, which are thus lost to archæology and to the admiration of foreigners. The same may be said of the famous thermæ of Diocletian. Not satisfied with having changed the wondrous library into the church of Santa Maria degli Angeli, the Carthusian monks make use of the sumptuous ruins for the domestic service of their monastery. Thus divided and mutilated they are hidden from every glance, the monks having erected, under the protection of these majestic walls, their lavatories and kitchens, and converted the intermediate space into private orchards. The beautiful, chaste arch of Titus, the *chef d'œuvre* of Roman art, was converted by the Frangipane into a bastion for the out-works of the fortification of their palace. The wonder of ancient dynamics, the basilica of Antoninus, was subjected to the degrading use of a pontifical custom-house. The magnificent theatre of Marcellus became the Orsini palace. Urban VIII., one of the most dishonest of the Popes, not satisfied with a million scudi annually granted to his family, ceded the Coliseum to them to build a palace, and so extensive and irreparable was the ruin caused by these Goths of the sacristy to the greatest of the creations of human genius, that the infuriated Romans uttered a cry of indignation, which has come to be proverbially used under all similar circumstances : *Quod non fecerunt Barbari, fecerunt Barberini*.

Nor is the condition of the sacred relics any better in the Papal provinces. The amphitheatre near Macerata was almost entirely reduced to fragments by time, by cattle, and by foreign dilettanti, although the Popes had spent millions in the whole neighbourhood, in churches and bishoprics, and especially in deifying the grand imposture of the House of Nazareth at Loreto. It is due to private and municipal reverence, that the ruins were ultimately pro-

ected; so that by their traces visitors in future ages may judge of their former size. The same private protection has not yet befallen the beautiful theatre of Fermo. Literally abandoned in the midst of the fields to every destructive influence, it is wonderful that enough of it should remain even to be spoken of. So much, however, still exists in spite of Popes and priests, that, with the exception of Pompei, scarcely any relic of the glorious times of Rome can furnish so good an idea as Fermo of the theatres of the great people. Galleries, staircases, proscenium, cabinets, are still in such a state as to afford a lesson to many of our modern architects, that even in building a theatre the fame of greatness may be acquired instead of great puerility, as is likely to be the case in London at the present day. But the most serious instance of archæological sacrilege in the Roman States, is the profanation of the only Etruscan amphitheatre in existence, that of Gubbio. It should be noticed that though extensive remains of Roman amphitheatres are found in various parts of Europe there is only this one of Gubbio which can properly be called Etruscan, at least according to the opinions of most. A rough countryman has pitched his tent there, and has converted its still remaining arches into chambers for his family, granaries, hay-lofts, stables, and pig-sties. Infamy to the government who tolerates it! After having witnessed thousands of such acts of Vandalism, committed by our civilized barbarism, I still consider that of Gubbio the worst of all; nor does the carelessness of others at all excuse the indifference of the Popes. The crime of lese antiquity is still a crime, even though committed by others; and especially when concomitant circumstances are all against this Papal negligence. In France and Germany, and even in England, Roman remains are believed to be less useful and glorious than a modern road or square, factory or fortification. At this I am not all surprised, since neither Gauls, Teutons, nor Britons are descendants of the Romans, and cannot therefore appreciate their inheritance of glory as we

do in Italy. But the Popes who have planted themselves upon the throne of the Cæsars are highly culpable when they themselves insult the relics of a grand past, or permit any of their helots to do so. These noble remains not being protected by the pontifical code, if from ignorance, malice, or speculation, either native or foreign, are desecrated, neither citizen nor municipality can hinder it, which causes the violation to fall upon the heads of the Popes who do not prevent it. It is then but in tardy justice to the memory of the past, and to public opinion, that the Popes, from Pius VII., have begun to attend to the preservation of some of these ruined remains or to their better display. And I will not refuse my praise to the Papacy for having at length entered upon the path of repentance, and making honourable amends for the past, although it must of necessity be restricted, the zeal of the Popes being restricted in this work of repentance. In fact, the edifices are but few which have received their attention. The buttress to prevent the total ruin of the Coliseum, the bringing to light and restoration of the arch of Titus, the trench round the arch of Septimus Severus, the isolation of the insignificant column of Trajan, and some excavations in the Roman forum are all. The repairs in proportion to the ruins are as one to a thousand; the Papal sin therefore is not yet expiated, notwithstanding all the absolutions, ablutions, and fumigations of Wiseman.

My reminiscences here suggest two facts worthy of being transmitted to posterity. Under pretence of excavating the Roman forum, the public treasury was burdened with the annual expense of 70,000 scudi. But the real object of this sum, rather than the excavation of the forum, was to maintain for a great part of the year a set of idlers and vagabonds, of whom the government afterwards made use, as of hands and lungs, upon the occasions when the Pope appeared at public ceremonies, to applaud him. The thing is comical but strictly true. It cost the nation much, but was found useful to the governors. It was very much the same

as we find from the papers is taking place now at Her Majesty's Theatre in London, where a certain feminine *clique*, which has boxes and tickets to distribute gratis, has undertaken the burden of the *claque* and the *bouquets* which are thus paid for by the manager, and often by the very actors who receive them. The above-mentioned horde was divided into tens and hundreds, and at the close of each day received a paulo and a loaf of bread, gained almost always with little or no fatigue. Two things were required of them; that they should excavate the Roman forum, and that they should not excavate it. The former that they might appear to gain their bread according to the original plan, the latter because the Papal government could not bear to recall to the Romans the memory of their greatness when they had no Popes. The following is the manner in which the double object was obtained, and of it, for many years I was an eye-witness, and an indignant one. The excavation of a certain year, for example, was near the Coliseum. The excavated soil was transported to the column of Foca. The following year the earth was carried back to the Coliseum. The third year the excavation was perhaps carried on at the Basilica della Pace, and the earth carried to the foot of the Campidoglio. The fourth year it was carried back again to the Basilica della Pace. In this way during more than thirty years excavation not a thirtieth part of the Roman forum was excavated. What would our numerous dock, railway, and mining companies, think of such system of excavations? The other fact is, that the Roman forum was only, in reality, begun to be excavated under the liberal government of 1848-49. It having been decreed that this glory of free Rome should be restored to Italian Rome, the trees were cut down, which, under pretence to afford the cardinals a shadowed promenade, really vitiated its area. The excavations were inaugurated by the discovery of some *callidari*, and other most interesting remains; and had it not been for the arrival of the Bedouins of France, in a few months the recovery of

the entire forum would have taken place. Let it be observed that this excavation will never be carried out under the Papal government, seeing that it could not be effected without demolishing some of the insignificant churches which the Popes have erected upon this sacred soil, to which they would never consent. An additional reason this to desire that they would abandon Rome ; or at least another reason why we should chase them from Rome !

But here Wiseman's encomiums oblige us to cast a look upon the galleries and museums erected by his Popes for the glory of Rome. The panegyric could not be more complete. "The church has kindly taken into her keeping the gathered fragments and remains of both invasions, from north and from east, and here they are placed separate but united and in peace. Thus you are prepared for that still higher evidence that the church is neither Goth nor Vandal which shines bright before you in those precious halls and graceful cabinets in which the successive Popes whose names they bear have worthily or daintily preserved the treasures and gems of ancient art." Unfortunately the panegyric wants a nominative, and is a body without a head. The philosopher who studies the cause of "both invasions," from north and from east, is fully convinced that they were the consequence of the division of empire ; that this was chiefly due to the intrusion of the ecclesiastical element into the imperial counsels, and that Rome remained exposed to the irruptions of the barbarians when it became the seat of the Popes instead of the Cæsars who sought their independence from the new clerical power at Constantinople, at Ravenna, and Milan. This, however, is but the least for which we have to reproach the Popes with regard to the "fragments and ruins of both invasions." Their own sin, personal, great, and irreparable, is that of having dissipated a treasure of riches not their own, and wasted it upon their families. Not even Wiseman can conceal this infamous conduct of the Popes, although he tries to mitigate its enormity. "Un-

fortunately in ancient times names of the sculptures excavated when the soil was for the first time upturned were placed in the palaces or villas belonging to the family of the reigning Pope, and thereby became appropriated to its own use." Unfortunately, indeed, but worse still for Rome when these families of Papal bastards either became extinct, or became guilty of mercantile dishonesty. The treasures stolen from Rome to enrich their palaces were carried away to embellish Naples and Florence with the Farnese and Medici collections, while others were lost to Italy when the adulation of the Borghese sold their museum to the Louvre, which, without this and other Italian robberies, would be simply nothing; or when the vileness of the Barberini traded with Monaco their Faun and companions which became the gem and the glory of it. In a similar manner either wholly or partially disappeared the Albani, Spada, Altieri, Odescalchi, Corsini, and Braschi collections, containing the most beautiful Roman relics of another age, which the Roman people had to buy at the most exorbitant prices, as in the case of the Antinous of Braschi, to prevent its going away to enrich the borders of the Neva. It would appear after that rather an act of justice than of magnanimity for the Popes' successors to seek to compensate Rome for such losses by collecting into museums the remains of so many Papal dilapidations. I have pleasure in observing that the first who had this thought was Clement XIV., the Pope who had the mind and courage to suppress the Jesuits, the worst enemies of all glorious and free art. From him and his successor the Vatican museum was afterwards denominated Pio-Clementino. It is great, magnificent, and unique, nor with the remains of republican and imperial Rome could it be otherwise, the only drawback being the additions and appurtenances of Papal Rome.

Gregory XVI. deviated from the path of his predecessors, and in preference to enriching the Græco-Roman museum

opened two new ones, the Etruscan and the Egyptian. I do not say that he created them, but he enlarged them from others already in existence at Rome, so that they became worthy of the name of museums. Here, however, some bitter recollections counterbalance the merit of the pontiff in the eyes of the [•]sacerdoy of the arts. The evil genius of favouritism and courtiership presided over both collections. Under such unfortunate auspices was lost the richest collection of Egyptian gold perhaps ever gathered together, that of my fellow-citizen Doctor Ferlini, who repeatedly proposed, but in vain, to cede it to the Roman museum in preference to any other. The price which other courts considered equitable was by that of Gregory XVI. deemed excessive, and for the sake of a few thousand of scudi the State lost a true treasure which would at any time have realised double its original price. And while I am speaking of what Gregory neglected to do, and which he had the opportunity, and might have done, I must accuse him of neglecting to complete the artistic collections in the Roman museums which do not stop at the fall of the empire, but are prolonged to our days. The temple of the arts can never be considered perfect when, beginning with the Assyrian and coming down to the Egyptian, the Etruscan, the Greek and Roman, the chain is not linked with the collections of the Dark Ages, of the Renaissance, and of the Golden Age of modern Italian art, which is but very slightly inferior to those of Pericles and Augustus. Now this could not be so easy to any as to the Popes. They have absolute power over the ecclesiastical or semi-ecclesiastical monuments of every kind, which are superabundant in the Roman States; and therefore the collections subsequent to Constantine might be perfect in every department. [•]As to the representation of purely sacred art, a nucleus exists in the Vatican library, and if genius or true love of art existed, it might easily be converted into a museum. One of the collections altogether wanting at Rome, and a principal link in the

artistic chain, is that of fine pottery; or to speak more correctly, *faience*, so called from the city of Faenza where it originated. While in our own days, Sevres, Limoges, Worcester, and the Potteries dispute the place of honour, it should not be lost sight of that this branch of artistic industry, like almost all others, was found in Italy, and there carried almost to the apex of perfection. To speak only of what I have myself seen; the rarest collection of painted china is at Fermo, a town in the Roman States, and belongs to two brothers of the legal profession, rich by inheritance, but who, I was personally informed, would not refuse to sell it to their government. It is rare, not only for the beauty of the objects composing it, but also for its historical classification into epochs and schools. The collection contains specimens of every Italian school, from their earliest origin to the richest cinquecentist. This collection might become unrivalled, as one branch of a museum, if the Lauretan were added to it, which already belongs to government. All the earthenware vases in the dispensary of the sanctuary of Loreto, belong to the best species of painted majolica, first-rate artists having spent their lives in representing the histories of the Old and New Testament upon them.

Another museum placed at the disposal of Gregory, and which he refused to purchase, was that of Count Ardeni, if I remember the name correctly, of Fabriano. It consisted exclusively of ivories. In my travels I have seen various attempts at such collections, but I should call them mere 'embryo gatherings and abortive attempts. The single one which merits the name of a museum is that of Fabriano. It offers a true history of ivory, and contains specimens of every age, school, country, and kind, from the Calvary which was in the cabinet of Benedict XIV. to the Japanese idol, the Indian palanquin, and the baronial bed of the middle ages. I may be permitted to say that those who have not seen this museum can form no idea of the point of perfection which ivory may

attain under the chisel of the Ghiberti, Cellini, Algardi, Bernini, and a hundred others. In the Vatican, following the works in marble and bronze of other men and other periods of civilisation, this Fabrian museum would have filled up a gap in the chain of the arts, while it would have enchanted foreigners as a true rarity of its species. If I do not express myself still more strongly against the cowardly indifference of Gregory, it is because the noble proprietor by will disposed of his museum in such a manner that his heirs can never sell it to foreign speculators. He bequeathed it to the city of Fabriano in perpetuity, with the use of the noble apartment which he prepared for it.

Wiseman, who has exalted the Pope who buys, is prudently silent as to the Pope who, from unwillingness or evil counsel, refuses to enrich the museums of Rome with the beautiful collections formed by his own subjects. This a good government would doubly desire, because the purchase money would remain in the State for the benefit of an industrious family. To exalt the more highly the liberality of the Popes in making these purchases, and to excuse them in some measure for not purchasing in other cases, our author gives as a parallel the Soulage collection which omnipotent England herself failed to acquire. The parallel is however as unfortunate as that of the curate of London with whom we met in the pontificate of Leo. I would mention three circumstances to Wiseman which render his parallel absurd. First, the constitutional government of England cannot spend money not provided for in the budget without asking funds from the house, which is not the case with the Pope, who commands the Treasurer of State to make purchases independently of everybody. Second, the Soulage collection arrived in London at an unfortunate time—just when the Crimean war was costing the nation so much. It therefore appeared unsuitable to the Chancellor of the Exchequer to ask for even the small sum of £13,000 for an art purchase

at the risk of offending the nation which was spending its money upon a war arising out of European differences. I know very well that this delicacy was truly ridiculous if, indeed, it was real. Nor is it any use to object that two-thirds of the English millions spent in the Eastern war were thrown to the winds, and that amidst all this waste and malversation of public money the government might, with a better claim to the gratitude of posterity, have secured the collection with a portion of it. The misappropriation of money given for a specific object does not imply that the nation ought not to have given it. Besides, the English nation is prepared, from tradition, to see its money ill spent, especially in extraordinary circumstances. No nation in Europe is accustomed in such cases to see its money so blindly and prodigally thrown away as the English. In fact, there is no doubt that the purchase of small detached parts of the Soulage collection by the various museums of the metropolis actually cost more than if the government had asked for a fixed sum and purchased it at once for one museum. This is not the first case of the kind when the English Government was charged by the Commons with making art purchases. Third, between England and Italy no parallel exists with regard to works of art. It would be as ridiculous for England to try to compete with Italy in natural sentiment for the fine arts as for Italy to compete with England in docks, coal mines, railroads, Titanic manufactures, &c. Therefore that which the House of Commons could not sanction without running the risk of displeasing that portion of the people uninitiated into the merits of the Soulage collection when the public were overburdened with the Propontic war, a Pope can do at all times and without risk when it simply relates to the enriching of museums. In fact, during the whole of my life spent amidst the Roman subjects, I never heard a single word of disapproval in consequence of the Pope applying money to the purchase and placing in museums the great artistic works of

antiquity. I have heard plenty of lamentations about money wasted in Papal follies, but with regard to galleries and museums the only sorrow expressed was, that these public receptacles were not rich enough because the churches engrossed many of the objects which ought to have been displayed in their halls. •

We will now pass to a consideration of a more serious nature suggested by the Etruscan museum collected by Gregory XVI. If, on the one hand, the Etruscan collections tell of the meanness of some contemporary noble families—at the head of which that of the Prince of Canino will figure in perpetuity for the vile traffic carried on by him in the treasury excavated on his property—on the other hand they are the severest accusation against the boasted civilization of our age, the most deserved anathema against the Christianity of these tomb merchants. Wiseman himself admits the principle. “Etruscan diggings became the rage, and many adventurers were amply repaid. It was not the ruins of cities that were sought, but their cemeteries.” That on the discovery of these tombs Christian cupidity should avail itself of the opportunity to ransack them of the objects of art and ornament which they contained in profusion would perhaps not be condemned in its authors, especially if we reflect that Christianity refuses to admit the necessity of such utensils buried with the dead for their use and services in the world to come. But overlooking this artistic sequestration, who gave these Christian hyenas the right to break open sarcophagi and biers and desecrate the inviolability of tombs by robbing the dead of their vestments and personal ornaments, and, more horrible still, removing them from their urns that the latter may figure in the market and pass into museums? In the Pompeian necropolis the cinerary vases were left, generally speaking, in the niches of the respective family mausoleums; but in the Egyptian and Etruscan excavations the diggers of the cemeteries respected nothing, but carried away for

sale not only the ornaments and clothing of the dead, but the bodies themselves, in order to disseminate them throughout civilized Europe; thus exposing the mysteries of death, with infamous sacrilege to the irreverent eyes of Christians. My just wrath may perhaps not find an echo in England where these stolen spoils appear to awaken no displeasing sensations. Terrible anomaly! Although not strictly relating to the subject of tombs it was a sad day for England's fame when she received so triumphantly the spoils wrested with such Vandalic barbarity and gross dishonesty from the Parthenon at Athens. The young girl who presents herself before the rich voluptuary to solicit alms to save her mother from perishing of hunger and obtains what she asks, but at the price of her virtue, exemplifies the help of England afforded to the Greek people when, to reimburse herself, she stole from Greece the finest of the classic Athenian monuments. But whatever the opinions of the people as to these spoliations I shall not suffer myself to be frightened by them, since the religion of the arts, and especially reverence for the dead, are not dictated to me by policy or prudence, but by the sentiment of the beautiful and the principles of piety. I, therefore, here declare, unhesitatingly, that it is true sacrilege against the sanctity of the tomb to deprive it of its ornaments, and, above all, to remove the bones and ashes it contained to convert them into objects of speculation. Leave the dead in peace, and respect the remains of those who have preceded us, whatever their country or religion may have been. Whenever, in consequence of building or making roads, the bones in our cemeteries are disturbed, a desperate cry about infamy and sacrilege is heard. What is the difference between the bones of Christians and those of the pagans of Assyria, of Egypt, of Etruria, of Greece, and of Rome? Are they not equally the bones of creatures of God? And when dust returns to dust, what difference will there be between baptized and unbaptized bones? God will take care of the spirit, but the care of

the mortal remains of his companions in exile God has commended to the heart of man. It is, therefore, a crime against the piety due to fraternal dust to violate the tomb for sordid speculation; an infamy which will be repaid with like infamy is that of violating the tomb and its deposits, in order to place them in museums. The execration which rests upon the sarcophagus of Gregory XVI. is the most fitting tribute to him, for having sanctioned, by his pontifical authority, in his Etruscan museum, this brutal plunder of the kingdom of the dead.

But, when the pontificate of Gregory is lauded as the one most favourable to the arts, we must seek for its beneficial influence beyond galleries and museums. I will pause here awhile to examine it from the house erected by him, at the expense of the treasury, in the Via di Ripetta, and destined by him for an artists' seminary, the peristyle of the temple of the Roman arts. The object of this vast building was to afford the means of studios and lodging at a moderate rate to poor artists; a benevolent intention truly, but one never realised. The chief thing was neglected by the architect, who, instead of preparing studios and small apartments for poor students, erected large halls adapted for public exhibitions. Precisely the reverse of the palace of Westminster, built for the use of the two houses of Parliament, but in which the architect forgot the two houses in favour of their appurtenances. Nor could the large halls be employed for any purpose. The work was given by favouritism; or, to speak more precisely, the architect bought the contract of Gaetanino, and, consequently, it was so shamefully performed, that but a few months after it was opened it threatened to fall. At the beginning of the following pontificate it was found necessary to abandon it as dangerous, and before I left Rome it was propped up to prevent it falling into the road. Let it not be thought that I am making a fuss about a trifle. This house was to Gregory what Versailles was to Louis XIV., a source of such heavy expense that it could not be

calculated. When Gregory, who lived in an atmosphere of theft, and was himself a thief, heard that it had already cost a million scudi, and was still unfinished, he appeared perfectly astonished, though he made no improvement. The good English, who without murmuring pay their millions sterling for such caricatures as the National Gallery, the British Museum, the façade of Buckingham Palace, and, above all, the wedding-cake-like palace of Westminster, which is actually beginning to decay before it is completed, will be easily inclined to pardon Gregory the expense of more than a million in building a ruin. The Italians, however, take the matter differently, and, being able to secure buildings in the best architectural style, and of perfectly strong construction, at a fifth part of the cost, regard the patronage of Gregory XVI. not as that of the arts and artists, but as that of thieves.

I will, therefore, remark in conclusion, that the artistic pontificate of Capellari presents itself to the mind as the colossal statue of St. Peter, ordered by him of Fabris for the *Ostiensis Basilica*, does to the eye. As to physiognomy and air, poor St. Peter is in the attitude of a man who, having stolen the keys of Paradise, tries in vain to hide them under his rough vest, begs pardon of the looker-on, and entreats him to spare him the mortification of being consigned to the police and placed under lock and key. And we do spare him the double mortification, though he richly deserves it, but are well content to see that Gregory's successor has condemned this St. Peter of thievish appearance to the rain and sun on the place of the Vatican, which is large enough to almost reduce to imperceptible proportions this monstrous production, the emblem and glory of a pontificate which Wiseman has proclaimed to be the first in the arts of peace.

CHAPTER III.

CONDITION OF THE ROMAN STATES.

THE Papacy, according to Wiseman, has always lived secure, and especially of late, "in the confidence of a paternal rule." In order that such confidence be not presumption it must rely upon certain data, and two they are:—the affection of the people, and their improved condition. In other chapters we have seen that the love of the Roman subjects for the Pope is permanent revolution. According to this test, "the confidence of a paternal rule" is no other than the deception of self-love, or of the vile adulation of courtiers. With regard to the sad condition of the Roman States under the Papacy, my reminiscences of the Last Four Popes have been the echo of it up to the present time. In this chapter I shall unite the scattered notes of the melancholy strain, and utter a shout of protest, in the hearing of the whole world, against this malignant "confidence," which is an insult to the public misery, a mere pretext for continuing the arts of evil government.

Though by a pleasant antithesis Rome is by Papists surnamed the *holy*, she is better known in general under her autonomies of *malaria*; indeed, malaria and Rome are become perfect synonyms. The faithful ally of tertian fever, the winged courier of death, seizes the traveller on his entrance into the Roman States from Bolsena, and accompanies him to the Neapolitan confines beyond Terracina. The condition of the people under the influence of this ruthless vampire which, with distended wings, envelops the atmosphere, and with

fiery tongue sucks, ounce by ounce, the blood from their veins, is sufficiently explained by the thousands who are periodically hurled to the hospitals, and especially to the kennels of Santo Spirito. Say, who are those colossal men, formed in nature's finest mould, reduced to skin and bone, livid as corpses, with eyes deep sunk and blackened under lid, lips fallen in and shrunk, limbs like skeletons, issuing from the tomb to frighten the living, rather than human beings travelling towards it with the failing respiration of death? These are the victims of *malaria*, struck down in the prime of manhood. And Wiseman's Popes have done nothing to diminish, but rather everything to increase its virulence. To what purpose did Pius VI. rob the coffins of Castel Sant' Angelo of their treasures, despoil in a great measure the sanctuary of Loreto, and burden his subjects with taxes to drain the Pontine Marshes, if after a few years they were to return to their former state of stagnation? Partly in consequence of the defective works undertaken during the Braschi pontificate, and partly owing to the total neglect in which they were left by subsequent Popes, a portion of the marshes is again totally submerged. Leo XII. formed the truly ridiculous project of sending to Torre di Mezza Via, a postal station in the centre of the marshes, a colony of galley-slaves and Franciscan friars, provided with a triple supply of wine. Wiser, however, than the Pope, they preferred, after a few months, to return to their beloved cloisters at Rome, rather than to remain in the marshes like a set of sacred wine-skins floating in foetid water. Nor is that part of the marshes not yet permanently under water in a much more healthy condition. In consequence of the want of outlets the water becomes putrescent, and, as there is no cultivation of any kind except the natural hay, the exhalations from the soil are miasmatic and pestilential, without any corrective. To the evil of the soil that of the atmosphere must be

added, Rome being particularly exposed to the sirocco. Now, this wind, which in its nature is far from being oxygenised, but has the most enervating properties, as it rushes over these poisonous plains becomes impregnated with their miasma, and, upon reaching Rome, deposits an amount of azote upon the lungs of the eternal citizens equivalent to a three hours' excursion on the Thames during the dog-days. Previously to Pius VII. the sacred wood (*Sylva Sacra*) offered a powerful defence against this double ill, and corrected it in a great measure. Being left uncut from the time of Claudius to the Restoration, its oxygen compensated for the miasmatic exhalations, at the same time that the trees broke the fury of the sirocco winds, and caused them to blow more gently towards Rome, sweetly perfumed with the kiss of the luxuriant Amadriades. But Consalvi destroyed the wood to dislodge the brigands, and thus killed more Romans by fever in a single year than the brigands by steel in a hundred.

The same state of neglect is observable in all the districts around Rome. With the exception of a few vineyards, which are most costly in consequence of their unscientific management, and those upon the hills, all the rest of the Campagna Romana is a desert. I remember that the Genoese made a proposition to the Papal government to cultivate this tract of country, upon conditions as just and equitable as they were moderate. The government refused; it preferred the desert. I myself heard several clerical magnates declare on that occasion: it is better to have desert land with a few inhabitants, than cultivation and an increase of population. This signifies that the government of the priests does not feel itself secure in the increase of its citizens. Exquisite governmental prudence! What is meant by desert is a country without drainage; a soil without vegetation, a hot-bed of malaria and death. None of the ingenuities suggested by inventive science,

or by administrative wisdom, for promoting and encouraging agriculture, is found in this unhappy State. The same plough, the same yoke, the same spade as used in the days of Columella, are still in use, with the same antiquated method of sowing, reaping, and threshing the crops. The annual exposition of agricultural instruments and models of new inventions collected in central depositories, are luxuries not to be thought about where the priests care for no luxury but that of the mass and their own table. Exhibitions of cattle, fruit, vegetables, and flowers, with prizes accorded to the best, in order to promote pastoral and agrarian interests by means of emulation, are considered perilous novelties in the priestly government, which might terminate in republicanism and atheism. Thus, of necessity, things must remain *in statu quo*, which certainly is neither charming to the eye of the foreigner nor profitable to the purse of the subject. With a soil which produces everything from tobacco to beetroot, with an extremely rich vegetation, which includes the orange and the olive in great abundance, the markets of the Roman States are the worst in Italy. It is sufficient, indeed, to see the small coasting trade and poor navigation to be persuaded of their insignificance.

Beyond an embryo of encouragement once offered to mulberry-planters, agriculture may be said to be ignored by the administration of the priests. But the little attention paid by government to the silk of the State, of which that of Fossombrone and Bologna hold the chief place, and the fact that no assistance is given to the private individuals at whose risk the speculation is undertaken, will explain how it is that the offer of a prize to mulberry-growers should be met with so little enthusiasm. Agriculture and trade are dependent upon markets, and if the exportation of silk is not facilitated, it is not in the interest of agriculture to furnish the alimentary material. Even if the high prices of the

rough silk should tempt the agriculturist for a year or two, the price being fictitious, the silkworm-breeder could not continue to demand the aliment, being himself obliged to sell his cocoons at the *coul de sac* markets of the State at prices lower than they cost to himself. That this apathy as to all agricultural progress belongs exclusively to the priests, may be proved by comparing those districts of the Roman States which came last under the Papal Government with the earlier. Observe, for example, the difference between the patrimony of St. Peter and the Bolognese province, and even the most fanatical admirer of the Papacy must be persuaded that from it arises the malediction of heaven, and not from the soil or the inhabitants. The condition of Piceno, Pentapoli Marchigiana, and some other districts, are confirmatory of this view. They are somewhat better off in agriculture because, having prospered without Popes, they still retain their traditions and practices. I maintain, however, that these provinces might be absolutely perfect, and not only relatively good, if for tradition the new agronomic doctrines could be substituted. But this will never be the case; for the Papacy is infallible, and therefore immutable,—immutable even with regard to the horns of cattle and the manuring of fields.

If we turn our eyes from the fields to the cities, and take Rome, the true seat of the Pope, as a specimen for examination, we shall see to what a low state the physical condition of the first people of the world is reduced. We still have their laws engraved on bronze to testify to the particularity of the ancient Romans with regard to the cleanliness of their city; and as proof of their personal cleanliness we may take the thousand marble baths which the Papacy has distributed among churches and museums, after having removed them from public bathing establishments and private houses; and also the immense thermæ which in the eternal city bear

witness on every hand to the bad influence of the priests in social affairs. I do not accuse the Romans for their present negligence, which often gives a disgusting and repulsive appearance to their lower classes—I lay the blame upon their Popes. What, indeed, can be expected of the head of a church which proposes as a model of sanctity a blessed Joseph of Corleone? This saint not only never washed either himself or his tunic, but during the whole of his Capuchin life nourished all sorts of the most filthy parasites upon his person, gathering up with paternal solicitude those which fell from him and replacing them amidst their fellows. When such swine are raised to the honours of the altar, it would be truly marvellous if the Popes cared to promote the cleanliness of the citizens or that of their cities. It is almost impossible, and would indeed be an extraordinary miracle, if the inhabitants of a dirty city were neat and clean, since the habits in which any one is educated always cleave to him. The effluvia, the most insupportable to others, afford delights not inferior to the perfume of parks and gardens to those who have been born and lived among them from infancy. It is only natural that the inhabitants of a dirty town should be dirty because dirt is not repulsive to them, but on the contrary, attractive, as being associated with the first pleasures of childhood. Now, Rome has long been the dirtiest metropolis of all Europe. The houses are, in general, common to several tenants, and the courtyards and staircases become the receptacles of every kind of filth. I had frequent necessity to visit them in my capacity of assistant parish priest, and subsequently as military chaplain to the wounded and the sick, and I never saw more abominable filth in my life. The staircases were converted into veritable cesspools for the inhabitants and passers-by. The annoyance arising from this state of things to the eyes and olfactory nerves of the Gallo-Algerine conquerors was so great that,

notwithstanding they were the Pretorians of the Pope, they ordered, under severe penalties, that the staircases, courts, and entrances of these houses should be swept and kept decently clean.

•The synthesis of filthiness reaches its culminating point when we leave the private dwellings and cast a look upon the public places. The reader may form some idea of it from the inscription in large characters on the greater part of the squares—*Immondezzajo in Piazza*. This signifies that every one may throw into the square the refuse of his house of every description and at any time. Let the reader imagine a large heap of every sort of abomination collected in the middle or at one corner of the square, lying there for days, and weeks, and even months, exposed to the influence of the sirocco or the summer sun. The kind of fermentation and effluvia necessarily arising from it can be easily conceived, and their presence becomes doubly perceptible when these pestilential heaps are disturbed to be transported to the Tiber. And the streets were in much the same state as the squares. The government foolishly paid the enormous sum of 70,000 scudi per annum to have them swept. I say foolishly, because generally in Italy this is done by contract, and the government or municipality receive a handsome sum from the contractor instead of paying him. What was the consequence? To keep to contemporaneous history, until within a few months there was not in either the old or new world a more vulgar and corrupt municipality than that of New York. Certain Irish Papists and drunken Germans had filled its offices with their dishonest protégés. One of the robberies practised was connected with cleansing the streets. It was by chance that they were swept by the authorities, and the inhabitants were fined if they dared to keep even the front of their own dwellings clean. And yet Rome does not yield the palm to New York for dirt; for in the former place

there neither were nor are journals to express the public indignation against these thieves, or rather assassins and murderers of citizens. The fact is, that to save expense, and pocket more money by their contract, the contractors for the sweeping do as little as they can possibly help. I perfectly well remember that our populous quarter of St Carlo a Cattinari was left for months together without being swept. Thus two-thirds, at least, of the public money was saved by these men at the expense of the public health. The streets at last became so thickly covered with the foul compost that the sound of carriages and horses could not be heard. This fact will explain the cause of another annoyance; the number of noxious and disgusting insects which infest Rome, as well as the locally pestiferous air which is there breathed, especially in summer.

When all this Augean filth was removed from the various localities, it was collected on the bank of the Tiber, near to Piazza Montanara, to remain there month after month, like an immense censer, burning before the new goddess CLOACINA, and as an intermediate point between the sirocco of the sea and the nose of the Romans. From time to time, these pyramidal dunghills were cast into the Tiber, which, since the reception of this offering, more than ever merited the appellation of *flavus*. All this I lay to the charge of the stupid apathy of the clerical government. However great the fertility of the Agro Romano, it would still be susceptible of increase by means of the system of manuring. In a small tract of land belonging to my convent, near to Rome, I saw the crops increase in the proportion of ten to sixteen, after the fields had been manured with the refuse from Rome, which did not cost us more than five-pence per cartload in the first instance. Now the Tiber is navigable for more than sixty miles above Rome, and all parts of the Mediterranean are accessible from its outlet at the sea. We see, therefore, that if government

favoured agriculture and industry, the street sweepings of Rome might become a source of riches, while if the city were swept regularly with a view to speculation, Rome would soon have the same clean appearance as Milan and Turin, both so admired in this respect by strangers. Nor let any one seek to excuse the Papal government on the ground that we are forced to suffer the same inconvenience in London, since, fortunately, London is an exception to the rest of England; but because the contents of the metropolitan cesspools are lost in the Thames, and the benefits of pestilence are thus purchased at a very dear rate, this is no reason why the Popes should be pardoned for throwing into the Tiber manure which might so readily supply the place of the distant and costly guano. Few in Italy are so foolish as to waste the treasures which are hid under this repulsive form. Manure is bread, and cursed is he who has it in his power, yet refuses to give cheap bread to the people. It is upon the fields, and not beneath the waves of the sea, that the refuse of cities should be deposited. The plan adopted at Arpino, for example, is the following: the city being built upon the top of a mountain, is literally washed by the waters when it rains. These waters, conducted by canals to the limits of the city, meet in a set of holes, which descend gradually to the plain. Flowing downwards from hole to hole, they deposit the heavy substances they contain in their passage, and thus arrive almost limpid and clear to join the torrent at the foot of the mountain; certainly they are not more turbid than the rain water which falls upon the fields. The day after the rain, the deposit is removed from the holes, without occasioning any unpleasant odour, and is sold as one of the best manures. The system might undergo improvement, but the basis of it should be the preservation of the sweepings of the streets, and the contents of the cesspools of our cities; to lose them is a crime against the increase of agricul-

parallel-case of bigotry, or rather hypocrisy, which took place in Rome under Pius IX., and in which Wiseman took a share. When our doctor was in Rome for the dogmatic definition of THE HOLY AND IMMACULATE CONCEPTION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY, he was privileged by having a mission of superfine immaculacy conferred upon him by the Dogmatized Conception. How logical is all this! Popes, cardinals, and bishops met in consultation, to submit to analysis the mode in which Joseph and Anna conceived Mary. After accurate investigation, the clever practitioners—the only competent obstetric testers—declared it as their infallible opinion that there was nothing to oppose the dogma, and that in accordance with their lengthened studies and personal experience, the conception of Mary might and ought to be defined as immaculate. In consequence of this theological purity, it occurred to the minds of a few English prudes—Papists, of course—then in Rome, to pray Wiseman to become the instrument of artistic purity, and represent, in his immaculate mediation, the dogmatic chastity of the English Papist ladies. Done as soon as said. The ladies petition, and Wiseman adds a peroration that certain female statues adorning the tomb of the Popes may be removed from St. Peter's at Vatican, and that because some portions of them are undraped. Pius IX., in order to do honour to the Immaculate Conception just then dogmatically defined, and to the conceived immaculacy of the English women, ordered that the statues should be stowed away in the vaults of the basilica, to hide their scandalous immodesty in darkness. Malicious tongues might declare that this razzia of the British Papists against the Vatican statues was but the effect of darkling envy. As far as I can remember, after many hundred visits to the Vatican, there were no really indecent female statues at the tombs of the Popes, after the beautiful statue of Truth, ornamenting the tomb of Paul III., was covered

by the predecessors of Pius IX. with a robe of bronze. The nudity was therefore confined to a few legs or breasts, and, in truth, was not worth the fuss made about it. Then why was so much trouble taken? It is said that those English ladies who got up the petition to the Pope resembled the Harpies rather than the Graces, and that it was from spite against the beauty of the statues that they demanded and obtained their ostracism, lest on their visits to the Vatican impertinent comparisons should be made. Certainly, in their capacity of Harpies they acted with great wisdom. Some may, however, treat this observation as an *on dit*, and deem it of little worth; one thing is certain, nevertheless, with regard to the matter. While British squeamishness was taking so much trouble to purify the Vatican of every portion of feminine nudity in the statues in order to promote Christian modesty in the masculine half of society, they took care that the male nudities adorning the sepulchres of the Popes in the same basilica should remain, especially the most perilous, the Geniuses of Canova. Affectation—sheer affectation! This is the explanation of their mock modesty. These English women wished to purchase the reputation of purity at the expense of some poor gullible simpleton, and found in Dr. Wiseman the very dolt for the purpose. He might have understood that he was only the cat whose paw was required to take the chesnut from the fire. How could he be such a calf as to allow himself to be persuaded that the naked leg of a female statue could make the Samsons go astray, when Canova's Geniuses were an infallible specific to strengthen the virtue of the new Susannas? How was it he did not perceive, when he lent himself to this chaste work of Vandalism, that while, on the one hand, he exposed himself to the ridicule of every man with a head on his shoulders, on the other, he secured the indulgence of their favourite immodesty to these hypocritical petticoats? Thus we

see a Wiseman placing himself in a very unwise situation.

But, turning from feminine interference in favour of the morality of the Roman subjects to the Papacy, we must observe the bigoted stupidity both of Leo XII. and Pius IX. in removing the very shadow of immodesty from the museums and tombs of the Vatican, when the Papal system, in its most spiritual part, is essentially immodest. Who can deny that in their worship of images the Papists are very little below the immodesty of pagan worship? Was it not at Rome, in the church of the *Quattro Coronati*, that Catholic art began to paint nude female angels to the high edification of the faithful? What are the souls in purgatory, painted as in fire and asking pity—from Pietro Perugino to Guido, and from Guido to Overbeck—but a favourite theme to artists, offering them a vast field for the study of the nude in both sexes—nude, though veiled by flames? What are the principal paintings of our great masters in the two Papal chapels—what the mosaics of the Vatican basilica, especially the angels of the grand cupola, but scandalous nudities? To say nothing of a thousand similar cases in Rome, where shall we find more seductive indecencies than in the church of St. Bibbiana, where the beautiful naked girl is in the act of being scourged? Is it not, moreover, an authentic fact that the statues of Venus have been changed into those of saints? What can be more sweetly immoral than the St. Agnes of Algardi in the Lupercali of Piazza Navona? What is the martyrdom of Sant' Andrea, in the rivalry of Domenichino and Guido, at Monte Celio, but the height of immodesty? How can all the St. Lawrences and St. Sebastians painted and sculptured in all the churches of Romanism be otherwise than immodest? Who can be so ignorant as not to know that the penitent Magdalen has taken the place of Venus in Romanism? Is there a single Magdalen venerated in the Papist

churches which is not indecent? If it is not indecent, it is no longer a Magdalen. She must be represented as a sinner, though repentant, and bring before the eyes of her devotees the greatness of her penitence by the immodest character of her extraordinary beauty. It is, therefore, a canon with artists, that in portraying the Magdalen they must abandon themselves to the beautiful ideal of sin, so that it would be hard to say which is the most indecent, the naked Magdalens of Guido and Guercino, the tempting semi-nudity of Correggio, or the ill-veiled nudity of Lebrun, none of which are calculated to instil morality into the beholder. Is it not, therefore superlatively ridiculous for two Popes to show themselves so jealous and severe against that which is indifferent, or seen in a profane place, when they themselves, and all other Popes, leave positive immodesty untouched, sanction the introduction of indecency into the churches, and allow of lewdness as an integral part of Catholic worship? Is it not owing to this system that the Divine Redeemer himself is represented from his cradle to his tomb, both in painting and sculpture, in such a manner as to be an object of scandal to worshippers, if not of direct sin? Is not this the creation of immorality by means of devotion, and the canonization of immodesty for the devil's profit?

Meanwhile the pontifical government does nothing really calculated to fortify the moral condition of the people; their subjects may indeed consider themselves fortunate when government, as at present, takes no heed of them, and abandons them to their own resources. Under such circumstances they exert themselves to keep pace with the best society. In the north, especially, they have no reason to fear comparison with the rest of Italy; but this is not owing to, but rather in spite of, their government. Yes, in spite of it. Perhaps bull fighting, which the Popes favour in their States no less than the Catholic sovereigns of Spain, is to be considered

as an agent of public morality ! This diversion, so barbarous towards the beasts which are its victims, barbarous to the *Toreros* who are the champions, barbarous for the people who are spectators, and calculated to render them still more barbarous in the eyes of all, had always been much favoured by the Papal government in Rome and the surrounding provinces up to the time of Wiseman's reminiscences. The arena of the cruel tournament in Rome was the classic mausoleum of Augustus, and the chosen day for the exhibition the Sunday, the Popes no doubt looking upon this as the best method of sanctifying their Lord's day. This may be called the morality of the Papal government !

What morality can possibly be expected from a government under which it is necessary to pervert even the manner of conversing in order to please those who govern ? It must be observed that if any one in the Roman States wishes to maintain noble independence, or I would rather say, the dignity of a man, he must keep altogether isolated and avoid all contact with the rulers. These being ecclesiastics, and having a particular method of venomous vegetation altogether conformable with their exclusive caste, no one can approach them without renouncing the manly habits of general society in favour of the enervating and hypocritical forms which please the priesthood. To the habits of life of rulers the lines may be well applied, written with so much ingenuoussness by Metastasio—

"Sogna il guerrier le schiere,
Lo selvo il cacciator,
E sogna il pescator
Le reti o l'arno."

(The warrior dreams of armies, the hunter of woods, and the fisherman of nets and baits.) So when rulers belong to the civil order we discourse with them upon history, political economy, and science. If they are of the military class, we confer with them of fortifications,

marches, and battles, and the hearer is delighted, instructed, and improved. But when they are priests, we are obliged to talk with them of the breviary, of the saint of the day, of mass, of procession, of the Papal benediction, and similar empty rubbish, which, while leading to hypocrisy, emasculates the heart.

An important branch of governmental duty is the care of the public health. Let us take one instance as the rule of all the rest, since, from what we find the Papal government in extraordinary cases, it will be easy to infer what it is in ordinary circumstances. I will cite Wiseman. "The year 1837 was a dark one in the annals of Gregory's pontificate. The cholera had visited several parts of the States, and had been particularly severe in Ancona. The Pope succoured liberally from his own funds; as well as from public sources, every place attacked; but at the same time he omitted no precautionary measures in his capital." I deny, absolutely deny, with all the indignation of a Roman subject, that Gregory took the "precautionary measures" necessary. I deny it as to the capital itself, because no measures were taken until too late, as the virulence of the disease and the number of victims abundantly demonstrate; and I deny it *in toto* as to the provinces. In vain did Bologna, Perugia, Ancona, and other cities entreat the government to take precautionary measures. In vain did they supplicate to be allowed themselves to take such measures, willingly undertaking all expenses. Their demands were refused as alarming to the population, and insulting to the mediation of Mary and the saints, who had been invoked by the church; and finally because the government had decided that the cholera was epidemic and not contagious, and consequently all preventive means were useless. Thus did the evil find Rome literally unprepared, and dreadful was the havoc. Having had a better opportunity of examining the parish registers than Wiseman, and having repeatedly

heard the parish priests assert that the deaths from cholera were not all registered, I maintain, in opposition to our author, that the deaths from this cause amounted to fourteen thousand at least. God alone knows how far they exceeded this number, which is enormous out of a population of less than one hundred and fifty thousand souls. Meanwhile, Wiseman is pleased to assure us, "It would be superfluous to say that every religious act of expiation was duly performed. There were sermons in many churches, exhorting the people to repentance, that so the divine wrath might be appeased and the scourge averted. Then there was a solemn procession in which the holy father walked." Mountebank impostors! Even if the cholera was a particular judgment against the Roman States, as God never performs miracles uselessly, at least in case of doubt preventive steps ought to have been taken. Cholera, however, being occasioned by second causes, and being one of the developments arising out of the deterioration of nature, and hence an ill physically necessary, while praying to God, in the right manner, to alleviate the disease, or at least to suggest the means proper to alleviate it, men had no right to omit any precaution, but ought to have made use of every remedy of science and art to lessen its fury. Neither the sermons of the Jesuits, nor the processions of the Popes, nor the functions to the Madonna, could be classed as such. 'It is said, in one of the Apocrypha, "God has created the medicines out of the earth and the wise man shuns them not" (Eccles. xxxviii. 4). The popular proverb, too, is most applicable here: "God helps those who help themselves." It is not to be wondered therefore if, in spite of weeping and perspiring Madonnas and thousands of make-believe saints, Rome had to pay for the negligence of her Popes at this dear rate. On this occasion men of sound judgment come to the reasonable and positive conclusion that Madonnas and saints were not worth a pin with regard to media-

tion and intercession, and knew nothing in the world about our wants. Gregory is doubly censurable then; because, while neglecting the various means of slackening the violence of the disease, he wasted time in these impostures, and thus suffered the ill to intensify. Can any one do otherwise than condemn him when the great authority, Manzoni, in his celebrated romance, "*I Promessi Sposi*," had revealed, even to the most stupid, that the pest at Milan only became worse after the procession of St. Charles Borromeo? But better than this, Wiseman himself is obliged to confess, with regard to the ridiculous procession of Gregory XVI.: "Some questioned the prudence of thus assembling crowds together, and the events seemed partly to justify them." Yes, indeed, events proved that after this unfortunate procession the evil burst all bounds. The numerous crowds of people flocked together from all parts to contaminate every quarter of the city and desolate families. Such are the privileges enjoyed by the subjects of the Popes.

To the cholera, however, rather than to any other influence, the Roman States owe the establishment of extramural cemeteries. Although the opening of the cemetery in Rome preceded the invasion of the cholera by some months, the necessity was suggested by the first appearance of the scourge in Italy; not as a measure of precaution, but to avoid the spectacle of so many burials in the churches; so that the Roman subjects were indebted to the terrible visitation for this advantage. The truth is here realised that not every evil proves injurious to all and in all, and that there is no ill which has not its providential side. But when Wiseman wrote to the praise of Gregory, "Burial in it was made compulsory, and intramural sepulture superseded," he seems to have been far from thinking that it was to the dispraise of other Popes to have sanctioned "intramural sepulture," and, worse still, interment in churches. Of all the cities of the Roman

States, the only one which boasted an extramural cemetery, independently of the Popes, was my own, Bologna. Availing itself of the first French invasion, it took possession of the fine and pleasantly situated monastery of the Carthusians, at the foot of the Monte della Guardia, and there established its celebrated cemetery, known by the name of the Certosa. This cemetery was, perhaps, afterwards outdone in richer monuments by some of those of the metropolis, but never in extent and variety, in its historical collection of medieval sarcophagi, or the classical Latinity of its inscriptions, of which, however, I should not approve had not Bologna always been considered as the Italian city most learned in Latin. And after Bologna had proved herself superior to her rivals in this respect also, Rome continued to bury her dead in the churches with such an iniquitous prodigality which defies description. The parish churches, destined for public sepulture, and the churches of some religious corporations and confraternities, had consecrated their vaults to this purpose. The reader may imagine the unhealthy state of these churches. The pavement and walls were visibly impregnated with the corruption which was fermenting underground, and the air was completely poisoned by the exhalations from the fatal pit. True, the sextons were ordered to fill up the apertures with lime after every fresh interment, but this command was seldom or never attended to; and it is, moreover, almost impossible to close such openings so as to prevent all pestilential exhalations. But to make the matter worse, the stones covering the mouth of the vaults were removed nearly every day in the more populous parishes, so that for some hours those maremmas of death liberally vomited forth their fatal pestilential effluvium.

The English reader may think this account exaggerated if he forms his idea of Roman graves from those of his own country. But he ought to know that, at the

time to which I am alluding, nine out of ten corpses were interred at Rome without coffins; so that immediately upon being committed to their last resting-place, they decayed in common, and the tomb was converted into a perfect lake of putrefaction and corruption. The horrible sights which I have beheld in these tombs would be sufficient to deprive the strongest-minded of their rest for months. I remember that when, after two years use, it was desired to arrange a little the parish sepulchre of St. Carlo a Cattinari, where I was living, having received commands to attend at the melancholy ceremony, I was enabled to judge of the horror of the system by the dreadful spectacle I witnessed. The corpses being literally thrown into the vaults from the aperture in the church, without the aid of ladder or ropes, formed a conical heap, so that the latter when thrown in rolled to the bottom, carrying with them detached members of other corpses in a state of putrefaction. And when it happened that a body encased in a coffin was brought to be interred, and was thrown into the abyss like the rest, the weight of the coffin and its angles were certain to crush more than one of the bodies beneath, so that they were fractured and divided. The sight struck me with horror, while the sextons, with careless indifference, removed from the common heap now one member, now another, belonging to different individuals, without distinction of sex, and carried them to the further part of the dismal vault. Such was interment in the churches of Rome, for which no small sum was paid, which all were taught to believe was the earnest of heaven. Sometimes it happened that the dead avenged themselves upon the living, not only by poisoning them with their tainted odours, but by threatening to reduce to ruins the churches in which such barbarities were committed. Not unfrequently spontaneous combustion was produced, and the vaults took fire. Twice in my time,

among others, the vaults of St. Eustace were subjected to the flames, and it was only by the greatest efforts on the part of the firemen that the burning of the corpses could be arrested. It seemed that they preferred to be consumed of themselves rather than to remain the victims of insult and corruption.

These facts, however, furnish me with the natural remedy for such horrors. In my opinion fire, and not earth, is the proper element to which the remains of our humanity should be consigned after death. I know that the proposition will strike some minds with horror, but I would suggest that they have not yet examined the subject with the aid of history and logic, but that the fanaticism and prejudice in which they were educated still take the place of reason. It is to the Papacy, in a special manner, that we are indebted for the burial of corpses. I should feel ashamed, indeed, if we had copied this usage, like so many others, from the Jews, who, according to some Bibliomanists, must be in every respect the prototype of Christians, whereas nothing can be more vile or injurious than to seek to Judaïse Christianity. But I would not accuse the primitive Christians; the interment of corpses was in their case a necessity. Persecution left them no alternative but furtive sepulture; and in the catacombs no other mode of disposing of them was possible. To the Papacy, then, belongs this canonical cruelty towards the bodies from which the spirit of life has departed, and that in revenge for the more reasonable piety and wiser civilisation of paganism. For the Papacy has copied only the worst of paganism, the part most profitable to itself; and has proclaimed itself the antagonist of all that paganism possessed that was beautiful, useful, heroic, or glorious. Not to speak of the costly preservation of the dead practised in Egypt, the Greeks and Romans, with some few exceptions, burned their dead, religiously preserving their purified bones in cinerary urns which ornamented

their family mausoleums, and frequently even the domestic lares. This, and this alone, can be called piety and civilisation. Without being in any degree compelled to it by our profession of Christianity, we call it piety and civilisation to let our dead decompose, putrefy and rot, abandoned to every sort of subterranean abomination. Who can approach their friends in these successive stages of putrefaction? yet we protest that we love them. If such is the case, kiss the mouth which vomits forth the putrefaction produced by yourself. When rottenness and corruption have reduced them to naked skeletons, they are perhaps only the dearer to their relatives. When time and humidity have converted them into a heap of loathsome and offensive dust, are they less disgusting and horrible? If Europe, who pays some singers fifty thousand francs a month, had not left the great Sicilian Segato to die of hunger and carry with him his secret for petrifying the dead, it would have deprived the aspect of death of all its horrors, and the preservation of friends would have been a great compensation for their loss. But in the present state of science fire, and fire only, is the right element to be employed. Weak minds will be frightened at the idea as apparently cruel; but the dead do not suffer, and all that we owe to them is to render them inoffensive in every respect, which desideratum can alone be obtained by means of fire. Cruel fire, which in a few moments reduces the corpse to beautiful white ashes! But is it not far more cruel to bury them in the earth, where they decompose slowly, amidst every sort of impurity, and become the food of worms and reptiles of every description? And this is piety! By our stupid system we cause the dead to infect the living. It is quite sufficient to dwell in the vicinity of cemeteries to learn at personal cost that they are a permanent plague. The worst is when they are found in the centre of cities pretending to civilisation. The parish cemetery of Birmingham, that is

in the most spacious square of the town, would disgrace a Caffrarian city. But if once we began to burn our dead with obsequious ceremonials, they would no longer offend the living, either by the horror of their appearance or their deadly exhalations. The experiment was tried, with the most salutary effect, by different people, in the time of the plague. It being found impossible to bury the bodies, they were burned, and the plague ceased as if by enchantment. I hope that when the Papacy has ceased, future generations will again become wise, and return to the practice of ancient Greece and Rome in the treatment of the departed. For my own part, I should esteem myself fortunate if I might serve for an example of this salutary change. The request I make while living and in the full enjoyment of my reason will be respected by my friends, I trust, after my death as my last wish. I write it on this page, that those who cover my face with the mortuary sheet may remember it—burn my body after my death, collect my ashes in a humble urn, and write upon it, THE REMAINS OF A CHRISTIAN PATRIOT. *Quod felix faustumque.*

CHAPTER IV.

PONTIFICATE OF GREGORY XVI.

“We may surely consider him a good sovereign who devotes the whole of his mind and energies to the happiness of his subjects, endeavours to effect improvements in every department of State, and in every part of his dominions. Now, certainly, no monarch ever did more conscientiously labour, body and soul, for the good of those committed to him, and for the discharge of his public duties, than the virtuous Gregory XVI.” This is precisely one of those eulogiums which, according to our oft-repeated axiom, by proving too much prove nothing. What would become of the Consalvi of Wiseman, and, much more, of the Leo XII. of our author, if even half were true which the Bishop of *Melipotamus* asserts in these lines of Gregory XVI.? Fortunately, the eulogium destroys itself. Gregory, as we have, before shown, knew nothing about politics or administration. He left them entirely to his secretary of state, Lambruschini, who “laboured, body and soul,” *not* for the well-being of the Roman subjects, while the Pope was spending his time in recreation, over his bottle of champagne or with the beautiful Gaetanina. With regard to the “discharge of his public duties,” I will just observe, that these were limited by the commands of Austria, and that, consequently, they were little “for the good of those committed to him.” Gregory was a subject of Austria, both by birth and education, and that country never had so much influence in the affairs of the Roman State as under his unfortunate pontificate. From the assertion that “no monarch ever did more conscientiously labour

for the good of those committed to him," we must conclude, either that Louis of France, Stephen of Hungary, Alphonso of Castile, Henry of Austria, and all the other princes canonised by the church had the honour conferred upon them in irony, or that the conscience of Gregory—to Wiseman's knowledge—was something similar to that of Judas Iscariot, Cain, and Lucifer. In that case I do not deny that he laboured conscientiously, and, indeed, far beyond all others; but I do deny that he laboured for the good of those committed to him, unless Wiseman and Gregory understand the welfare of the people to signify peculation, malversation, stagnation, proscription, and despotism. Heaven save any people, however guilty, from being governed by a prince with the conscience of Gregory!

But Wiseman speaks of the "virtuous Gregory" as the "good sovereign who devotes the whole of his mind and energies to the happiness of his subjects." Well, let him prove it. The first act of his pontificate was to solicit armed foreign intervention. Is this "happiness?" When, a month after his exaltation, he nominated twenty-two archbishops and bishops, six months after appointed seventeen more, and, in addition, manufactured twelve cardinals at a single stroke, in opposition to public opinion, were his energies directed to the happiness of his subjects? Was the energy displayed by him in the re-establishment of the Papal jurisdiction in the republics of South America exerted for the happiness of his subjects? Did it partially or wholly complete the happiness of his subjects when, in 1839, he canonised five saints, about each of whom his subjects would have spent their last obole rather than hear his name mentioned? If such is happiness, stupid is the whole world which refuses to receive it as such, or else stupid is Wiseman who would cite it as such.

Wiseman's grossest insult to my country, however, is the statement that Gregory endeavoured "to effect

improvements in every department of State." Improvements under Gregory? Certainly it requires the acute eye of a Wiseman to discover an improvement when his Gregory "reduced the duties on salt and flour," at the same time he contracted heavy foreign debts to meet the expenses of government. And much more does it require the wisdom of a Wiseman to proclaim that he "introduced great improvements in the code of procedure, criminal and civil," while the most learned advocates of the Roman State, by means of a public memorial, expressed the impossibility of proceeding with the new improvements, and Pius IX. himself, in the days of his anomalous liberalism, was compelled to declare that such "improvements" were an attack upon logic and justice. If my space permitted it, I would here inquire of Wiseman, what he thinks of the *Reformatio Tribunalium*, which issued from his pen, at page 249, as the finest eulogium upon Leo XII., and one of the most perfect works of his great mind, now that, at page 473, the perfection disappears from under the great improvements introduced by his idolised Gregory? But this may, perhaps, in England, be called consistency of reasoning.

Hearing of "improvements in every department of State," the reader must expect to find the Roman States flourishing under the virtuous Gregory, if not to a superior extent, at least to a degree equal to any country of Europe. With this view, no doubt, the agricultural academies for the improvement of the different provinces were discouraged. With the same view, no doubt, were prohibited gas companies, so necessary in many cities, where, from the dearness of oil, the illumination is feeble, which is equivalent to public insecurity. With this view the pontiff always refused his sanction to the introduction of railways, giving as an answer to all entreaties, my successor will make them. The want of railways must persuade even the most attached to the

Papacy of the miserable condition of the Roman State. It is not only a question of expedition to travellers, which would in itself, however, be a great advantage to the subjects in general, and to Rome in particular, but also of speed in the transport of goods, and above all in their more effective conveyance. How, indeed, can the fruits of the soil and the productions of the few branches of industry carried on at their risk by the Roman subjects reach the different parts of the State, be able to compete in price with foreign merchandise, and serve as a basis of exportation, without the benefit of railways? A country which remains behind others in this respect must of necessity become their slave. The ass which drags itself slowly along on three legs can hardly compete in the race with the blood horse in its prime. Railways are therefore not a matter of convenience and expedition only, but of life or death to the commerce of a State. Even expedition involves a principle of vital improvement. Time is money; and it is easily understood that if the journey from Bologna to Rome, which now occupies ten days, could be accomplished in twelve hours, men and goods would gain nine days and a half, which would be productive of incalculable benefit to science, art, and industry. But the great thing is the facility and the quantity of goods transported. Railroads effect the conveyance of natural products and merchandise in such quantities and to such places as would never even have been dreamed of by our forefathers. Well, the "virtuous Gregory" opposed himself, "body and soul," to their formation in the Roman States, which fact alone is sufficient to destroy the grand fabric of sand erected by Wiseman to perpetuate the "improvement in every department of State" of his "good Sovereign."

If Gregory "devoted the whole of his mind and energies" to prevent the material progress of his subjects, it will be readily believed that he did no less to clip the

wings and hinder the intellectual flight of his people, and even to destroy their courage to attempt it. To avoid repeating what I have before said, I shall pass over the favour bestowed by him upon the *Ignorantelli*, the Jesuits, and all other fabricators of ignorance; nor shall I again refer to the death-blow inflicted by him upon the Bolognese University. I shall confine myself to the statement that he repeatedly and rudely refused Bologna the privilege of inviting and entertaining those scientific Italians whose annual congress offered no appearance of danger either to the Piedmontese government, the Tuscan, or even the Austrian. Gregory obstinately persisted in his refusal, and treated most discourteously, and I may add, most vulgarly, the noble Bolognese deputations who solicited the presence of the learned men of Italy in behalf of their learned city.

True, Wiseman compensates us for prudently hiding this scientific sacrilege on the part of his Gregory by recording the names of "some of the remarkable men of Gregory XVI.'s pontificate." I shall not follow him in his meagre list of names, which are almost all foreign, as I must expend a word upon the three cardinals whom Wiseman presents to us as the jewels of the court of Cappellari. Of Cardinal Charles Acton, it is quite enough to mention the name, which is more than he deserves from a Roman subject. His light is that of the *ignis fatuus*, which shines deceptively amid the weeds of a cemetery, and is not to be ranked among the stars of the firmament. His name, moreover, is justly hateful to Italians as having been borne by one of the vile favourites of the vicious and Satanic Caroline of Naples; a name which occupies a prominent line in that bloody page of Neapolitan history which, so long as the world shall last, will bear witness to the ineffaceable infamy of Nelson. Mezzofanti and Mai, therefore alone remain of the list.

I have already mentioned the circumstances under

which Mezzofanti visited Rome and again left it. Bologna being no longer a place for him, he voluntarily abandoned it for the capital. I shall accuse Gregory XVI. only as far as he is culpable with regard to Mezzofanti. To other Popes, and Leo XII. in particular, the great promoter of study(?), properly belongs the shame of neglecting the greatest polyglotist who ever lived. Let the reader note that had it not been for the accident of the Bolognese Revolution, Mezzofanti would have died a simple canon in his own town. When circumstances took him to Rome, his fame was already European, he was the wonder of the world, and yet his existence was ignored by the Popes who had never even dreamed of promoting him to one of the lowest titles at their court. If we reflect, however, upon the prodigious number of cardinals who were raised to the purple at that very period, solely on the recommendation of foreign princes, men altogether unknown to Italy, and strangers to the Roman States; if we take into consideration the numerous cardinals who were preferred to Mezzofanti from favouritism and routine, men of no capacity, of no merit, and of no name, we are compelled to conclude that to become cardinal from intellectual superiority is a mere casualty, and a phenomenon now more than ever deserving to be registered in history. As it regards Gregory XVI. he is blameworthy, inasmuch as it is capable of proof that, in Mezzofanti's elevation, he thought not of the promotion of genius, but mechanically obeyed a casualty. For genius to shine and be of any real profit, the necessary condition is conveyed in the proverb—"The right man in the right place." Out of his right place, from whatever cause, the man of genius is only half useful, if indeed he is useful at all. The true fault of Gregory then was, that he "named him first warden of the Vatican library." This was not his place. The true spot for Mezzofanti, his natural niche, was Propaganda, where "his magnificent gift of

universal speech" would not have been lost. At the Vatican, on the contrary, it was a mere object of luxury to satisfy the curiosity of foreigners, except when he made use of it as a private priest to assist some dying person whose dialect was unknown to any other confessor. It was not until he had thus been wasting his great reputation for seven years that Gregory raised him "to the cardinalitial dignity." Not even as cardinal could he be placed at the head of Propaganda, the Jesuits having shut and barred the door against him. They not only envied him his gift of tongues, which none of themselves had ever possessed, but not counting him among their warm patrons (humble servants, understood) they preferred the ignorant and bigoted Cardinal Franzoni, under whose prefecture they had the certainty of setting foot in Propaganda, as did in fact occur. For the Jesuits to have Propaganda was everything, since it enabled them to form the minds of pupils destined to fill missions all over the world, and who, when moulded according to the Loyolan stamp, would in future times become their instruments. It was specially due to Franzoni that these fatal Vandals were enabled to invade the sanctuary of Propaganda, and convert it into another seminary of Jesuitism. By their secret but persevering opposition the great Mezzofanti was destined to vegetate only at Rome, though it may truly be said that he was greater in his passive vegetation than all the Jesuits put together, of every age and country, even at the apogee of their fictitious reputation, gained by means of hypocrisy, intrigue, cabal, and crimes of horrible nature. Wiseman descends below the level of puerility when he laments that, at the death of Mezzofanti, the Court Guide (a Court Guide in Rome during the Republic!!!) could not register that he had "been laid in state." It must be agreed that Wiseman belongs to the number of those who love to render themselves ridiculous to the very point of absurdity. Let it be

bore in mind that, by the decree of the previous February, the Pope was declared to be deposed from the government of the Roman States, and justly deposed. It would therefore have been somewhat paradoxical if a cardinal who died in Rome at that time had been laid in state, when the honour only belongs to the princes of the State, of which number the deceased cardinal had *de facto* ceased to form a part. The commonwealth honoured Mezzofanti by religiously respecting his house and person while living, although the times were so averse to the Papacy, by offering to defray the expenses of his funeral, and adorning it by the presence of the flower of Italian intelligence then in Rome.

With regard to Angiolo Mai, the indifference of the Popes is still more inexcusable. Although he was at Rome shortly after the return of Pius VII., and although to his immense discoveries he had long since added the imperishable jewel, *De Republica* of Cicero, yet he remained an obscure priest and prolate until 1833, when Gregory completed his double crime against the two greatest men of his age by nominating him Secretary of the Congregation of Propaganda.

Wiseman himself is obliged to admit that "this office took him away from his dear manuscripts." It was precisely the same thing as a duel with pistols which the seconds desire to render harmless, and for that object, having bound the eyes of the combatants, they turn them round so as to make their shoulders touch. Such was the absurd situation of Mezzofanti at the Vatican library and of Mai at Propaganda. What could the great discoverer of the palimpsests understand of the administrative maze, and of the geographical complications inherent to Propaganda? Besides it is a Roman axiom, that for the office of secretary of Propaganda, impudent mediocrity is necessary, of the same stamp as the Cullens and Bernabè,—men used to double dealing, intrigue, absolute command, and audacious interference

with the jurisdiction of others; men, in short, devoid of feeling and brazen-faced with regard to interests of the Roman Curia. But such was not the good Mai, whose patriarchal simplicity and exquisite kindness of manner I shall never forget, especially when I was his guide and companion on his philological pilgrimage to Arpino to visit the ruins of the paternal house of his beloved Cicero. And since I am upon the theme of modesty, I have pleasure in recording how the two luminaries of their age, Mezzofanti and Mai, shone in the eyes of the people by their modest obscurity. Their equipages, even upon grand occasions of pontifical display, vied in decent poverty with those of the two monks Orioli and Micara. And this is no slight praise; for splendid coaches had become such a mania among the cardinals, that some of them spent upon their vehicles from 12,000 to 30,000 scudi. Yet Romans and foreigners always had the good sense to seek, amidst the gilding and painting of the meretricious cardinalistic celebrities, the humble carriages of Mezzofanti and of Mai, honouring their occupants by their eager curiosity and respectful but cordial salutations. And when the Altieri, Massimi, Barberini, and the Vanicelli, and other intruders of the clerical aristocracy, or the Tosti, Antonelli, and Co.—mere mushroom spawn—appeared in their splendid coaches, the Roman said to his neighbour, with the great Dante:—

“Non ti curar di lor, ma guarda e passa;”

and reserved his admiration and respect for true greatness, though connected with the simple appearance of Mezzofanti and of Mai.

The name of Mai is now associated with another great work so long expected by the biblical world; “his transcript of the celebrated manuscript of the entire Greek Scripture.” This is the famous Vatican code, the gem of Christian antiquity. I may, perhaps, be permitted

to reply to Wiseman, when, with simulated ingenuousness he childishly observes: "Why it was not published nobody but himself seemed to know." Why? simply because Rome will not allow, or at least, does not desire it. Mai had it printed many years before his death, but when he was upon the point of publishing it some ghost of Banquo, known only to himself, crossed his path and prevented him from doing so. None saw it but himself, yet it sufficed to hinder the long-desired publication. It was like the celebrated wine of the Borgias, not a poison à la Catherine di Medici, yet a pleasing beverage, but which not the less surely destroyed its victims. That Rome did not desire the publication this is not the place to prove. The controversy resolves itself into a few words. The Vatican code is considered the most accurate in existence; it cannot therefore agree with the vulgate which was corrupted under Clement VII. purposely to serve the ends of Rome. Rome then cannot desire the publication. But could not Wiseman find some ground for commending this non-publication? Most assuredly. "Now, however, it may be judged to have been for the best that publication was delayed, for in a copy of such a manuscript the most rigorous exactness is the first requisite." This I admit, though I do not admit the reason he assigns for the delay. "Now that in copying so huge and inconvenient a book, some slight errors should have been committed, especially when it is done by a person distracted by numerous other undertakings, is only in uniformity with a trite axiom about the most natural proneness of humanity." If we are to admit this principle of Wiseman, what would become of all the other works of Mai? If in this chief work of all his works he committed errors and mistakes, how can we any longer receive as genuine, authentic and correct, his *Repubblica* of Cicero, his *Spicilegium Romanum*, or his *Nova Patrum Bibliotheca*? Is it not true that such a sup-

position destroys the most immortal monuments of his fame?

Wiseman, however, without pity for his departed colleague, with the frozen conscience of the scribe, wishes to persuade us that such is the case, but that a remedy has been found. "The work has therefore been minutely collated with the original by a commission of able scholars, and a list, extending to fourteen pages, has been made of mistakes. With this accurate correction the work is offered for immediate publication." Plague and malediction! Who composed the commission? The world has a right to know. If its members were Jesuits only, or Papists only, that should be quite enough to make us receive the list with the utmost caution and not without suspicion of imposition. Every one felt confidence in Mai. His palimpsestic accuracy was an essential part of his existence, but the world has not the same confidence in the Jesuits or their scholars. Every body knows that the vulgate was purposely corrupted by the Jesuit Bellarmino, who employed Jesuits only as his amanuenses. With this fact before our eyes, we have a right to conclude that the list of mistakes, fourteen pages long, is nothing more than a repetition of the old fraud, and that, under pretence of correcting Mai's mistakes, it has been sought to make the corruptions of the Clementine vulgate pass as belonging to the Vatican code. I wish to be clearly understood. If Rome ever publishes the Vatican code it may be known that it is falsified, and that the letter-press is not the fac simile of the celebrated code. It ought to be received as authentic only if the publication is made by men who are independent and enjoy universal confidence, and when it has been examined, collated, and verified by a commission of learned and honest men, half of whom, at least, should be sincere Protestants of different countries. If Rome will not publish this grand code on such conditions, it is a proof that she does not choose to give it

genuine." Published by her alone it cannot be otherwise than adulterated.

But let us not lose ourselves in abstractions which are gems and gold in the pontificate of Gregory, in comparison with the positive and almost irremediable ills inflicted by him upon his unhappy subjects. Let us take the most fatal—the finances: for the finances are the diagnoses of a nation; from their condition the prosperity and development of a people may be ascertained and, in fact, the healthiness of the constitution. "Now, certainly no monarch ever did more conscientiously labour, body and soul, than the virtuous Gregory XVI." to ruin the finances of the Roman States! Wiseman, however, cleverly seeks an excuse for this infamy in the Bolognese Revolution: I must cite the oracle since it authoritatively admits and confirms the accusations which justify the condemnation of the Gregorian pontificate. "Its promoters of course appropriated to themselves the provincial chests, and cut off supplies from the capital where public payments had to be made; the additional expenses entailed by it, and the irregularity that ensued in the collection of revenues, embarrassed for a long time the public finances; a loan had to be contracted for the first time, and an external debt created; public property had to be ruinously sold, and profitable sources of national income farmed out for a present advantage and eventual loss; and much property belonging to ecclesiastical corporations was enfranchised, and its proceeds converted into government funds. But in the meantime payments of all sorts ran into arrears, whether dividends, salaries, pensions, or assignments. It was several years before the financial current again flowed 'regularly and smoothly.' The only truth in this olegiac ebullition is 'external debt, property ruinously sold, profitable sources farmed out, much property enfranchised, payments of all sorts in arrears.'" All the rest is absolutely incorrect if not

studiously false, Hibernially invented by Wiseman to hide the thievish character of the pontificate of his benefactor. With the reader's consent, we will examine the facts, not by their effects, but in themselves, to judge whether they were the cause of it or merely the pretext.

The Bolognese Revolution found only a few insignificant fractions "in the provincial chests." The reason is quite natural. At the end of the year the provincial chests close their accounts with the treasury of Rome, and yield up the last farthing of the public money, so that at the beginning of the new year, the provincial chests are the habitations of spiders, and totally bereft of their gold and silver, which have betaken themselves to the central treasury of Rome. January not being a month for the payment of direct taxes, "the promoters" of the revolution would find no other money in the coffers than that derived from the indirect taxes. These are at low-water mark in January; the quarterly receipts do not come in until the end of March, while the customs are reduced nearly to zero, every one having obtained supplies before Christmas. Further, with the small sums found by "the promoters" in the chests, they had to pay the government clerks in the provinces which were the scene of the revolution. So that instead of being paid by Rome, they were paid by the provinces, which, indeed, is the same thing as far as the public treasury is concerned. Finally, I would remind the reader that the revolution, strictly speaking, lasted only two months; and, thanks to foreign occupation, not a single trace of it was left in the State at the expiration of four months. The revolution itself then could not produce the crisis, or rather the bankruptcy in the public funds; and the less that, as I before remarked, Pius VIII. had left the coffers full at his death, and they would have been more than sufficient to supply the wants of the Metropolis alone for so short a time, if Gregory

had been in truth, or had desired to be, "virtuous" and "a good sovereign." But as he only became Pope to be surrounded by thieves, they were the class who profited by the circumstance, and after having robbed the chests, it is not for me to say in what manner, they set forth the necessity of having recourse to the sale, to the enfranchisements, by which ruinous measure they alone were the gainers. I would beg of the reader to observe that I was at Rome and in the provinces when, at various times, "public property was thus ruinously sold;" and I am consequently enabled to assert that such property fell entirely into the hands of men who are called *Baggarini* at Rome, and whom we call dishonest speculators or fortune-hunters. These men obtained them by representing to the public that they bought them for the benefit of government, when they had themselves counselled the sale of them. They bought them without competition, having taken care to prevent them from being disposed of by sealed offers; and lastly, they bought them at prices, fixed by themselves, so low as to bear out Wiseman's assertion, that they were "ruinously sold." If this should appear impossible, I would merely remark, that every thing was possible where ruled a Gaetano Moroni (called Gaetanino). It was sufficient that he was to come in for a share of the booty to induce him to permit and sanction public robbery of every description. And this is history.

With regard to the loan, or external debt, I must thank Wiseman for having so candidly admitted that it was then "contracted for the first time," since its hatefulness will thus remain in perpetuity associated with this dishonest pontificate. And how not dishonest? Why not obtain a domestic loan? Why not, with the revolution for an excuse, for once ask for an extraordinary tax to supply extraordinary and fantastic wants? Because such a proceeding was too limited and too open to observation to please the new set of thieves. This set,

with the Pope at their head, were extravagantly eager to insist upon the necessity of the "external debt." It is a positive fact that the canons of San Pietro di Vaticano offered to disburse a sum quite sufficient to satisfy all the responsibilities of government as a gratuitous loan. This the Pope refused, because the government liabilities were only a pretext for robbery, and of course the sum offered did not suffice for that purpose. But besides this, when the richest princes of Rome—the aristocracy of the Papal bastards—saw the Pope's obstinate desire to contract a foreign loan, they offered to furnish the sum he required to replenish the treasury. Why did he refuse this offer? Because the conditions of the loan were equitable and made with a view to pontifical interests, while the thieves who surrounded the throne had calculated upon a considerable profit by obtaining a foreign loan under the shield of mystery. And such was really the case, for it has been ever since proverbial in the Roman State, that a loan granted to a Pope is half absorbed before it finds its way into the treasury. Now, I ask the reader to follow the thread of the argument:—a revolution of short duration, which pays the administrative expenses of the provinces, property sold or enfranchised, national sources of revenue farmed out, a loan contracted, and besides all this, payments of all sorts in arrears; that is to say, the government paid no one, although it had the means. What conclusion is to be formed from these premises? The sole logical and historical conclusion is, that the government was dishonest, and that the fuss made about the revolution was merely a pretext to enable the thieves recently invested with power to enrich themselves with sufficient booty to serve them in any future contingency.

And here I would offer a suggestion for Dr. Wiseman's benefit, that his reminiscences may appear to be dictated by his head rather than his stomach, and written with

the ink of a literary man instead of the bile of a priest. What does he pretend to insinuate when, in speaking of the Bolognese Revolution, he indulges in the expression : "Its promoters, of course, appropriated to themselves the provincial chests" ? Does he thus mean to characterise them as thieves, with a view to excusing the dishonesty of his own set ? If so, he proves himself ignorant of the A B C of human events, including those relating to the priests themselves. In what part of the world, at what period, among what people, have revolutions not possessed themselves of the treasury of the governments they have overcome, as of their legitimate inheritance ? Who took possession of the public treasury of Charles X. in 1830 ? who of that of Louis Philippe in 1848 ? who of that of the republic in 1852, but the revolution ? This is no exception, but the rule. With regard to the "outbreak," I will confine myself to a single fact relative to the *angelic* Pius IX. of Wiseman. Among the many governmental errors of the triumvir Mazzini, not one of the least was that of leaving 200,000 scudi, of the best Papal coin, in the treasury when the Roman republic ceased. This mistake not only proves the administrative incapacity of Mazzini—who is a man for sects and not for governments, a conspirator and not an administrator—but it also clearly shows that he is incapable of calculating the ultra sacrifices of those who really serve the country. To leave so large a sum to the priests, when, during a two months' siege, he had been paying the defenders of Rome in worthless paper, is such a perversion of reason as to be attributable rather to the disorganised brain of a maniac than to that of a semi-dictator of the democracy. While this ideal prophet was accumulating so large an amount of scudi for the priests, the Italian soldiers, who had shed their blood on the walls of Rome, were dying of hunger in the streets of Civita Vecchia, unable to embark for want of money. The few thousand scudi sent to the military commander

by Mazzini at the eleventh hour in but few cases reached the soldiers, and, being paid in paper, was of scarcely any value, as they could not change it at less than forty-five, and even in some cases sixty per cent. loss. Well, who profited by this Italian sacrilege committed by Mazzini? The priests. Who appropriated to themselves the republican chests after the crusade of the new barbarians had entered Rome? Its promoters of course. Who were the promoters of the crusade? The priests. If, then, the promoters of the Bolognese Revolution are thieves in the estimation of Wiseman because they appropriated the provincial chests, the promoters of the Roman invasion must be more than thieves in the estimation of those who reason, because they appropriated the republican chests. I do not, however, call them thieves for that, since that which is inherited is not stolen, and whatever the government which succeeds to another may be, and in whatever manner it succeeds, it enters *de jure* into the possession of its coffers as of its power. The government of Pius IX. will ever be deemed thievish by history, like that of Gregory XVI., since, not satisfied with what it found in the treasury, it had recourse to foreign loans, and this upon pretence of a republican outbreak.

I trust I shall be excused by every man who has a mind and heart, if, without ceremony or circumlocution, I tell Wiseman to his face that he lies when he writes, "it was several years before the financial current again flowed regularly and smoothly." I am at a loss to think how he can have the impudence to write such falsehoods, when it is an historical fact that the finances of Gregory XVI. were never regular—when the annual outweighing of the budget was begun in his pontificate, the expenses exceeding the income by something like a million scudi. How could Wiseman invent this falsity of regular finances in face of the enormous debts which Gregory continued to contract abroad without the pretext of revolution, thus

exemplifying to his successor the method of ruining a State? "The financial current flowed regularly;" regularly in sooth! The regularity was that of an annual deficit or an annual robbery. Having thrown into its arid bed nearly forty millions of foreign debts in the course of sixteen years' pontificate, little wonder if "the financial current flowed smoothly." Smoothly, indeed! Pray who had dried the current, and how was it diminished year by year, unless by the robberies of the Pope and his courtiers? Wiseman calls this the conscientious labour of the virtuous Gregory for the good of those committed to him! I prefer Satan himself to the virtuous Gregory of Wiseman, not so much in reference to the two personages themselves, as from respect to the well-known adage, *Cave ab amicis quia ab inimicis tueor ego*.

Another grievous calamity to the country were the contracts (*appalti*) which were made during this unhappy pontificate. They were and could be of benefit only to Gregorian thieves. Contracts in the Roman States signify "profitable sources of national income, farmed out for a present advantage and eventual loss." In other words, they signify that the government, instead of itself administering these profitable sources, entrusts them to private individuals, who buy for their own advantage, and offer an equivalent to government according to the conditions stipulated between them. A most immoral practice it is, unworthy of the government which sanctions it, and which accumulates infinite hatred against the fortunate contractor, who, from the desire of gain, becomes ten times more tyrannical and despotic than the most arbitrary government. It is the same thing on a larger scale as the underletting of landed property to the little farmers, out of whom the extreme value is wrung with the utmost rigour of the law. As an instance of the robbery committed in these contracts, I may mention above others that of

the salt and tobacco, which will enable the reader to form a judgment of the rest according to the axiom, *Ab uno disce omnes*. The contract under Gregory was given to Prince Torlonia. It is unnecessary here to state why the preference was given to him. The fact is, the princely contractor knew how to play his cards. With regard to government the "present advantage" was, that Torlonia paid a stipulated sum, in advance, as a fee for the permission. A superficial observer may perhaps answer, that the administration connected with salt and tobacco improved under him. I grant it, so far as financial policy is concerned, but it was to the great injury of the Roman subjects. I say and maintain, in the light of day, that the Pretorian guards of Tiberius, the ruffians of Louis XI., the hireling cut-throats of Ezzelino, were not more brutal in collecting the taxes for their crowned monsters, than were the guards and bull-dogs of Torlonia. To comprehend the full extent of the vexation it must be understood that it was a crime involving fine and imprisonment, under the contractor, to take more than a small pail-full of water per day from the sea. For entire populations living on the shores of the Mediterranean, and especially on the borders of the Adriatic, it is impossible to describe how burdensome was such a law, enforced to the very letter by the spies and bravos of Torlonia. In the Roman States, moreover, there are many springs of salt water, particularly in the neighbourhood of Rimini, the benefits of which had been freely enjoyed from time immemorable by the inhabitants, who led their herds there in turn to their incalculable advantage. As a matter of course the princely farmer of the taxes closed these springs against the public, and inflicted punishments and penalties upon those who endeavoured to avail themselves furtively of the gifts gratuitously bestowed upon them by nature. This persecution of the subject, executed by means and in the name of another

subject, in order to render the contract purchased from government more profitable, is a wrong chargeable upon government itself. To me the purchase itself is the condemnation of Gregory's government. The original price offered by Torlonia, and at which he took the contract, was about 700,000 scudi per annum. At the end of ten years, when the contract had to be renewed, Torlonia himself offered 1,200,000 scudi per annum. What does this prove? That even when offering 500,000 scudi more than the first contract he made a great profit by it. It proves, then, that Torlonia, even apart from his large profit, for ten successive years annually possessed himself of 500,000 scudi extra, or 5,000,000 scudi in ten years, independently of his great gains. Is this anything short of robbery? But if the government had itself administered its public resources, who does not see that, with less tyranny towards the people, the necessity would have been obviated of a foreign loan to make the financial current run smoothly? But that would imply an amount of economical wisdom rare in the government of the priests, and would moreover have precluded the possibility of any booty falling into the hands of the thieves who surrounded the throne. Upon the renewal of the contract for salt and tobacco the number of the candidates was three. Torlonia suspected that one, at least, would make a larger offer than himself—which was in fact the case—and, by corrupt means, broke the seals of the private schedules, raised his own offer 50,000 scudi in consequence of information thus obtained, and succeeded in getting the contract. Surely this may with propriety be called the reign of thieves! Nor should it be thought that the salt and tobacco improved in condition under the princely contractor. Previously the government factories had vied with each other in fame about the quality of their productions, a remuneration being given for the largest sales. But

when the affair was in the hands of a single speculator the tobacco became of the worst quality, the thievish contractor saying to the Romans, as Duke Grillo said to the Jew who had importuned him :—*Either, eat this pottage or jump out of this window ; that is, Use this tobacco or go without.* As to the salt, it was a mixture of earth and sand, and so damp that no one would use it for cattle in England. Moreover the Roman subjects were forced to pay three halfpence per pound for it, while the Papal Government was supplying it to the Duke of Modena at the low price of less than a farthing per pound. Observe the consequences. The Austrian petty Duke, who sells it to his subjects at a penny, appears more liberal than the Pope who compels his subjects to buy the same salt at a much higher rate. Nor is this all. As a result of the low rate, the contraband sale of salt is carried to the utmost excess on the confines of the Modenese territory, to the great satisfaction of the Austrian usurer, who thus augments his treasury, not only to the expenses, but also to the risk of the Roman subjects. Wiseman doubtless will convert these immoralities of government into so many meritorious acts, constituting the apotheosis of his “good sovereign” the virtuous Gregory.

Oh ! superlatively bright example of virtue ! Satan one day said to Christ, convert these stones into loaves. But Gregory had the power of changing bread into stones, and of causing himself to be extolled by Wiseman as a model of liberality, a prototype of charity. *Melipotamus* writes, that Gregory, at the time of the cholera, “succoured liberally from his own funds.” After the cholera, “the holy father put himself at the head of the subscriptions.” For the earthquake of Foligno, “subscriptions were opened with the Pope at their head.” With regard to his compassionate kindness on all occasions of jubilees and private calamity, the panegyrist tells us “his charities were in full conformity with the

traditions and instinct of his see. (Bravo, bravissimo! traditions and instinct of thieves!) Scarcely, if ever, is a year of his pontificate unmarked by some private contribution on a large scale to one object of compassion or another." So that "the prolonged reign of this pontiff presented sufficient opportunities for exercising the charity which the right hand cannot conceal from the left." Does the reader believe all this? He had better not if he would not pass for a downright simpleton. Gregory, took precious care to give not a cent out of his private purse. Besides the funds granted to him for his charities, and of which I have spoken elsewhere, Gregory, when without money—or when he pretended to be without—was in the habit of sending for his treasurer, Tosti, who, knowing the nature of the animal he had to deal with, always appeared before the Pope with several rolls of gold in his pocket, to supply the wants of the holy father. For this reason the Pope gave him the title of his St. Gaetano, the Roman Catholics holding that this saint is the father of Providence. In fact, any one must be an idiot, or a coiner, or else a Wiseman, to describe or believe Gregory XVI. to be liberal with his own private funds. Had such been the case how could he have enriched his own family during his life? How could he have left jewels at his death worth half a million scudi? How could he have bequeathed to his nephews a patrimony of above 12,000,000 francs? Not only did the Pope not spend from his private purse, but he filled it at his pleasure to the public expenses. Let Wiseman understand, then, that when Gregory contributed to works of charity he did not give his own, but the public money. He then is not only a thief, but a hypocrite at the same time, who gains a title for liberality and charity under false pretences, and by vile forgery.

Regis ab exemplo. Who is ignorant of the truth and force of this axiom? Subalterns are often thieves even when princes are honest, but if a prince is himself a

thief it is impossible to look for honesty in his courtiers and servants; and certainly this miracle did not occur to counteract the natural order of things under Gregory's pontificate. A thief himself—as even Wiseman must know—thieves under him were all his favourites, his representatives and officers. At the head of this great family of thievish subalterns we may place his famous barber, the notorious Gaetanino. When once he held in his hand the conspicuous nasal organ of Gregory XVI. he twisted it about as he pleased, gave it what form and shape he liked, and led the holy father by means of it, as the Alpine bear-trainer chains his beast by the nose. Universal robbery implies universal corruption in the public functionaries, which was the exact state of the case during the pontificate of Gregory the Bad. In the abortive attempt of the Revolution of 1843, the secret expenses of the single city of Bologna amounted to the enormous sum of 80,000 scudi, and, be it remarked, that not a farthing of the above sum was spent. This was stated by the contemporary press, and I myself personally proved it in Bologna by conversing with persons the most deeply initiated into Government mysteries. But who stole this sum? We will take another fact in the Gregorian pontificate to explain the Bologna robbery. When Cardinal Savelli—of unhappy memory—was delegate at Perugia, at the end of every year he shared the fund for secret expenses (which never occurred) with the director of police. This robbery, common among all the governors of the Roman States, was only discovered because the officer of police one year demanded half instead of one-third, as previously allowed him by Savelli. When I was sent to San Severino by Gregory, for liberal preaching, my friends at Rome, persons of influence, and connected with Government, proposed to me to obtain my immediate release by two methods, which prove the double corruption of the infamous Gregorian pontificate. One was to send a certain number

of gold pistoles to Gaetanino, the other to avail myself of some of the mistresses of the Pope's prelates, cardinals, and Pope himself, of whom they sent me a list. My reader may be quite assured of the truth of what I write, however enormous it may appear. With the exception of Lambruschini, who was not known to have a favourite, the list sent to me by grave and influential friends, among whom was a colonel in the pontifical troops, indicated by name the concubines of all the prelates and cardinals whose mediation I was to solicit, in order to obtain my release. As an exile for Italian independence, I am proud and happy to record that I scorned both the proposed methods, and preferred to remain in captivity rather than obtain my freedom by such vile instrumentality; an antecedent which I shall never fail to follow out. For it is a thousand times more noble and conscientious to die poor and in exile, than to supplicate tyrants for leave to return, or to receive riches and honours from the enemies of Italy.

Everything related by contemporaneous history, with regard to robbery and corruption, vanishes before the name of Gaetanino Moroni, barber of Gregory XVI., chevalier of several orders, &c. &c. If I denied him the possession of natural talent, superior to that of many of the educated classes, I should rob him of what nature amply bestowed upon him. But this is all that I can concede to him. He made use of his talent for the sole purpose of domineering over his master, and his name will pass to posterity associated with the incarnation of robbery and corruption. Not only did all the farmers and contractors of taxes find that Gaetanino must have his share of the booty, but that he would have it in the proportion fixed by himself. In such cases the first thing to be done was to solicit his favour, and this was granted on conditions laid down by him, with regard to the retribution accorded him for his mediation. All the pardons granted by Gregory XVI., especially the

liberation of the worst criminals from the galleys, were the result of money paid to Gaetanino. If they were sometimes obtained by means of the clerical concubines, it was necessary that Gaetanino should be consulted, in order to secure his favour, or, at least, his neutrality. In short, all posts under Gregory were sold by Gaetanino, upon the general condition that a certain sum should be paid down, or the whole of one or more year's salary of the new post given to him. The necessity of buying over the omnipotent barber became so public, and to some extent legal, that upon the occasion of Gregory's journey to Loreto, the towns not upon the line of route, were obliged to pay a heavy sum to Gaetanino to secure the honour of a pontifical visit. Among other towns, Città della Pieve offered him 300 scudi, but had to make it 500 before insuring the presence of the Pope. Those towns which were unable to satiate the *auri sacra fames* of the plebeian chevalier were not privileged to behold Pope Gregory's nose; so much the better for them! One instance of the cunning trickery of Gaetanino was the desire to pass as one of the first literati of his day, by claiming the authorship of "The Dictionary of the Regular Orders, the most remarkable Ecclesiastics, and Ecclesiastical Events." This dictionary in fact, belonged to him no more than the peacock's feather to the crow, or the lion's skin to the ass of the fable. With regard to the original idea, plan, sketch, and some of the original articles, it was generally believed in the Roman States, that it was Cardinal Cappellari's work, and that he gave it to the barber when he became Pope. In his official capacity, as *primo cameriere segreto* to Gregory XVI., Gaetanino employed a hundred different persons to compose his dictionary. I speak of things which concern myself personally. Having reached the article *Barnabites*, he employed Father Capelli, curate of San Carlo a Cattinari, to write about the order to which he belonged. The article was

written, as may be imagined, much to the satisfaction of both parties, since to possess the favour of Signor Gaetanino was the greatest good fortune. By distributing his famous Signor Gaetanino increased the gratuitous articles of his dictionary, and the dictionary filled his purse, for Gregory obliged all the communes to buy it; those who were ambitious purchased it of free choice, in order to gain Signor Gaetanino's favour. Here we see a thief who steals even the reputation of authors. But his cleverest, most fortunate, and profitable move was that of marrying a most beautiful Venetian, a fellow-countrywoman of the Pope, whom he went into the mountains of Belluno expressly to capture, in order to be able to divert the leisure hours of the successor of St. Peter. She was called by the Roman subjects *La bella Gaetanina*, and it has never been a secret in our State that she was the *chère amie* of his Holiness. Certainly the Pope did nothing to contradict the suspicion, but rather seemed to delight in confirming it. He caused an elegant apartment to be prepared for her contiguous to his own, and the grave Pontiff's leisure moments were passed in the company of *La bella Gaetanina* and her little ones, to whom the Roman people assigned as father a very different person from their putative father, the barber Moroni. When Gregory, in an evil hour for the State, resolved to undertake the journey to Loreto, she always preceded him one day. Scarcely had the Pope reached a halting place, than he retired to his apartments, and the duty of diverting his mind from the fatigues and occupations of travelling devolved upon Signora Gaetanina, who departed, as secretly as she had arrived, for the next resting place. A driver, with whom I afterwards travelled, conveyed the beautiful Popess from Rome, attended her during the whole journey, reconducted her privately to Rome, and was handsomely paid for his fidelity and trouble. Now, would any one wish me to maintain that Gaetanino

Moroni possessed no talent, and was a novice in the art of management? Meanwhile, let the admirers of the succession of St. Peter delight themselves in their holy Pope, "the virtuous Gregory," who, on his part, stretched upon the couches of the beauteous Gaetanina, and surrounded by a coronet of youthful satellites, exclaims from his apostolic heart, *Deus nobis hæc otia fecit.*

While I am engaged in recording the pleasing occupations of this Vicar of Christ, I think this may be the proper place to make honourable mention of the worship paid to Bacchus by the visible head of the Roman Catholic Church. The leap is not so extravagant as might be expected, since from the Gaetanina to the bottle the passage is only natural. Such at least was the sentiment of our lofty bard :—

" ed ha fatto suoi Dei
Non Poma o Cere, ma Venere e Bacco."

It is quite impossible for history to separate the nose of the "virtuous Gregory" from his unvirtuous glass. Wiseman, on this point, employs so much delicacy of locution that we can but compare him to Anna Bullen, who, to hide a defect in her throat, invented the Bullen necklace; or to the coquettish empress of the French, who, ashamed of becoming a mother, created crinoline à l'Eugénie. Our *Melipotamus*, then, knowing perfectly well that a nose as large as a bread loaf is not strictly artistic, although adorned with gold spectacles, and having ocular demonstration that such, in fact, was the nose of his Gregory, abstains from naming it in order to avoid vulgarising his generous benefactor. Being obliged to write—"his features did not seem cast in so noble a mould as those of his predecessors. They were large and rounded, and wanted those finer touches which suggest ideas of high genius or delicate taste"—it would have been a crime against gratitude to allude in a more detailed manner to the Gregorian nose,

whose prominence and configuration suggested, *ipso facto*, the idea of a jolly wine-bibber. What then? Instead of simply saying that a polypus took a fancy to fix its tents in the spacious caverns of the Gregorian nose, which would have been purely historical, Wiseman's delicacy gives us this piece of intelligence: "A cancerous affection attacked his face;" which smells terribly of low courtiership. It is true that the theological caviller might be tempted to prove to me that, the nose being a part of the face, he has metonymically named the whole for the part. As, however, Gregory XVI. did not see with his ears, nor hear with his eyes, nor take the famous Lecce snuff with his mouth, nor drink Alleatico or Orvieto with his nose, I am compelled to restrict the cumbersome affection to the part attacked, which, in vulgar parlance, is called the nose. But as the affair related to a Papal nose, the ministers of the foreign Powers resident in Rome made it a State matter, and informed their respective cabinets that a democratic polypus had dared to attack the private apartments of the most holy nose, and carried its sacrilegious audacity even within the cerebral territories of his Holiness. There was revolution and war in Rome, in the Vatican palace, in the living incarnation and representation of St. Peter, in the nose,—the true nose,—actually in the nose of the Pope! *Horribile dictu!* Germany at once despatched her soldiers of science to Rome to combat the monster in the pontifical trenches, though without effect. In this instance the monster centipede took refuge in the heights of the apostolic chimney, unalarmed by the exorcisms and fumigations of Dr. Alertz or Dr. Reumont. Nor was it until—instead of feeing the German doctors—the good sense of some one suggested the assistance of my fellow-townsmen, Professor Baroni, that the democratico-communistic cannibal was obliged to evacuate, completely dislodged by the knife and forcons of the determined Bolognese. On the first

appearance of the doctors Gregory turned pale with a sinister presentiment, and trembled from head to foot as the fear changed to certainty that, if he would recover, he must give up wine. Give up wine! I, Mauro Cappellari! I, Gregory XVI.! What! am I then Pope for nothing? I, who command prelates, bishops, and cardinals, can I not command a polypus? When all the beasts of the earth, and my own large flock of every age, colour, sex, lay, clerical, and monastic, obey my every sign, and kiss my very footprints, can it be that any object, be it heretic or pagan, shall take possession of my nose in spite of myself, and order me to abstain from wine at its pleasure? To abstain from wine, which has always been my faithful ally, my sincere friend, the tenderest and best beloved companion of my claustral solitude and of my cardinalistic leisure? No, no, no; a hundred polypuses at once! aye, or a thousand! and let every hair of my head become a polypus rather than give up a single drop of my favourite beverage! The German doctors soon saw the obstinacy of his Holiness. In the midst of the pontifical storm they clearly perceived that the love of his bottle was stronger than the love for his nose, and, like good Germans, bethought them of a charming compromise. They prohibited their most holy patient from drinking all kinds of wine with the exception of Champagne, in which, as being the lightest and most harmless, he might indulge, provided that he did not exceed two bottles a day. With head bowed down, eyes sunk on the ground, and crossed arms, with a voice feeble as that of a Jesuit, poor Gregory resignedly replied to his doctors' decision, *Amen*. During his long pontificate he was never known to disobey the direction of his doctors by drinking anything but Champagne; indeed his voluntary obedience was perfect. He was always careful to drink his two bottles *per diem*, conscientiously as head of the church, in which capacity it behoved him to set a good example of docility to the

orders of medical men, even when their prescriptions are as nauseous and bitter as a receipt of Champagne. No sooner was it known in France, that a new French importation into the Roman States would do Gregory as much good as the French expedition to Ancona had done, in 1831, than the eldest daughter of the Roman Church sung a *Te Deum* to the patriarch Noah, and raised the price of his favourite wine a franc. Nor can I conclude these historical data respecting the nose and glass of Gregory without reminding the reader that the influence exercised by Louis Philippe during this pontificate, especially in the nomination of numerous French nonentities to the cardinal's hat, was owing entirely to a handsome present of excellent Champagne, sent by him every year to Rome for the personal use of the sore-nosed pontiff; the philosophical son of Egalité having no other Roman Catholic merit to recommend him to the successor of St. Peter.

It is only natural, and I can but expect that the ignorant and stupid herd should treat this anecdote of the life of their "virtuous Gregory" as a romance, if not a calumny. The lives of contemporaneous Popes should not be learned from party writers but from eye-witnesses. Particularly is this the case when historians are of the same stamp as Wiseman, who is so accurate in his facts and dates as to make the death and burial of Professor Grazioli, at which I was present, take place in 1851, when I left Rome for exile in 1849. Now, that which I have myself seen—Gregory dined twice with us at Monte Verde—and have narrated above, are historical facts well known to the Roman people; I have pleasure in being able to confirm it by a spirited pasquinade, which appeared in Rome at the death of Pope Gregory XVI. This satire also confirms other truths recorded by me in these reminiscences, but which, from gratitude, have been totally forgotten by Wiseman. The following is the literal document:—

An amusing caricature and dialogue were got up in Rome, after the death of Gregory, representing St. Peter and Gregory going to Paradise. The journey being hard and tedious for an aged man like the Pope, he complained to St. Peter thus: "How is it, St. Peter, that our journey is so long? I did not know that Paradise was so far from the Vatican."

St. Peter replied, "If you had allowed the construction of railways and steamers in your State, we should have arrived there long ago. But now you must stop awhile in purgatory."

After having remained some time in purgatory, where he met his friend O'Connell—so the story goes—Gregory set out again with St. Peter on his eternal journey. Coming in sight of Paradise the Pope asked St. Peter why the angels and his last predecessors in the Papal chair did not come out to meet him. "Dear Gregory," replied St. Peter, "as for the Popes, there are few of them in heaven, and the news of your death has not yet reached there, as it would have done if you had established telegraphs and granted the freedom of the press."

When the saint and the Pope arrived at the gates of Paradise, St. Peter asked Gregory for his key, which after some time he found, and handed it to him, but it proved to be the key of his wine cellar. St. Peter was admitted within the gates, but Gregory was lost among the fog.

Of all the events of the pontificate of the intemperate Gregory, the one which unites the scattered rays into one grand focus is his progress through the provinces. This journey will furnish the conclusion to these reminiscences. It bears a fraternal likeness to the journey of Pius IX., and in this respect also the two pontificates are on the same level of public execration among the Roman people. The reader will remark the parity of circumstances. Both journeys were undertaken on the specious pretence of visiting the sanctuary of Loreto, as if the Pope could not find the Madonna without leaving Rome. The true end in both cases was that of exciting enthusiasm towards the pontifical travellers. In both cases the work of the revolution had alienated many and cooled the love of the majority of the subjects of the clerical prince, so that the journey was counselled by their ministers as the surest means of extirpating every relic of liberalism, and recalling ancient affection for the Papal throne. The fools thought to live the past age over again, when the Pope's slipper was sufficient to turn the

heads of the multitude. They forgot that in the interval a little metamorphose had taken place, called the French Revolution, and that from it, and the development of thought and knowledge, nations had entered upon the immense field of human progress; and that when once the stone is thrown it can never return to the hand which flung it. When Victor Amedeus, of Sardinia, on the Restoration returned to his throne at Turin, he took the Court Almanack for the year when he went into exile, and nominated generals, senators, and ministers from the list of his former courtiers. A few days, however, sufficed to prove to him that the Revolution and French occupation had not been the dream of a night, and that in 1815 men and ideas were not those of 1799. The failure of the two pontifical journeys proved to all the worshippers of the Papal throne and authority that not a shadow of prestige remained to the Popes in their own States and among their own subjects. There was rather more reason to expect a favourable reception for Gregory than for Pius IX., as it was not then known how violently opposed the Papacy was to Italian patriotism. But though both journeys were initiated and undertaken under promising auspices, they both resulted in a complete failure. The principal motive of Gregory's subjects in desiring him to visit their cities was to obtain his pardon for the patriots confined in the fortresses of St. Leo and Civita Castellana; and when this pardon was not obtained, the pontifical traveller met with nothing but coldness, contempt, and maledictions. The same thing occurred to Pius IX., who having refused every request for pardon in favour of the patriots, whether in exile or in prison, was obliged to hasten his return to Rome to avoid the insults with which he was met, wherever he presented himself. Both journeys were alike in a financial point of view; both undertaken when the treasury was exhausted, when foreign debts were one succeeding another; both cost the State half

a million scudi, and at least as much to the unfortunate provinces which had the high honour to receive the Judases of Italy. In both cases the provincial governors organised and paid hordes of men to applaud the pontiff on his arrival and departure; and in both those who thus expended the largest amount of public money obtained the cardinal's hat. I will cite one fact in connection with the progress of Pius IX. before returning to the Gregorian chronicle. Monsignor Amici, pro-Legate of Bologna, in order to flatter the bigotry of Pius IX., conceived the thought of erecting in the palace of St. Michel ~~in~~ Bosco, where the Pope had to reside, a model, forty feet high, of the monument raised in Rome on the Piazza di Spagna, in honour of the immaculate conception of Mary, dogmatically defined by this pontiff. Having scarcely three weeks for the accomplishment of his wish, he made inquiries, and was informed that it was impossible, unless he employed the clever young sculptor, Picchioni, who was then condemned to twelve years at the galleys, on simple suspicion of having participated in a revolutionary conspiracy. Amici took the advice offered, and made a solemn oath to Picchioni that if he finished the monument before the arrival of the pontiff he should be set at liberty. Picchioni gave himself earnestly to work, and completed it by the appointed time, and with such artistic perfection that it now excites the admiration of strangers who visit it. But was he set at liberty? Cursed is he who trusts the word of a priest! Not only was he not pardoned, but he was conveyed to another prison with so much secrecy that up to the day on which I write it has never been known where he was confined. Monsignor Amici, of course, was created cardinal, and sent as legate to Bologna, where he committed a similar act of infamy worthy of his race and his purple. And after all this, the Parisis, the Veulliot, the Maguires, the Bowyers, the Cullens, the Wisemans, and

other hireling scribblers, are astonished and scandalised at the deportment of the Bolognese, who not only refused to salute the pontiff when he passed through their streets, but began to hiss him vigorously, like a bad actor who murders his own part and ruins the reputation of a piece, the hopes of an author, the purse of a manager, and the illusions of an audience. Ah ! ye mountebanks, mountebanks, mountebanks, from the Pope to Wiseman's cross-bearer ;—conscienceless mountebanks, void of honour and patriotism ;—mountebanks by sect, by caste, and profession, if the Bolognese hisses are not to your mind heaven reserve ye for the kicks and stones of the Roman people, which ye shall not find wanting if ye will but come among us at the hour of our regeneration, and give us the opportunity of proving physically the respect in which we hold Popes and their apologists !

In the journey of Gregory XVI. one of the most important facts was an occurrence which took place at Perugia, and which is worthy of being registered beside that of Pius IX. at Bologna. Upon his entrance he was cheered by the populace, who expected to obtain from him the pardon of the Perugians, imprisoned for liberalism. He remained in the city three days, visiting all the convents, and especially all the nuns, and everywhere bestowing benedictions and giving his slipper to kiss. At last, however, the inhabitants were so sick of him that they got up a concert of hisses at his departure. The first sounds of the indignant orchestra fell upon the ear of his Holiness, when he bent forward to the postillions and ordered them to gallop, leaving the place in hot haste, followed by the cries and imprecations of the infuriated citizens. Blessed Papal progress ! Not all the writings of Voltaire, nor the proclamations of Mazzini, could have produced a hundredth part of the hatred against the Popes and the Papacy which was spontaneously excited by Gregory XVI. and Pius IX. in their

journeys amidst their own subjects. But I will not confine myself solely to the melancholy recollections of the disappointment of the people and the wickedness of their rulers, but will endeavour to enliven the reader by cheerful reminiscences of the parasitical life of Pope Gregory, who, while travelling, never forgot the prescriptions of his German doctors. The facts I am about to relate I received from the mouth of the bishop of Città della Pieve, shortly after Gregory's journey, when I was his guest, occupied the same chamber as the bacchanalian Pope, and slept in the very same bed, which had probably been made by the soft hands of the lovely Gaetanina. In order to do the honours of his house to perfection, the wily bishop paid a visit to Perugia, to see for himself what was requisite to please the holy *gourmand*. Among other things he saw that iced beverages and sorbets were *a conditio sine qua non*. What was he to do? for in Città della Pieve not a particle of ice or snow was to be obtained. He sent for one of the most experienced wagoners of the province, and requested him to procure a cart-load of ice from Colle Fiorito, in the Appenines, between eighty and ninety miles distant. The wagoner offered to procure it within six days for twenty scudi. Six days! exclaimed the bishop, why the Pope will have left Città della Pieve two days before then; he is expected the day after to-morrow. You must get it sooner than that, cost what it may. The wagoner then suggested that the only plan would be, to attach post-horses to his vehicle and bring the ice to Città della Pieve like a bag of letters, in which case it might be obtained by the middle of the next day but one. Done! cried the enthusiastic bishop; a hundred scudi for yourself if by noon the day after to-morrow the ice is in my palace. They separated. At five o'clock A.M. of the day fixed, the bishop, who had spent the whole night in preparations, went to take a little repose, the Pope's arrival

being expected at three P.M. He had scarcely fallen asleep when he was aroused by a hasty knock at his door; "Who is there, and what do you want?" he asked. "Nothing, except to inform your excellency that the ice is come." "A hundred scudi for the waggoner, and give him a good breakfast," was the bishop's reply, as he joyfully again abandoned himself to the arms of Morpheus, and remained in his embrace for the next three hours. The quantity of ice was such, that when the bishop awoke he found that he had not only sufficient to freeze the Pope and all his retinue during the two days of their stay, but that he could furnish iced lemonade and sorbets to all the principal inhabitants, much to their satisfaction, and that of the guests entertained by them on the occasion. When the Pope quitted Città della Pieve he went to Orvieto. Here he found neither ices for himself nor lemonade for his court. Of this he complained to the bishop, who, though he had been at Perugia at the same time as the bishop of Città della Pieve, proved that he was ignorant of the way in which he ought to receive the successor of the fisherman.

*"Dopo che le accoglienze oneste e liete
Furo iterate tre e quattro volte." **

The hour of dinner approached and Gaetanino and the bishop tried about twenty bottles of Champagne, which had been ordered from Ancona and sent by one of the first merchants as of perfect quality. Gaetanino, who was used to the Champagne of the son of Egalité, found the merchant's wine filthy rubbish, and told the bishop plainly it was a failure, and that out of the twenty scarcely two bottles could be chosen that would be tolerated by the Papal palate. The bishop said nothing, but left him. He summoned the strongest rider of the city; gave him a letter to Leghorn directed to an English merchant, noted throughout Italy for the prime

* Dante.

quality of his wines. "You will reach Leghorn shortly after midnight," said he. "Six bottles of wine will be consigned to you; hang them round your neck by means of this valise and take care not to break them. If you are back before two o'clock, P.M., to-morrow, you shall receive fifty scudi reward." The reader may imagine the effect of fifty scudi in Italy upon a man of this sort. It was offering him a treasure, a fortune; it was placing wings on his back; his horses would surely experience the effect of his spurs. To reach Leghorn from Città della Pieve, the whole of Tuscany must be traversed; a journey of nearly a hundred miles; but a perquisite of fifty scudi is a grand stimulus. About four o'clock the following afternoon, the bishop sent for Gaetanino and invited him to taste a half-dozen of Champagne which he had just received. Gaetanino shrugged his shoulders and remarked to the good bishop that he fully appreciated his anxiety to please, and the Pope should be informed of it, but that it was quite out of the question to hope to get better Champagne in the neighbourhood than that received from Ancona, and which was scarcely tolerable. He, however, followed his host into his cabinet, and when the first bottle was uncorked and tasted, "By St. Bacchus," exclaimed he, "this is the best Champagne that ever Pope Gregory tasted in his life. Monsignore, where did you get it?" Smiling complacently, the bishop answered with assumed simplicity, "From Leghorn." "From Leghorn; but when did you order it?" "Yesterday!" "And you have received it in less than twenty-four hours?" "Yes, to please our excellent Sovereign, the blessed Gregory." It is needless to say that the anecdote was related by the barber to the Pope the same day at table, when his Holiness appeared much gratified. Upon the Pope's return to Rome, he made an addition of 1,200 scudi to the annual income of the bishopric of Città della Pieve, and granted the good bishop a pension of 800 scudi for life. The

reader will see both parties knew how to do business. Such is the mode in which the Popes travel; after the manner of the locusts of Egypt.

But the case was different when Gregory XVI. set out on his journey to eternity; in which conjuncture we find no wagoneer to transport ice, nor rider to carry Champagne, but solitude and abandonment. It is the common opinion among the Roman people that he was starved with hunger. This might seem impossible, especially with the image before our eyes of the omnipresent Gaetanino and the anxious Gaetanina. But those who depict events in this manner are ignorant that immediately after the death of the Pope everything that the Cardinal Camerlengo of holy church finds in his apartments he seals and sequesters for the benefit of the State. It is therefore the interest of the nephews and domestics of the pope during his last illness to put everything aside belonging to him to the very last scrap, to anticipate the legal spoliation of the Camerlengo. This is the explanation of another fact, namely, that at the death of Leo XII. the surgeons who embalmed him could not find a sheet in which to wrap his body, nor a towel to dry their hands, but were obliged to send to the hospital of Santo Spirito to seek these indispensable articles. Now if it is remembered that the illness of Gregory XVI. was very rapid, did not continue more than three days, and his death was apprehended to be of a sudden character, it will be seen that very little time was allowed for carrying off from the Vatican, the numerous and rich spoils of the pontiff thief, and it will cause no surprise that domestics, nephews, Gaetanino and Gaetanina troubled themselves little about the dying man, intent as they were upon securing the means of rendering themselves rich and happy at the expense and in spite of the Pope, who, meanwhile, was tortured with the pangs of hunger, and cursed the net and ship of St. Peter which failed to provide him in that emergency.

even with one poor miserable fish to save him from the horrible death of Ugolino.

COROLLARY.

Gregory XVI. died execrated by all except by Pius IX. and the men surrounding him, who were bent upon continuing the infamous acts of his infamous pontificate; the exception also extended to the worms of his own sacerdotal caste, to whose level he sought to reduce the lofty genius and nobleness of Italian patriotism. The eulogy of Wiseman, being that of caste, although natural, is not truthful. The sentiments of the Roman people—the only jurymen competent to decide in the case of their factitious sovereign—have unanimously pronounced a verdict of guilty against this drunken Nero of the tiara. The public opinion of the Roman States, that infallible judge in human affairs, has condemned his memory among the *dies nefasti*, having pronounced the sentence that it should receive condign punishment in being handed down to posterity under the appellation of CURSED MEMORY.

Sic transit gloria mundi.

FINIS.